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The New Northwest.

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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.

In the Woods.

The sun is savage in sultry hollows,
The hill-side quivers with pulsing heat;
With dusty wings the drooping swallows
Are dotting the fence that lines the street.

I leave the town with its hundred noises,
Its clatter and whiz of wheel and steam,
For woodland quiet and silvery voices,
With a forest camp by a crystal stream.

O, shrewd are the ways of town and city,
Canning in commerce and worldly wise;
But hearts grow hardened to human pity,
And tongues are given to thrifty lies.

The feathery arms of firs and spruces
Bend over the waters that glide beneath,
And the marsh flowers by the quiet sluices
Infold their sweets in a golden sheath.

And a little canoe of fairy lightness
Floats silently down the limpid stream
Where the Norland birch, in its snowy whiteness,
Overhangs the ripples that glance and gleam.

O, peaceful and sweet are forest slumbers,
The fragrant couch with the stars above,
As the free soul marches to dulcet numbers
Through dreamland valleys of song and love.

Forever at night a Dorian Goddess
Glides into my camp with bird-like song;
In loosened tresses and starry bodice
She rests by my side the whole night long.

She cools my forehead with dainty fingers,
And smoothes the wrinkles from brow and face
With a gentle palm, whose memory lingers
About my spirit in every place.

On emerald banks thick strewn with pansies
We loiter away the dreary time,
And she dowers my soul with woodland fancies
That sprout and blossom in rustic rhyme.

Why should I covet the laureate guinea,
Or envy the muse that is held in fief?
I sing the ballads she prompts within me,
And have no spite for the "greener leaf."

With the loftier birds I have no quarrel,
I envy no brow its wreath of bays;
I know it is mine to miss the laurel,
And the "greener leaf" that hangs—and pays.

Poor? I am poor as the mice in churches,
And cramped and harassed by want and debt,
Dreading the chill east wind that searches
My tattered clothing in cold and wet,

But well content if the golden hours
And the sylvan pleasures will only hold,
For if wealth were the highest of earthly dowers,
I think I should have more land and gold.

And I rest in the faith that each good fellow
Will sometimes dwell in another land,
Where hearts that are generous, true and mellow,
Will know each other, and understand.

—[The Aldine.

SONORA HEWITT.

BY MISS SUSIE WITHEREL.

[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 XXXVIII.

CONTINUATION OF THE LIFE OF MAGGIE HEWITT.

"I was about sixteen years of age when Sanutee was called to his forefathers. Although an Indian and no friend to the pale-faces, still I loved him as well as though he had been my own father; and though he often made me tremble with fear when he uttered the war-whoop or wielded his tomahawk, yet I always loved him for his kindness to me. He was proud of my skill in the use of the bow and arrow, and took great pains in teaching me. I grieved in reality when I lost him. His place was soon supplied by another, but by one who held no place in my affection. On the contrary, I not only feared him, but I hated him. Think not my language too harsh, but consider my Indian training, to either love or hate, which passions I fully lived up to, and which caused me much unhappiness and a great deal of yours, for it was through my aid that Sonora, my own beloved niece, became the captive of Hard Heart.

"You recollect," turning towards Sonora, "how Sanutee was killed by a wild beast, and how my own life was saved by the timely interference of a handsome young stranger, whose name was Lenardo, and whom I learned to love. Yes, for two months after my supposed father's death I was perfectly happy, with but one exception, and that was the presence of my step-father, as I called him, for I hated him on account of his passion for me, for, though the husband of her I called mother, he confessed that it was only to gain nearer access to me. His presence to me was odious enough, but doubly so when I learned of his duplicity towards Patty. I will not repeat the joy I felt in Lenardo's presence; suffice to say those were the happiest days of my life.

"Eagle Eye, which was the name of my tormentor, was cruel in the extreme, and often threatened me with his vengeance if I did not return his love. This troubled me but little, as I always felt secure under Patty's protection, who was one of the kindest of mother's to her 'piccaninny,' as she always called me.

"Soon after Lenardo's departure Eagle Eye removed with us to Kentucky. Here I soon became a great favorite with the Indians on account of my singing, which was a favorite amusement when I was young.

"I had not been long in my new home before Goodspeed, a young chief, fell in love with me. Although for a long time unknown to me, it served only the more to embitter Eagle Eye, who, as his name indicated, took in everything at a glance. Patty favored Goodspeed, and would have been glad to have seen us married, as she told me when dying. Her greatest worriment was that some time, true to the instinct of nature, I would meet with some one among the pale-faces who might win the love of the handsome Indian girl, as I was supposed to be. Tenderly she watched over me, and dearly did she love me, fearing lest I should sometime wish to leave her and despise my forest home, but this sorrow she was spared from beholding. My time was often spent in company with Goodspeed, whom I liked very much; but after my unhappy termination with Lenardo I never could love another. We often roamed the forest together in search of game, and would try to excel each other in bringing down the first prize. Then again we would ruffle the waters of the bright Tennessee, as we paddled our canoes over its smooth surface; and it was on one of these excursions that I first learned the story of his love. Never shall I forget that night. The moon never shone as bright since, nor the stars never seemed so brilliant in the heavens. Scarcely a leaf moved as the sweet breeze of a July evening swept over our brows. I listened to his tale, how he had loved me, fearing to breathe it, scarcely daring to hope; how his loved ones had all gone, and lastly how he had once loved a bright Indian maid, whom he had loved in vain. To this last I listened attentively, and when he at last asked me to be the light of his wigwam, I buried my face within my hands as I was about to answer him, when suddenly an arrow came whizzing through the air, and my lover dropped over the side of the canoe. Most maidens would have screamed at the suddenness of the frightful act, which to those brought up in civilization would have seemed more delicate and refined than sitting statute-like, gazing into the gurgling waters as his body sank to rise no more.

"'Ha! ha! ha! Bright squaw mine at last!' yelled the demoniacal voice of Eagle Eye as I neared the shore, and leaping into the boat, he grasped my arm until I screamed with pain. Really fearing him, whose countenance might have made stouter hearts quail, I disguised my feelings by a strong effort and looked at him defiantly till he relaxed his hold, as he sarcastically hissed, 'Brave!'

"'What means the great chief? Why pursue the young squaw, whom you know has done no harm? You know I hate you! What wrong did the young chief do you? I abhor your hated presence! Leave me and return to your wigwam—to Patty, who has the misfortune to be your wife.'

"'Leave you, hey, when I have pierced the heart of the young chief to gain you? No! You are mine! There is none on these lone waters to take you from me,' and he yelled like a fiend as he lifted me from the boat like he would a baby.

"'Ah, one is near who will protect her child!' exclaimed a voice from the thick brush, and in an instant Patty stood revealed to view.

"With one bound I fell weeping upon her breast. 'Patty! Patty!' screamed I, 'kill that hateful Indian! He is not worthy to occuppy the place of the good Sanutee! Or, stop! Give me this!' and I grasped a pistol from her belt. 'I will see that he troubles you nor me no more!' and without any conscientious scruples I would have shot the wretch at my feet, had he not quicker than thought grasped the uplifted arm and took the weapon from me, and before I could even suspect his design, Patty fell bleeding at my feet.

"'Oh, Patty! my mother!' screamed I as I lifted her head to revive her, but alas! though it was the first time the cruel monster had ever handled firearms, yet he had not missed his aim, her heart. Though she could scarcely articulate, she told me in a few words what little I know concerning my birth and so on, and told me by all means to keep that locket and the pistol, which had belonged to my father; but the latter I could never obtain, for Eagle Eye, in his superstition, thought that as its owner was dead it was of no account, and consequently threw it into the river. I thought as I knelt beside her in the still lone night, and heard her dying prayers to the Good Spirit to forgive her the wrongs she had done, that my beacon of light had gone out, and that I was indeed a child of misfortune. Heaven only knows the agony I endured, alone and unprotected, in the presence of that fearful man, but whom I heeded not. He stood with arms folded, gazing upon me with grim satisfaction. He suffered me to give full vent to my feelings unmolested, a boon I little expected. As Patty breathed her last a sort of supernatural strength seemed to pervade my whole body, and I raised my now tearless eyes to those of my tormentor. 'Let us bury her,' said I in a voice so hoarse that he fairly started. Obeying my request, he helped to remove her body to a place which I pointed out; and there, beneath a large tree, did I cover her grave with flowers and leaves; and there, for the second time, did I kneel down in my wild grief and moisten the grave of a loved one with tears.

"With the knowledge of my strange history came bitter feelings, and a new hatred seemed to spring up within my heart. There are some dispositions that troubles and sorrows only seem to render more sour and wicked, and far more capable of doing wrong than ever. Such was mine, and then and there did I resolve to have some revenge for all the misfortunes which had rendered me so miserable; and to wreak vengeance upon the white daughters was my first aim for usurping my place, as I unjustly imagined, in Lenardo's affections. Rising to my feet, I turned to Eagle Eye, saying, 'Come, I am ready.' He now thinking me perfectly secure, suffered me to walk on in silence to our wigwam, a distance of two miles.

"It was nearly midnight when we entered our home, and both went to our pallets without as much as exchanging a word. Being tired out, as old age was creeping over him, and deeming his bird safe, he was soon snoring lustily. Creeping along carefully, I was soon out in the darkness without even the moon (which had gone down) to guide me. In my uncouth breast I prayed as I knew how to the Good Spirit to bear me away from Eagle Eye. With the blood of my native soil coursing through my veins, intermingled with the fierce Egyptian, together with my Indian training, I made a fit subject for all that was evil. I fled along the well known forest with the swiftness of a deer, never stopping till I was several miles from home, which I determined to leave or die in the attempt. Coming out on an open plain, I stretched my eyes as far as I could, trying to peer through the darkness for some direct though obscure way to the nearest village, whither I determined to go, and from there make my way back to Louisiana, which seemed more like home to me. As I stood thinking which way to go to elude the search which I feared would be made for me, I thought I espied a form crouching down as if afraid of detection. Had it been behind me I should have feared my pursuers, but as it was some distance ahead, I had no fear whatever, but resolved to find out who or what it was immediately. Bounding lightly over the green grass, I was soon beside it. Rising with a sort of chuckle an athletic Indian stood before me, surrounded by six brave warriors. Grasping my arm, he gruffly inquired 'what business squaw had to find him.'

"Fearing that my captor might prove to be a friend to Eagle Eye, I at first hesitated what to reply, but, concluding to take the chances at all hazards, even though my life might pay the forfeit, I told him I was flying from Eagle Eye, whom I hated.

"'Ha! Eagle Eye, the coward chief, has my hate also! I will be a friend to his squaw if she seeks for revenge. To-night Hard Heart with his brave followers would have laid waste the encampment of Eagle Eye and his men. It gives us joy to protect the squaw who would flee from him. So you come with us—we go no farther. What say you?'

"'Anywhere, so I am far away from one I loathe.'

"'Tis enough! Be true to the interest of Hard Heart and his followers, who love to wreak vengeance on the pale-faces. The brave chief fears none! He will lead you to the camp of Natchitoches, where you will be safe,' and taking my hand, we strode along, followed by the six ferocious red men.

"After a long and weary travel we at length arrived at the spot where my dear niece was rescued from her sad fate, and where I passed twenty-six years of my life.

"I feel that the hand of God led me to become acquainted with Norman Burke, that by complying with his diabolical plans I was restored to those dear ones through whose means I have found forgiveness at the throne of grace; and protected by friends who are near to me by the ties of blood, I will hope to spend my few remaining days in praise to that God who can 'forgive us our trespasses'—even the sins of poor Lodi."

As she finished her narrative it was with difficuly that she could restrain her feelings sufficiently to keep from weeping aloud, as the past years swept in sad remembrance before her. For a few minutes a complete silence reigned within that circle. Sonora arose, and taking her aunt by the hand, gently led her from the room to her own cozy little apartment, where, kneeling side by side, they invoked the blessings and protection of the Almighty. The rest of the family soon followed their example, for in the multitude of their joys they had forgotten the hours, which were fast waning towards morning.

[To be continued.]

Mrs. Minnie Myrtle Miller is creating a literary sensation by lecturing on her divorced husband, Joaquin Miller, the bard of Oregon. She is thus honorably supporting herself, her children and her aged mother. The idea that Mrs. Miller is trading upon the reputation of her namby pamby husband of the past must be dispelled, for she has established a reputation on her own account. As a lecturess she is a success. She unmercifully lashes the great American poet from the wilds of Oregon; and does it so skillfully, so judiciously, that her praise is most damning censure. A woman's wit is like a tailor's needle, not very ponderous, but it perforates the hide with a vicious smarting. As to Joaquin, we say this without wincing: A man who will desert his wife and loving children, leaving them helpless and in poverty, is a thing whom we would not dignify with the title of a Christian dog.—*Pioneer.*

Half the depositors in the Massachusetts savings bank are women, and $26,000,000 is the sum total of the amount deposited by these delightful darlings.

Finance and Ship Building.

THE WAY TO RESTORE OUR GREAT LOST INDUSTRY—THE FINANCIAL DEMORALIZATION.

BY HORACE H. DAY.

The great want of this country to-day is cheap money, a low rate of interest to those obliged to borrow for all the developing industries of the land. You know England pays on her consols three per cent. interest, and has thirty-seven hundred millions in these consols, held almost exclusively by her citizens at home, affording a circulating medium, being readily convertible into money and also into consols, thus affording almost an unlimited circulation, supplying every want of the people for money at very low rates; while this nation has only such quantity of circulating medium left to it as will keep the rate of interest, which the present very limited developing interests of the country must pay, at from twelve to one hundred per cent., whereas to enable us to produce fabrics to compete with other nations and find a foreign market, we require such an abundance of money, accessible to the people, as will bring the rate of interest for all that class of the community engaged in production, nearly as cheap as Great Britain supplies to her artisans. We contend that the Government has no right to deny her industrial citizens the use of money at as cheap rates as do the governments of those countries who compete with us in the markets of the world.

To-day no civilized nation bases its circulation upon gold alone, and the old Benton Bullion age is past beyond return. Hence, here is England, that has its consols all the while floating at home, Government not paying over three per cent. These are in reality circulating currency (under another name), and everywhere seeking to earn a better, higher interest in operations with and through the people than they could in indleness,

DRAWING ONLY THREE PER CENT.

from the nation's treasury. We should have, to make us equal to Great Britain in financial advantage, at least 4,000,000,000 of United States bonds drawing only three per cent., these with the ability to convert them at will into smaller non-interest bearing greenbacks—not bank notes. Under this system we might easily open our ports to free trade with all the world, and this cheap and abundant money would stimulate production and then find in foreign markets an outlet for our surplus productions, as do England, Germany, France and all our intelligent competing nations. Nations are competitors as well as individuals, and if one nation has a system of production twenty per cent. cheaper than another, then she can supply the world. Our tariff laws can reach no further than the territory of our own nation. Here then is just our difficulty.

The rate of interest which the legal currency of a nation bears determines the value in that nation of everything measured by that money—bonds are in fact a currency. To illustrate: Before our late war a house and lot was salable at say, $6,500, which to-day sells for $14,000, and could be originally mortgaged for two-thirds its value. To-day the same house will not be accepted by a money-lender as security for much over $6,000. Here is a great change. What is the cause of this change?

THE MONEY LENDER

before the war, was glad to take 6 per cent. and even then had to pay 1½ State tax on his bond and mortgage and the idle money thus secured and invested to him netted only 4½ per cent. To-day under the operation of our existing system his money invested in United States bonds at 5 per cent. and free from taxation, gives in effect 9 per cent. or double that which he could receive under our old system, besides bonds are in effect ready money convertible in an hour, while a mortgage might take six months to foreclose, hence the advantage is not alone in the double rate.

The average annual increase of the nation's wealth *has never reached 3½ per cent.* No nation on earth ever increased its wealth as much as 4 per cent. The case of one illustrates the whole. The rate of interest determines the value, and Government determines the rate of interest. Let us take for further illustration

SHIP BUILDING,

and it would seem that there was no subject in which there was such an almost unanimous determination to mislead or refuse to find the true remedy, for its loss in our country. Ships on the ocean cannot be affected by our tariff laws, and no nation will allow us to interfere with its prosperity.

You see on the Clyde in England, ships are built and fitted out, with this indispensible tool, (money) to work with, at three per cent. and sometimes 2½ per cent., while in this country, as I have said before, everything measured by money is *as* much higher in value as the difference in the legal rates established by the two Governments in the consols of the one, and bonds of the other. And if a ship-builder to-day, in Maine—most of them are in moderate circumstances—(say he is a farm owner worth thirty thousand dollars,) wishes to build a five hundred ton vessel, he must begin by paying first, at least fifteen per cent. annual interest on the morigage of his farm to get the ready cash with which to commence his ship, and as he is not a merchant, keeps no bank balance, and hence cannot borrow at banks—as he proceeds will pay

TWENTY PER CENT. PER ANNUM

for the balance of the funds before the ship is paid for, (I know this exact case to be the fact in Maine,) and this is not all, for by reason of the general system of high prices for everything in this country, (due wholly to the high rates upon money,) the material and wages, are found to-day, so much higher in the U. S., than in England, that the business is a losing one, and hence we can no longer build ships while all the remedies now being proposed in Congress and elsewhere would only fail in producing a healthy result, and ultimately create greater than existing evils. It is this fatal financial system born of war, established since and maintained by the Republican party, which deprives the people to-day of their necessary tool (money) to work with, and the whole country, of its rightful inheritance of prosperity.

It is claimed that three to four hundred millions of the national debt has been paid since the war, under Grant.

We claim this is in one sense a great mistake, for at the close of the war, we did not owe abroad five hundred million dollars, whereas their claims of every kind against us to-day exceeds 2,500,000,000. This is getting out of debt with a vengeance; pay off 300 or 400 millions at one end and add five times as much at the other.

And yet great as this increasing debt is, there would be nothing alarming in its aggregate, if there was any hope of the Republican party changing its policy, to give promise of arresting the evil. There is

ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS.

that is, in cheap money, plentiful, to stimulate production, and over production, and forcing us to sell abroad our surplus, and at as cheap rate as our competitors, and thus turn the balance of trade in our favor, and stop this increase of debt. *There is no other way to save our country* and restore a Republic, now destroyed and swallowed up in the merciless embrace of a money oligarchy. The financial platform of the labor reformers will accomplish just this result; it is also a practical balance wheel, which in its very nature prevents fluctuation in values, for no matter how much the country called for, it could use no more than to keep the rate of interest to 3 per cent. or 65-100. If the Government wanted specie, buy it as it would timber to build a ship, until the balance of trade brought it back. It is and must, in the nature of things, be a fatal policy, which operates to send all of gold, or any other commodity, out of a country. Let us therefore stimulate production and send products abroad to pay not only for what we want to import, but by cheap money

KEEP DOWN EVERY THING AT HOME

to so low rates that other countries can no longer supply our inflated markets with their products from cheaper money and cheaper labor, and the reign of gold will be forever gone, so far as we are concerned.

Now what have we against this system? Answer, just one thing, ONLY ONE, and this one thing is not a Democratic principle. 'Tis 12 to 100 per cent. interest to the rich money-lender and usurer! Can we stop this monopoly and national ruin, now upheld and maintained by the capitalists operating in both parties who controlled our late election, and seek in the future, as in the past, to control the Government regardless of all consequences; aye, *they* would practically take the nation's life, rather than forego this usury and monopoly.

Here is the whole case. This blighting curse, the heaviest which ever rested upon our country, must be removed. Under this terrible curse all our industries except the few which are

PROTECTED BY SPECIAL LEGISLATION

are dwarfed, our ship building is stopped, our foreign carrying trade nearly gone, our lands on the sea-board no longer worth cultivation, except the cotton lands in the South.

All our enterprises are centering in corporations and combinations, to be followed by every species of antagonism and ultimate overwhelming ruin.

The old Democratic idea—the gold fallacy of to-day must be wholly abandoned, whether old fogyism would hold onto it or not. With over two thousand million of foreign indebtedness on which the simple interest exceeds 100,000,000, we cannot with our annual production of 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 of bullion ever expect to regulate either our circulation or domestic values. 'Tis simply an impossibility.

All the attempts to do so have again and again overwhelmed, and placed American interests at the mercy of other nations.

THE ENGLISH SYSTEM

is adapted to England, whose principle commerce necessity extends far away over the world. Requiring a mixed currency and situated as she is, some gold is a necessity, and yet the secret of England's present power and prosperity is in the vast amount of her circulation at home, in the form of consols and the low rate of interest they bear. If we look for authority, and refuse to trust either our own experience or judgment, then let us adopt all that we can make available of this English system, and if we insist upon her gold, give us her low rate of interest on bonds. Remember, too, notwithstanding England has a large debt, it is not felt, as it practically forms a circulating and investing medium for home use. She is a creditor country. Were she like us, a debtor country, her gold, large as it is, would give it no power, at home or abroad, to regulate prices or support circulation.

Let us further prove the advantage to England due to this plentiful use of cheap money and our great disadvantage under the opposite system. Take to illustrate the trade with the nations south of us including the southern portion of our own continent and the adjacent islands. This is our nearest foreign trade our next door neighbor.

Examine the figures of this trade ten years ago, then to-day, and the correctness of my premises is entirely established.

OUR IMPORTATIONS

from these countries last year were in round numbers about one hundred and fifty million dollars and our exportations fifty millions. We pay this one hundred millions difference in gold and in bills on London. England, during this same period, exported four times more to these countries than she imported in merchandise from them. Why is this? Simply that by plenty and cheap money and consequently cheap rents and corresponding prices of labor, everything which goes to make up the manufactured commodities required in these countries which manufacture so little themselves, England has produced and thereby gains from us our natural inheritance of this near-by trade. Had the United States precisely the same abundance of cheap consols, and consequently low rate of interest, this whole trade would be ours with even greater profit. The best tariff system possible for the United States is to have this abundance and cheapness of money. With it we could challenge and defy the world.

In the absence of our power to control other nations how can we expect to build structures at war, with the interest, wishes and policy of the majority.

We know the late war overturned and revolutionized many things, but nothing so much as

OUR FINANCIAL SYSTEM.

This was emphatically born of war: a necessary shift, pressing for the moment—when the voice of criticism was practically silenced, and the slimy folds of avarice and selfishness, and the opposites of all true patriotism enveloped the majority, counselling only for itself, and has since, till this day, overshadowed all other voices and control.

To-day we see the legitimate consequences; every fibre strained, the very nation trembling and no visible safety in the future. The foundation being wrong and wholly unsound, all the different parts and outgrowths are unfitted, unsuitable and unbalanced—making certain that in the absence of a Radical change the whole structure must come tumbling down, carrying

THE REPUBLIC WITH IT.

We find the Government groping in the dark, guessing and gambling, to-day expanding, to-morrow contracting; one Congress increasing the tariff, another decreasing. Again exempting ship-building materials from taxation, to find that scheme utterly useless. One set clamoring for steamship subsidies to be supplied by the sweat and toil of the laboring masses. All business enterprises subject to be legislated to ruin, or inflated for the benefit of the few.

Again, because of this

HIGH RATE FOR MONEY,

established by the Federal Government, Sovereign States are compelled to revise their laws, affecting the relations of borrower and lender, while railroads are constructed with money and loans at ten to fifteen per cent., thereby entailing corresponding higher rates for the transporting of men and merchandise, thus clothing our very highways with oppression.

These things are educating the masses, and not only filling them with dissatisfaction, but permanently alienating that wholesome reverence and respect for our Government and institutions indispensible to the peace and prosperity and existence of free Government itself.

The present individual and collective suffering of the moderately poor, to say nothing of the very feeble, has had no parallel in the United States for twenty-five years. I mingle much with these classes, and speak from personal observation. Is it, therefore, surprising that conflicts between capital and labor should mark the period, or that discouragement, desperation, starvation, suicide, robbery, murder and arson are so common, or that plague and pestilence should follow?

THE REMEDY.

Do you ask what can, what ought we to do? I answer again, begin with the finances. Here is our first and greatest evil. Let Congress pass a law creating two thousand millions of 3 per cent., or 3 65-100 per cent. consols, or, as we call them, bonds, convertable and reconvertable into legal tender certificates of value, stamped, coined money, made of paper, corresponding in denomination with our greenbacks. Sell these bonds, and pay off in this money (or as best we can, no matter how, so we keep faith with our original contract) all other United States bonds. Here, meet the usurers squarely—go to the usurers, give them the true arguments to prove the absolute justice and true wisdom of it, and the party which leads in this direction will be the real Democratic party, whose power in and control over the Government will come just as fast as come the elections to make opportunity for change. And to stay any further false step, we should by all means prevent Boutwell from selling or converting any more of our existing bonds for idle hoarding in Europe. We require them and many more at home for our own use when exchanged into the 3 per cents.

Important and True.

The following from the pen of a lady correspondent of the Portland *Transcript* is well worth the attention of hotel-keepers everywhere:

It is a notable fact that strangers will inquire of hackmen and expressmen "which is the highest-priced hotel," and that seems to establish the fact that it must be the most desirable, and find later that they reckoned without their host. First-class hotels charge five dollars per day including fire; second class, three dollars and a half. It seems to me that one dollar per day for fire is enormous, and I wonder how long the traveling public will allow themselves to be swindled in this manner. There is always a protest against it, but how does it end? "What is everybody's business is nobody's."

In a second class hotel there is greater attention paid to the comfort of the guests, fewer subordinates coming between them and the powers that be. A great deal of false pride is manifested among travelers in this matter, and it seems that a protest by the public in general to the hotel proprietors, would reduce the enormous rates, and would be better for the whole community; for thousands of people are kept from traveling for that very reason.

While I am on the subject I would suggest to hotel proprietors, that a little more attention be paid to the comfort of ladies. It is very provoking to walk into the Ladies' Parlor and find nothing but a photographic book of advertisements, as the only alluring bait held out to keep one from dying from *ennui*. It matters not how many ladies congregate in this room day after day, they sit looking at each other with that indescribable woman look of half contemptuous inquiry, and the close criticism from head to foot which follows, may serve to amuse some women, but not all.

The peep that one gets into the "Gentlemen's Reading Room" is Paradise with Eve kept out. All the newspapers of the day, accommodations for writing, comfortable easy chairs, etc.—all this for the stronger sex, but the weaker are supposed to be strong enough to be above being entertained. Any lady friend will agree with me when they recall hours spent at hotel windows reading the sign-boards in view, or walking up and down the parlors, bored to death for want of something to do. I have never found one exception to this general want, from Maine to Texas.

Mrs. Sands is a bright little widow who lives near Oil City, Pa., and has made a comfortable fortune in a speculation in oil lands. Representing herself as a poor woman, as she was, with a family to support, she induced a New York company owning lands near her residence, to sell her 200 acres for $1,800, paying a small sum down. She immediately sold a part interest for $10,000, put down with the proceeds what has proved one of the most successful oil wells in the oil territory, and now asks for the property a round half million of dollars.

Horace Greeley.

Among the thousands of items going the rounds of the press in reference to Mr. Greeley, we select the following as coming from a source far more worthy of consideration than the usual chat of irresponsible newspaper correspondents:

Mr. Dana had better opportunities of knowing Mr. Greeley than almost any other man, and the sagacious and all-observant assistant doubtless employed much of his time in trying to unravel the strange enigma of the Greeley brain and purposes. It must also be remembered that Mr. Dana was the originator of the Greeley nomination for the Presidency, and was the most able and vigilant editor connected with that phase of Republican enterprise and ambition.

Mr. Dana denies that Mr. Greeley was a philanthropist, and asserts that Mr. Greeley always hooted the idea of being one. The basis of all Mr. Greeley's philanthrophy was, according to Mr. Dana, the promotion of the *Tribune* and the concentration of free labor against slave labor.

He says Mr. Greeley was an abolitionist, not because he liked the negro, for he disliked him, but that he felt that men like himself—self-made—could never reach position as long as the so-called aristocracy of the South controlled public affairs. In other words, Mr. Greeley was determined to break down slavery at all cost, in order to preponderate the North in the councils and benefits of the Union.

Mr. Dana says Mr. Greeley was a Fourierite, a Brisbanite, and a Graham-breadite, but as he had no mental tenacity to tenets, he gave them up after they had sufficiently amused him.

The *Tribune* soon gained the reputation of being the origin of every sort of ism and fanatic hobby.

Farther on Mr. Dana says that "a moral unsteadiness diminished his (Greeley's) power. The miseries of his childhood had left their trace in a querulous, lamentable, hopeless tone of feeling, into which he fell upon any little misfortune or disappointment, and as he grew older he began to lack hope."

This, then, is the secret of his death, for he who blanched at the route of Bull Run, was overwhelmed by that greater route which came to him personally in November last.

Mr. Dana, who was in the *Tribune* office at the time, says that Mr. Greeley abstained from taking any part in the great Kansas-Nebraska contest, but left the fight to be waged by other writers in the columns of the *Tribune*. He also says that Mr. Greeley was an advocate of the Temperance cause, not for a hope of caring intemperance or reclaiming drunkards, whom he hated personally, but because he saw in the movement a political hygiene, calculated to promote the wealth and happiness of the community, "and the views," according to Mr. Dana, "were similar in respect of every reform and every philanthropic cause which he advocated."

Mr. Dana confirms the general belief in Mr. Greeley's hatred of Mr. Lincoln, and asserts farther that Mr. Lincoln knew it, and always looked upon Mr. Greeley as a "foe."

That Mr. Greeley was generous to his friends Mr. Dana declares with emphasis and by citation of illustrations. He would have died a rich man had he been a less open-handed one.

The article concludes with a striking parallel between the founders of three great newspapers in the country, Bennett, Raymond and Greeley, placing Mr. Greeley at the head of the list as a vigorous writer of political newspaper leaders. And singular enough, the deaths of these three men were accompanied by strange circumstances of pathos.

Mr. Bennett died without a relative by kindred side, comparatively deserted in his extremity; Mr. Raymond, after midnight, was found dead in his hallway, and Mr. Greeley, sadder than all, went to his final account from the desolateness of a private mad-house.—*N. Y. Argus.*

A NICE BIT OF IRONY.—Here is a nicely prepared little cap, that many a man could wear with perfect impunity:

"The lonesomeness of some married men when their wives are away," said a simple-minded lady, speaking of the summer flights, "is awful. There now is Mr. Jimmeny. He is so cast down that he never comes home except with a latch-key, and then he pounds his poor lone hands on the gate for an hour before he can get in, and his voice is so lost in the gloom that all his words run together, and nobody can understand what he says this time o' night. And then, too, he goes down to the lake with a lady in the buggy, to console him for the absence of his wife, and he don't get back—it takes so long to mollify a lone husband you know—until the soda water shops are all shut. Then, too, he comes home with three or four married men whose wives are gone summerin', and he turns on the gas in his house, to make it look cheerful, and they all put their legs over the front of the gallery, just to cure their terrible loneliness, and then they sing—O, such songs—if I didn't know their wives were gone, and that they were really a tryin' to kill melancholy, I should think they had drank a drop too much. But I know that can't be so, for their wives don't like it, and they wouldn't do anything when their wives are gone, that they scorned to do when they were here."

One of the saddest instances of woman's faithlessness with which we have ever met was that of the wife of a man in Syracuse. It seems that the couple had arranged that for six months the husband was to get up in the morning and make the kitchen fire, and that the wife was to perform the task for the succeeding six months. The man's half year expired on the 2d, and the morning of the 3d the woman suddenly died. He is nearly broken-hearted over his affliction. He says if he could only have foreseen this bereavement he would have shuffled her out of bed at daylight every morning since January. And to think that she lay there snoozing all that time in comfort, when she wasn't going to take her turn, makes him feel as if he would either have to wrap about sixteen yards of crape around his Sunday hat, or burst. And yet there are people who say that these women haven't their rights forsooth!

At the competitive examination before the London University for the Ricardo scholarship for political economy, a Miss Orme won the prize. There were seven contestants, four young men, and three young women.