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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.

[For the New Northwest.]

Was It a Spirit?

BY JOHN A. WOMACK.

Once, at the hour of nightfall,
As I listened to the rain
Pattering down with lightfall
Against my window-pane,
I felt a soft, sweet touch
Of a hand within my own,
And saw one I loved much,
Who had long been dead and gone:
And on the next day morning,
When the sun began to shine,
And early birds gave warning
Of their Maker's grand design,
I heard her foot-step lightly,
While walking slow along;
And her beauteous eyes shone lightly
On the flowers and birds of song.
But gone again my spirit-love—
She comes to me no more;
Gone is now my cooing dove
To the peaceful shades of the sinless shore.

SONORA HEWITT.

BY MRS. SUSIE WITHERELL.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Susie Witherell, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE LIFE OF MAGGIE HEWITT.

"I have a faint recollection of a home somewhere very unlike the one I was accustomed to inhabit, and a fair pale-face has often come to me in my dreams. Then again I would remember two little boys rolling hoops and teaching me to play 'horse' and many childish sports, and a sweet, fairy form with long curls has often flitted before me, but whether it was a little sister or not I cannot say."

"It was doubtless my husband's sister," interrupted Mrs. Summers, "Minnie Summers, who was your guest at the time you were stolen, and who still lives in hopeful anticipation of again beholding the playmate of her infancy."

"Minnie? Yes, Minnie was a name I remember. And we both live to meet again, thank God! Of my father and mother I know nothing, but my nurse Patty I distinctly remember, for, though the cause of all my misery, still I loved her almost to idolatry, and it was but natural, for she acted as my mother for many years.

"On the day on which I so mysteriously disappeared I was playing with Minnie as you call her, though I had forgotten it, when Patty, who was watching her opportunity, beckoned to a dark, strange-looking woman, who was at the head of a band of gypsies, and whose name was Lodowiski. Coming forward, she quickly caught me up, presenting me with a large orange and some candy, and tossing some more and a gay red scarf to my little playmate, she slipped slyly out into the road with me and ran with the fleetness of a deer. I soon found myself in a carriage driving as fast as it could, and in an hour was safe within the gypsy camp, whose tribe was on the tramp towards North Carolina. So quickly was it done, and I was loaded with so many delicacies, that I scarcely heeded that I was with a stranger, until I became surfeited with sweets and tired, when I began crying, 'Mamma! oh, where's my mamma?' in tones so piteous that the heart of my captor was moved, and it was with difficulty that she could pacify me by calling my attention to the horse on which she was riding with me in her arms. Presently the motion lulled me to sleep, from which I did not wake until I was safe with my kidnappers and many miles from home and friends. Seeing so many dark, strange faces around me, I began screaming frantically for my mamma and then for Patty, until, swallowing some dark liquid which they forced down, I again fell into a deep sleep, from which I did not awake for forty-eight hours. What happened during that time I know not, but when I awoke the first person I saw standing over me was Patty, weeping. I threw my arms convulsively around her, begging her to take me to my own mamma.

"'Call me mamma now,' was her only answer.

"Eyeing her keenly between my sobs, I tried to comprehend what all this meant; but as my grief was that of childhood, in a few days all passed away, and I was as happy as ever, playing with the little swarthy children around me, the merriest of the lot.

"I afterwards learned from Patty that she had been sold by my father, and being infuriated at the act and his former severity, had stolen me out of revenge. Pretending to submit willingly to her fate, she had deceived her new master into the belief that he had nothing to fear from her, thus throwing him off his guard. The day after my disappearance they commenced their journey. That night, watching her chance, she arose at midnight and escaped to the gypsy encampment. They having been well bribed by articles of jewelry belonging to my mother, had promised to wait at a certain place; thus it was that I found her standing over me when I awoke from my long sleep. Instant search was at once made, but she managed to keep out of the way through the cunning of the gypsies. They would travel at night and camp in the day-time. As soon as they stopped Patty would search for a thickly foliaged tree, which she would mount with me in her arms. The gypsies would then camp a little distance off, where they would remain a day or two, amusing me very much by singing and playing the tambourine, as they danced so gaily and dressed so fanciful. In this way we were not to be found, though our pursuers were twice within the camp. Thus we traveled for months, until within a few miles of Asheville, in North Carolina, where we stopped. Here Patty became acquainted with a young man partly of Indian birth, who was in the habit of visiting the camp for the purpose of having his fortune told. She soon became enamored with him, and after his fashion they were married, she agreeing to go with him to Louisiana, which was his home, he belonging to the tribe of Coupees. I was of course to go with Patty. But now arose a dispute. The gypsies, having become much attached to me on account of my singing, refused to part with me, threatening Patty to make known her retreat if she did not comply with their request of leaving me, promising to take good care of me. Though she had been cruel enough to steal me, still she had proved a kind mother to me, and refused to leave me with the wild and treacherous race, and by giving up what little she possessed, and her husband giving them a small sum of money—all he had—they consented and let us go. Patty has since told me that I have gypsy blood in my veins. She said one afternoon my parents left me in her care. Having been severely scolded that morning by my mother, whom she says she fairly hated, she says she determined to do something for revenge. My parents had been gone but a short time when some children came to play with my brothers. They all ran off, leaving me alone with her. She sat holding me upon her lap, thinking over the past and trying to form some plan for future malice, when suddenly a noise arrested her attention towards a window opening upon the verandah. There she beheld the dark form of a gipsy woman, who, trying to open the window, broke a pane of glass. She advanced into the room, much to the alarm of Patty, who was terribly frightened at her wicked expression, and, throwing herself upon the rug at her feet, asked her if she would like to know the future. Her first feelings having subsided upon seeing no harm intended, her curiosity gained the mastery, and she presented her hand for inspection into the various lines of Palmestry.

"'You hate! You would seek revenge!' gritted the old sooth-sayer between her teeth.

"'You speak the truth,' replied Patty.

"'Is this the child of your enemy?'

"'It is.'

"'Steal her!' whispered she in the ear of my nurse. 'Listen. I will tap a vein in the child's arm and infuse some of the hot, fierce blood from my own pure Egyptian, hey? In a few months I will return with my tribe to these parts, and when a good opportunity offers you can give me some signal, when I will transplant the tender plant to a home wild and free, though less grand and pompous,' and drawing a small phial from her bosom, she presented it to Patty, telling her to give me a few drops if I appeared drowsy. Next she took a small knife from her belt and tapped a vein in my arm; then, performing the same operation on herself, she transferred the blood from her arm to mine. Quickly washing it over with some of the liquid she had given Patty, she prepared to depart, leaving her to account for it as she pleased, which she did by telling my mother a direct falsehood—that I had fallen against the glass door and cut my arm. Thus by the transfusion of blood did I become united to the wild gypsy race, and this scar," holding up her arm, "I shall carry to my grave as a token of the cruel act which deprived me of home and friends and sent my parents heart-broken to their graves."

At this part of her narrative the Colonel could restrain his feelings no longer, and gave vent to a fit of weeping as he recalled to mind the time, long since gone by, when he, a romping boy, was called to stand beside the open coffin of his mother, while grief for his little sister was yet fresh within his mind.

"I soon recovered my health, though Patty said my eyes never looked the same, and I was not as gentle as before, though probably that was more on account of mother allowing me to act as I pleased, for after this I was petted more than ever. At the expiration of the time agreed upon the old gypsy returned, and I became the victim of the revenge of one and the heartless wickedness of the other.

"As soon as Patty and her husband, whose name was Sanutee, arrived at Louisiana, they agreed to raise me as their own child, and they procured for me a bright scarlet shawl, which Patty wrapped around me like a blanket. My hair and eyes being jetty black, helped to favor the deception. Every morning I was plunged into water colored with some herb, which gave to my brunette face a still darker shade; and then, decorating my feet with moccasins and my arms, neck and ears with gaudy jewels, she would hold me up to her husband's gaze, triumphantly exclaiming:

"'Missy's child! Patty's piccaninny! Patty's papoose!' and she and Sanutee would lovingly caress me. One little locket she attached to a string of bright glass beads, and fastening it securely around my neck, told me always to wear it—that it was my guardian angel. Though I did not understand her language at the time, still I never forgot it. As I always obeyed her slightest injunctions, so I did this, and the locket is still my only jewel," and unfastening her beads she handed it to Mrs. Hewitt, who, after examining it carefully, as she thought, passed it to her husband. Tears dropped from the Colonel's eyes as he eagerly grasped the little treasure, exclaiming in an excited manner:

"It is the identical locket that my father presented to my mother on her bridal day, and which I have often heard her say she prized more than her diamonds," and touching a secret spring, he held it up to view, revealing the face of both parents in the bloom of youth. Handing it to Lodi, she gazed for the first time since her baby-hood upon the faces of those who went sorrowing to their graves for their loss. The brother and sister were not the only ones who wept, for not a dry eye was there in that group.

As tears mitigate our sorrows and serve in a measure to wash their acuteness away, so did Maggie at last become composed enough to again resume the recital of her tale.

[To be continued.]

An Inhuman Monster.

The examination of Harris, Superintendent of the Industrial School, now being held before a Committee of the San Francisco Board of Supervision, reveals a depth of depravity and devilishness that makes us shudder for the depravity of mankind. As an illustration of the brutality of this wretch, we copy a couple of extracts from the testimony elicited before the Committee. The first relates to the boy Riley, who had been accused of stealing a pistol from one of the assistant teachers. The boy said he knew nothing about the pistol, and it was subsequently found in the lamp-room where it had been placed by another boy. For the purpose of extorting a confession from the boy, Harris ordered him to strip and get down on his knees, when he was brutally flogged with a leather strap. This was repeated at intervals throughout the day; and other ingenious modes of torture were practiced upon him day and night for a period of sixty hours. Here is a sample of the evidence:

Mr. George—When the boy was first accused, who questioned him?

Witness—Mr. Harris and myself.

Mr. George—You have said that the boy denied his guilt. What was your impression at that time as to his guilt or innocence?

Witness—I was satisfied that the boy was innocent—that he knew nothing about the pistol.

Mr. George—And Harris, nothwithstanding the protestations of innocence, ordered him to strip and ordered you to flog him?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Mr. George—What was your impression in regard to the degree of punishment and its possible effect?

Witness—I thought it was entirely too severe, and expressed to some of the other officers a fear that serious consequences to the boy's health might result.

Mr. Forbes—Do you mean to say that you thought the boy's mind was affected by his punishment?

Witness—Not exactly. I did say to one of the officers that I had heard of people becoming insane from loss of sleep, and that as Riley looked haggard and wild about the eyes, I was afraid his mind might have been affected.

Mr. Goodwin—Was the boy not allowed to sleep at all from Tuesday morning until Friday night?

Witness—He was not.

Here is how the boy McMahon, aged seventeen, was treated. He was accused of being concerned in a design to escape:

Witness—The boy McMahon was stripped and laid on the floor, and Harris flogged him. One of the blows cut the boy in the most tender part of his body. He screamed with pain and rose from the floor. Harris grasped him by the arms, whirled him around, threw him on the floor and then resumed the flogging.

Mr. Menzies—What sort of a whip did he use? A.—A rawhide whip.

Q.—Did he lay on the blows with all his force, as far as you could judge? A.—He did. The blows left large welts, and some of them, I think, drew blood.

In addition to his cruel treatment of the boys under him, it is shown that Harris indulged to excess in intoxicating liquor, used the coarsest and most brutal language to the boys, and was also guilty of other gross irregularities. Such conduct in the superintendent of an institution, where nought but kindness should prevail, is sickening. Such men are only fit for first-class devils.—*San Jose Mercury.*

THE LOCALITY OF HEAVEN.—Jesus evidently did not believe in long upward flights to glory. He brought heaven nearer home. And why should not heaven be nearer home? Heaven at one's elbow, God and the angels about our inkstands and sewing machines, in our shops and sanctums, is more probable than this idea of an immensely elevated region "beyond the skies." Why should preachers, especially, continue their eye-rollings and their gestures in the direction of the clouds? Let them address themselves to God where he is—in the visible and not the invisible universe. Let them not overlook and crush him in the blossoms under their feet, while they lift hands and eyes and lungs in vain supplications to the "great white throne."—*The Index.*

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—The *Missouri Republican* says of woman suffrage: "The Republican party has half promised to grant the demand, and the Republican party, having control of Congress and of thirty State Legislatures, is able to make good its pledge. It is too late to say that the masses of that party are not prepared for the question—that, in fact, they are opposed to the sweeping revolution which it involves. The Philadelphia platform gave it a semi-indorsement, and in electing a Republican President and a Republican Congress on that platform they may be considered to have approved every word in that platform, including the indorsement of woman suffrage."

The Outcast.

The snow was falling thick and fast;
Its starry flakes the wind blew past.
Hurrying travelers bustled by,
All heedless of the Outcast's cry.

With shoeless feet and outstretched hand,
With trembling limbs that feebly stand,
Garments that scarce her form enfold,
The Outcast wanders through the cold.

"Please, sir, help me." "O Miss, I'm poor."
"I'm seeking help from door to door.
None seem to heed my pitying cry;
Without your help, I'll starve, I'll die."

Her bleeding feet in starlight glow,
Leave blood stains on the clear white snow;
By cold o'ercome she seeks a rest
On cold stone steps of those most blest.

A stranger paused while hurrying by,
His heart touched by her piteous cry;
While kindly taking her outstretched hand,
Her spirit fled to a better land.

Our Political Superiors.

"My dear madam," said the judge, taking from his lips a cigar which courtesy forbade him to light in the presence of a lady, though it did not forbid him to bring into her presence his atmosphere redolent of stale smoke and *departed* spirits, "you utterly misapprehend me. It is not because I am less the friend of woman than you are that I oppose what is popularly called woman's rights, but because I am too much their friend to be willing to see their purity sullied by dabbling in the dirty pool of politics. I adore the sex; woman has been the guiding star of my existence, and I would have her as far removed from the coarseness and corruption of politics as the stars in heaven are from the fogs of earth." And having uttered this bit of cheap sentiment, which he evidently thought reflected great credit upon him, the judge, with an elaborate bow, bade me good morning and took his way to the polls.

It was the morning of election day; the whole town was astir. All business was suspended; every man was intent upon doing his duty as a voter, eager to secure the election of his favorite candidate. There was no danger that the existence of any old, or sick, or paralytic, would be forgotten. No matter how many horses were sick there would be enough found to take every voter to the polls who was not able to walk there. Watching the groups go by, I could see that Pat was fully aware of his rights as an American citizen, and that, early in the day as it was, the sense of his importance as one of the sovereigns, and a little extra whiskey, had filled him to overflowing with *Pat-riot-ism*. One after another the colored men went by dressed in their Sunday best, proud and happy in their recently-won manhood. Every type of man, black and white, intelligent and unintelligent, moral and immoral, felt that he had a personal interest at stake, talked wisely or foolishly of men and measures, felt that he could do as much as any other towards bringing about the desired result. I too felt an interest in the election. Hundreds of women with whom I was acquainted were interested in it, and yet they, like me, were looking from their windows, mere spectators of a scene in which they knew they ought to bear an equal part. I wondered, as I watched group after group of men go by, if any of them realized, as I did, the affront which the men of the country were that day putting upon the women of the country; that to these fellow citizens, their peers in intelligence, outnumbering them by some hundreds of thousands, property owners to the extent of millions of dollars, they were virtually saying, "You have no lot or part in this matter, nothing to say about the laws that shall govern you, about the objects for which you shall be taxed. It is no concern of yours if we choose to declare war, and draft your sons and husbands to carry it on, no concern of yours if we decree a dram-shop on every corner to brutalize and destroy them. It is our business to govern—yours to obey. We honor you too much to allow you to meddle with politics, but we do not honor you enough to give you the same means of protection against wrong and injustice that we demand for ourselves. We decree that what would be intolerable oppression for us, is quite right and proper for you; that while we would fight to the death to maintain our rights as American citizens, you, our mothers, sisters and wives, shall not share those rights; that when great human interests are at stake, interests that involve all you hold dear, you shall stand powerless, unable to advance those interests by so much as the weight of a single ballot."

I could not help pondering these things in my heart that morning as I looked into the faces of the men who went by to the polls. I thought of their wives, many of them women whom I knew, intelligent, earnest, conscientious, who had stood by them in poverty, nursed them in sickness, sustained them under discouragement, and I wondered if these men felt altogether comfortable as they set out alone to exercise their masculine prerogative as voters. I looked at the young men, some of them going to cast their first vote, still living at home, so dependent upon their mothers, owing to them the best part of what they know; such a little while ago cradled in the arms of those mothers, indebted to them for more than life, and I wondered how this newly acquired superiority impressed them. Glancing from my window in the midst of those thoughts, I saw the crowning indignity of the day. *The inmates of the county poorhouse on their way to the polls.* The drunken, the weak-minded, the blear-eyed, the filthy, the mere dregs and sediment of humanity. "And these are our political superiors!" I exclaimed, my heart hot with indignation; "these be our masters. If any thoughtful man can witness such a sight as this, can see those men vote, exercise a right from which the best women in the land are debarred, and then look into the face of an intelligent woman without blushing, I marvel at the stuff of which he is made." Still more do I marvel that any women should be blind to the indignity of her position, blind to the importance of bringing to the aid of the government, enlisting in behalf of society the intelligence, the conscience, the devotion to duty, that are embodied in women. To men of the country, I say, try your experiments, gentlemen, do without us as long as you can, but be sure that no just or permanent government of men and women will be devised till men and women unite in devising it.

CELIA BURLEIGH.

For the Centennial of American independence, Philadelphia will erect a building that will cover fifty acres of ground.

Where Social Reform Must Originate.

In the present age of the world we enjoy countless advantages over all that have gone before us, in the comforts and conveniences which the grasping, comprehensive mind of man, with the blessing of God, continually brings to light, but with the multiplied wants, and puny strength of the present day, each new invention to economize time and toil seems only just sufficient to enable man to exist until something more can be done to lighten his grievous burdens. His complicated and numberless bodily ills drag him down like an incubus, and chain his mind to the dust when it should surmount the clouds. Men of intellect and learning spend their lives concocting drugs with which to combat the multiplicity of diseases which prey upon humanity, and humanity blindly, recklessly, swallows all, patent pills, quack nostrums, and, above all, ardent spirits in the form of bitters and tonics, which last still further inflame those gross animal passions which, all admit, are, in their unchecked career, the root of nine-tenths of these debilities. It is acknowledged that excessive indulgence has robbed man of his primitive vigor and given rise to a long train of frightful diseases which will continue to afflict the race until means can be used to end them. The sooner this is done the better, and the trouble must be met boldly.

It is useless to cry out against social depravity and deplore its evil work and never lift a weapon against it. It is equally useless to fight against remote consequences and leave the ruling cause untouched. Why cannot men learn the folly of battling against effects, while nurturing and fostering causes? Why bewail the work of the destroyer in desolated homes and the blighted promises of many a fair young life, and call the strong arm of vengeance on the head of the evil doer; and still purge not the hidden springs of iniquity, and ignore the fact that those same mourning households have contributed, and still contribute their mite to the deep fountain of that deadly poison which creeps insidiously through society, the highest and the lowest, ever on the alert for its prey, here and there fastening its fangs upon the most promising in the land, never relaxing its hold until it has devoured, not the body only, but the usefulness, the peace, the soul of its victims? And why be slaves to physic, seeking by its unaided strength to overcome disease of body and mind, while moral or rather immoral causes are daily originating new phases of suffering? The source of disease being sin, it must receive mental and moral treatment. It is not enough that the vigilant eye of the law is ever watchful to detect, and its strong right hand ever uplifted to punish crime; these measures deal only with effects, cropping here and there a twig from the great tree of immortality. But its weapons are too short to reach the great, strong trunk which is no more disturbed by the slippings than a strong oak by the pruning knife. Now the strength of social crime lies far beyond the verge of legal jurisdiction, and at its safe distance, mocks its futile endeavors. Then where shall we look for its antidote, and whence is our deliverance to come? It is plain that the fountain of sin must be cleansed before the stream will run clear. But where shall we look for this fountain? Social evil does not derive its strength and perpetuity from those miserable libels on "the Image of God" who unblushingly avow their infamy, and are shunned as lepers by respectable citizens, for they, poor, miserable, comfortless wretches—as we know them—create far less evil in the world than is laid to their charge. It is where they cannot enter; where peaceful, law-abiding citizens dwell, that the seeds of crime are planted and nourished until they "can be no longer hidden," and then spewed forth to go abroad fulfilling their dreadful mission. Look to it, you fathers who "live above the law," and piously bewail the depravity of the world, that you are not secretly giving aid and sustenance to that very cause by giving full license to those appetites which cannot be said to degrade man "to the level of brutes," since brutes, without the aid of reason and religion, do strictly observe the laws of Nature. Oh, you honest citizens! do you degrade yourselves "below" the brutes by disregarding Nature's laws in your own sensual gratification, persistently closing your eyes to the fact that thus you perpetuate and foster a low tone of morals, and send abroad into the world exaggerated types of your own depravity, to carry their pestilential presence and shameful deeds everywhere? Do you honestly acknowledge to your accusing consciences when your sons give themselves up to evil excesses that your own ways of life have been their ruin? Do you ever repent in secret anguish that you did not exercise your divine right of sovereignity over your own inferior passions and lead instead of following them, exercising them only with a fixed and holy purpose, as a sower scatters grain in the spring? This is where social reform must originate. When you do this, oh, fathers and mothers, and forsake the use of stimulants, you shall have the proud assurance that your sons and daughters will never be unresisting victims to those detestable passions which are the prolific source of bodily suffering and mental anguish in this sin-weltering world. This course will restore man's primitive vigor, and class as entire gain, instead of mere necessities, the wonderful inventions of genius. This will strike the heart of social evil and give law no subjects on which to waste its idle strength, and rob the countless swarms of quacks of their victims whose own sins place them helpless in their power. And fail not to remember, oh, parents! that as you are responsible for the existence of deathless beings, so you are responsible for their dispositions; and that through them, your secret thoughts are brought to light; and do not dare ignore your responsibility, nor use irreverently your fearful, your wonderful powers.—*Woman's Exponent.*

Brain work costs more food than hand work. According to careful estimates and analyses of the excretions, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of severe physical labor. Another evidence of the cost of brain work is obtained from the fact that though the brain is only one-fortieth the weight of the body it receives about one-fifth of all the blood sent by the heart into the system. Brain workers, therefore, require a more liberal supply of food, and richer food, than manual laborers.

The Law of Progress.

AN ADDRESS TO PETER HILL, ESQ., OF DETROIT, (MICH.,) BY MRS. NANNETTE B. GARDNER, ON THE OCCASION OF RECEIVING HER THIRD VOTE, NOV. 5, 1872, THE FIRST BEING APRIL 3, 1871.

The great continent we inhabit was for ages incalculable, densely covered with a profusion of uncultivated verdure and foliage. Peering out from this vast wilderness might have been seen an occasional rude and savage being, who eked out a miserable existence by possessing a trifle more craftiness and knowledge of the arts than the fish, reptiles, birds, and beasts he preyed upon. Few were his ideas, and fewer still were his virtues. Passionate, tyrannical, indolent, and voracious, he recognized no laws but those of force and necessity, and showed no pity to anything unable to cope with him in physical power.

For this vast period of time the Law of Progress was imperative, and our immense country might have remained the same howling wilderness forever, had not another race of men discovered and peopled it. They and their descendants have exterminated most of these savage men and beasts, and have transformed their hideous land into an abode of peace and plenty, with a rapidity that excites the wonder and admiration of mankind. They boldly claimed for their guidance a code of perfect principles of justice and equal rights to all, but flagrantly violated their professions by fettering millions of their brethren for generations in an unrewarded and unrequited servitude. They, too, permitted the direst forms of intemperance and myriads of social, moral, and political evils to exist unrebuked, and have steadily persisted in denying to one-half of their citizens any voice or participation in their government. The dreadful crime of slavery has recently been propitiated by the sacrifice of a million of lives and untold treasure, but the moral vices and political tyranny continue unabated. Such is the situation in the Second Era of our country's history.

The extinction of this semi-barbaric era is now begun. Men of advanced political sagacity and exalted virtue see the justice and necessity of joining her influence, voice and power in redeeming their race from the evils overwhelming him. They see that—

"It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain;"

that justice and mercy are necessary guards against selfishness and despotisms. They see too, that a higher moral standard must be erected than has hitherto been maintained, if we would become the exalted people that our earnest reformers hope we may, and struggle so earnestly to make of us. As in our city of Detroit, women were seen rushing to save from a conflagration the once beautiful fabrics of merchandise, the new era will witness their efforts to save ther sons, brothers, and fathers from the fiery floods of alcohol that blacken and deface once harmonious natures. Their vote in Danbury, Ct., but a few days since, of 547 to 2 against granting licenses to liquor dealers illustrates their sentiments upon this question, and that when permitted to act upon it, our land will be speedily purified from its dire effects. The greedy and selfish men who traffic in vice almost undisturbed, and in utter contempt and violation of the laws which men make to restrain them, will find in woman an efficient and active police to enforce the laws that she may have a voice in enacting. So, too, in the vast ramifications of our social and political systems that are notoriously reeking with corruption. Woman having no voice in making our laws, assumes no responsibility in enforcing them, and thus our social and political fabric loses the benefit that her love of virtue and of the beautiful might be powerfully instrumental in exalting in worth as well as in loveliness.

This Third Era, which will be the crowning glory of an enlightened civilization, is now rapidly dawning. It will inaugurate the reign of "peace on earth and good will to man," as well as to woman. The removal of unjust distinctions for sex, color, or race, giving to each and to all the grand opportunities for developing the talent and highest purposes that nature has granted each individual member of humanity, will stimulate all in the grand race of life to excel. The glory of American freedom thus established will shine as a resplendent halo upon all nations, leading them, as a pillar of fire of old, from despotisms, bondage, darkness, and desolation, upon peace, prosperity and glory. The eras of savagisms and barbarisms will be ended, and enlightened civilization become universal, affording the same striking contrast that the new artistic temples of liberty, to receive the ballots of a nobler race of men and fair and virtuous women, will be to the dens of infamy now too generally used for the sacred purpose.

To Peter Hill, Esq., Alderman of the 9th Ward of the city of Detroit, belongs the honor of being the first officer of registration who has given suffrage to woman under the 14th and 15th Amendments of our National Constitution, and this banner is presented to him by Mrs. Nannette B. Gardner as a grateful memento to the liberal and progressive ideas governing him, and the high moral virtues and courage displayed by him.

In the days of Rome's greatness and glory, to be a Roman citizen was the highest title accorded to any being. But in looking at their characters, we discover that their pretensions were greater than their merits. That so far from being pre-eminent for virtue or illustrious deeds of civic honor, their boasting was mainly for triumphs on bloody fields, and their riches mostly acquired by robbing and enslaving their neighbors. The citizens of America, when the now degraded half are raised to freedom, will in the future tower to loftier heights of greatness than have yet been imagined. And in taking the lead in this grand movement, Mr. Hill will become a mountain among his peers for being the first to act as Woman's Emancipator.

NANNETTE B. GARDNER.

DETROIT, (Mich.,) Nov. 6, 1872.

It is related that in Gaylordsville, in Fairfield county, Ct., there resides an old lady who is so deaf that a large bell rung immediately by her ear, cannot be heard by her. Despite this absolute deafness, she will go to church, listen to the discourse word for word. Her entire knowledge of the sermon being gained from the motion of the speaker's lips.

The World of Love.

It is sweet as we journey through life,
So darkened by sorrow and sin,
So full of unbrotherly strife,
So far from the goal we would win—

To know that a bright world of love
Surrounds us in every land;
To know that the angels above
Rejoice to be ever at hand

To "lift up the lap of the dark
And speak clearer" of that which they know;
To kindle the heavenly spark
Which brighter and purer shall glow:

To comfort, to counsel, to warn,
To lighten the burden of care;
To point to a happier morn,
To banish the gloom of despair:

To give bread to the famishing soul,
And freedom to those that are bound;
And still as the ages unroll
Spread "more light" to the nations around:

To speak of our Father in Heaven,
To speak of our brothers on earth,
Of the penitent sinner forgiven,
Of death, as the spirit's new birth

In a world more divinely fair
Than foot of man ever has trod;
No sorrow, nor trouble, nor care,
In that glorious city of God.

O, 'tis to hold converse with those
Who have gone to the world of the blest,
Where the tree of life evermore grows,
And the soul that is weary may rest!

The Subordination of Woman.

The Chicago *Advance*, the organ of Western Congregationalism, holds the following advanced(?) views:

"From the first proclamation of the 'Woman's Rights' doctrines, we have foreseen and foretold their ultimate result in 'free love.' The claims of total independence, made for woman, the attempt to deny and ridicule the subordination of the wife to the husband, the irreverent treatment of Scriptural doctrine on the subject, the rejection, also, and naturally, of the New Testament limitation of divorce, these and other indications certified us that some of the professed reformers meant immorality in the end, and that others, at present pure, were steadily drifting towards it."

All of which means, when you get down to the pith, that the subordination of woman to man is essential to her purity. Man is such a pattern of propriety—so angelic and spotless in his character and nature, and so prone to lead woman up to higher levels of purity and excellence—in all the relations of husband, friend and protector, is such a first-class saint, that dependent, helpless, simple woman, needs but to look upon the light of his radiant countenance to be saved! Man never gets drunk and wallops his wife—never indulges in low and grovelling thoughts—never wastes his time and money in idleness and dissipation—always gives woman a fair chance in the struggles of life—never leads her astray—is always her true friend and kind and loving protector; and then his exercise of the elective franchise is always so conscientious, and the laws of his making are so noble and just—sure enough, what does woman want more? Why can't she be satisfied and contented to be taxed for the support of a government she has no voice in, and behave herself? Doesn't her husband know enough for both? Didn't Paul say, "Wives, be obedient to your husbands," or something of that sort? Suppose her husband dies and leaves her with a family of small children on her hands? He has no business to die—let her marry again. What if there isn't husbands enoutogh go round, as is the unfortunate fact in many places and countries, and tens of thousands of women are compelled to enter the world of work and toil with their own hands for their daily bread? Well, that is a dispensation of Divine Providence that society has no right to meddle with. Dear, dear, why will not these women suffragists let good enough alone, and not be eternally kicking up a fuss and shocking the proprietics by clamoring for civil and social rights that belong exclusively to the saintly "lords of creation."—*San Jose Mercury.*

The License System.

Of all the laws that ever disgraced the statutes of a civilized people, that which proposes the license to open a grog shop is the most disgraceful. It is not only directly calculated to destroy the property, health and lives of the people—the most important interests that it is the province of law to protect—but it is virtually setting aside the law of God, and making it legal for men to commit crime. Under it every conceivable crime finds protection, and every virtue finds its death. Instead of protecting the innocent from the devilish designs of the guilty, it throws the cloak of respectability over the vilest criminal, and delivers over the suffering victim to the tender mercies of a set of cold-blooded villains, and, for so much money, pledges society to aid in the most unblushing robbery. It enables the rum-seller, the most detestable of all criminals, to hold up his head among respectable dealers, and gives him, through his influence over his deluded victims, the power to command the support and the willing obedience of political parties. To repeat the license system, and enact in its place Prohibition, would at once strip from the liquor traffic all of its borrowed respectability, and place rum-sellers where he rightfully belongs, by the side of the horse thief, the counterfeiter and the gambler. Under the ban of law, the moral sentiment of the people would soon stamp the dram-shop with the brand of condemnation, and the politician who would dare to link his fortunes with the outlawed traffic would speedily find his mistake, and in the future avoid all such entangling alliances. To the accomplishment of this work every effort of temperance men should be bent. No consideration of party—no desire for the success of this or that candidate for office—no appeals from interested place-seekers should be allowed to prevent the consistent temperance man from casting his ballot in favor of the removal of this stain from the statute books of the State, and in its place enacting the prohibition of the rum traffic. The politician who, to secure place, is willing to pander to such a body and soul-destroying business as the rum traffic, deserves only the scorn and contempt of honest men, and the political party which is willing to submit to the dictation of the dram-shop, deserves to die; and it is the duty of every temperance man in the country to aid in burying every such party in a grave so deep that no sound of resurrection shall ever break upon its slumbers. Down with the rum traffic, and all who support it, should be the battle cry of every friend to temperance.