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MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY, Editor and Proprietor

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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.

Reply to John G. Whittier's "My Playmate."

BY ELLA MOORE.

'Tis true, the pines on Ramoth Hill
Were murmuring soft and low,
And sweet May blossoms wafted by,
Like feathery flakes of snow.

Those blossoms drifted o'er my path,
The birds sang loud and gay,
I felt thy presence dearer far
Than flowers or birds that day.

Oh, how I drank in every word,
And quaked with anxious fear,
Lest in my timid glance ye should
Discover thou wert dear!

'Tis true, I kissed the lip of kin,
And placed thy hand in mine,
And wished within my heart of hearts
Thou ne'er would it resign.

I left thee in the bloom of May,
Year after year sped by,
I praying for the bashful boy
With many a tear and sigh.

I toiled with noiseless energy
To reach that far-off goal
Where I had placed my bright-eyed beau
With proud and peerless soul.

I came not back to Ramoth Hill
To gather autumn fruit;
I came not back to Follymill,
For there one voice was mute.

Methinks I hear that merry shout
As grapes in apron fell,
And nuts were strewn around my feet
By hands I loved so well.

Aye, lilies blossomed in the pond,
And birds sang on the trees,
And dark pines sighed on Ramoth Hill,
While I sailed o'er the seas.

Dost wonder if I think of thee,
And of those dear old scenes?
There's not a day, there's not a night,
But thy spirit o'er me gleams.

I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
In sympathy of mind,
And still I love thee, Whittier,
As ne'er I loved mankind.

Ah! what were jewelled hands to me,
And gems of richest hue,
Or garments which my person decked?
My heart was thine I knew.

Had all the wealth of world's been mine,
I'd lain them at thy feet,
Could we in after times have met
On that green mossy seat.

And still the pines on Ramoth Hill
Are murmuring like the sea,
"The moaning of the sea of change,"
Which parted thee and me.

—[Godey's Lady's Book.

ELLEN DOWD, THE FARMER'S WIFE.

PART SECOND.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1872 by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER V.

The railroad spirit had reached the village of Mackinaw with its exciting accompaniment of land speculation. Buyers, whose resources of wealth were reported as inexhaustible, began purchasing every available farm in the county. As Peter Dowd was the largest owner in the township, many were the bidders for his possessions, but nobody ever offered him his "price," which was always increased five or ten dollars per acre whenever a new applicant appeared. The woman who had married him on account of his wealth soon found herself mistress of toil and poverty instead. The niggardly habits of which she had apparently cured him while she had held legal advantage as his hired help, when both were persecuting Ellen Dowd, returned in double intensity after their marriage.

No intercourse was permitted by Peter Dowd between the families. Once only, during the hard, cold winter that followed the divorce and marriage, Polly escaped from home and sought a secret interview with the one woman on earth who of all others might have consistently scorned her.

"I periled my own soul to get that man in my power so I might get my boy," poor Polly sobbed. "And now, though Peter is worth his tens of thousands and I toil like a galley slave, I can't control one cent. O, my boy, would that you were indeed *dead, dead, dead!* Your poor mother would give her life to see you!"

Ellen calmly remonstrated.

"You have other duties as a mother now. Your little waif at home cannot be taken from you. Let your mother-heart go out to him."

"But, O Ellen, can't you help me to get my boy? I've lately heard from the old farmer who led me into the hands of the law that took him from me, and he says that for one hundred dollars he will be given up. Here I am, the slave-wife of a man worth tens of thousands, and I must cook and wash for railroad men to keep up family expenses, and can't control a hundred dollars. I wish I hadn't married. I might a' dictated terms to Peter then."

"You had your own choice in the matter, poor child," said Ellen, with a meaning smile. "If you had not been wicked, you know"—

"*There!*" she interrupted. "Don't twit me with my wickedness. I have trouble enough, God knows! My punishment is greater than I can bear!"

"I believe it is, poor child!" was the quiet reply. "You shall have a hundred dollars to regain your boy. Here's a roll of bills amounting to that sum. There, don't thank me. I never want to see your face again, but I shall be much happier for feeling that you have possession of your child. Mine were taken from me once."

With little of the vim of a year before remaining in the breast of Polly Dowd *nce* Jones, the woman returned to her duties, and Ellen never met her more. The little boy was restored to his mother, and became a drudge on Peter's acres, partaking much of the disposition of the mother and amply paying his way with his toil.

Gathering her children about her for their evening devotions, which Ellen Dowd had religiously observed from the first day of their reunion, she informed them that she had decided, if they were willing, to go in the spring to California. She had been offered all her home was worth by speculators, and had arranged through Dr. Goff to receive a certain sum from their father in lieu of the annuity which the Court had granted her for their maintenance. This, with the sale of her farm and other effects, would give her a fair start in life, and in the sunny clime of the far Pacific she hoped to rear her children unmolested by associations of the past. The children were, of course, delighted. They dutifully obeyed their mother's injunction to keep their own counsel; and when April, with its tear-laden breath, awoke upon the community, great was the surprise of the gossips when it was announced that Ellen Dowd was going overland to California.

Ox teams instead of railways were in vogue on the great plains in those days, and with an outfit of two covered wagons and two strong hired men, accompanied by her children, and the tearful hopes and congratulations of the people who had forgotten their evil suspicions of the dark days when the spirit of scandal ruled them, were now tendered her in profusion. Quietly she pursued her way, taking little heed of anything but her children and her business interests; and when at last the last good-bye was spoken, and with her own children and the son and daughter of her sister Sarah, who had decided to accompany her, the two solitary wagons with their teams of oxen started down the highway leading past the spot where she was born, and where for so many years she had hopelessly struggled, she buried her face in her hands and lifted up her voice and wept.

The teams were halted near the home of Peter Dowd, and Ellen bade her children to visit with their father at the house, while she lingered at the last resting-place of her long dead parents. Twenty years before she had stood in the same place, taking a last long look at the silent mounds, that now were sunken in the earth and overgrown with weeds and briars. A whippoorwill sounded its sonorous notes in the maple tree that hung its protecting arms over the moss-grown ruins where she was born, and which had been her home for so many years. Kneeling upon the soft, spring grass beside the lowly graves, and overcome with retrospection surcharged with olden memories, the poor child of strange vicissitudes poured out her soul in a long, fervent prayer. Her dear old grandparents, the D'Arcy estate, her faithful Bouncer and his equally faithful successor, the strange old music teacher and mysterious governess; the gypsies and their wierd, wild auguries, which were so striking in their strange fulfillment; her poor sister Sarah and her sad, hard life, the victim of mistaken ideas—all these passed before her like a panorama; and then came the thought, "Are men the natural protectors of women? If so, why am I so much better off to-day than when I was under the tutelage of a husband?"

She was not conscious of having spoken aloud until the friendly voice of Dr. Goff, in response to her inquiries, answered:

"Because your marriage was not of your own choosing, poor child. Men are naturally the protectors of women, but they very often go astray from nature's promptings. But you are in danger of falling into a grevious error, child. Because one man or ten men with whom you may have dealings fail to do their duty, that is no proof that there are no good men."

"But the laws all favor bad men. Why are laws made to screen wicked husbands, Dr. Goff? Good men need no laws. Bad men should be punished by them."

"I think, my child, that the law did very well by you. It gave you all you asked, remember."

"It was not the law, but my own sagacity, if you will pardon the egotism."

"Audacity, the community considered it, my child. But I think you will admit that all good men have an instinctive desire to protect women."

"Then good men are scarce," she replied bitterly.

"It is little wonder they are scarce, my child. Men look upon women as property. 'My wife' is just as much the property of most men in their own idea as is 'my horse,' or 'my dog.'"

"Well," said Ellen, starting up, "this is a strange time for such a conversation as this. It is the last time we shall ever meet."

Taking her hand the old man blessed her in a kind, paternal way, and said:

"In the glad regions of the life eternal I hope to meet you, child. Live up to your highest ideal of right. Bring up your large family in the way in which they should go, and when the toils of life are over, your reward shall come."

Again the whippoorwill sounded his sonorous notes, and again a gush of olden memories rushed over Ellen's brain. An uncontrollable fit of weeping overcame her, and making her way to the wagon, she sought refuge behind its cover, and ordering the driver to go ahead, refused to see poor miserable Peter Dowd or listen to his last good-bye.

Twilight was gathering together the curtains of darkness as the wagons moved on. Out upon the broad prairie, in the open air of heaven, with the stars gleaming peacefully in the silent air, the party moved. A few miles from the home of the desolate man, who had brought his desolation upon himself, the little company made their first encampment.

The weeks became months, and the tired, jaded travelers still moved on. After many privations and hardships they reached the valley of the Sacramento, having encountered experiences in their journey that have been so often told that it is needless to repeat them here.

In a lovely and romantic valley, where the adjacent, everlasting Sierras rear their romantic peaks, or roll themselves away in the distance enrobed in evergreens; where grasses wave and flowers bloom and birds sing songs of gladness, Ellen Dowd pitched her tent and began life anew.

And now, reader mine, her happier days have indeed come. Many are the strange vicissitudes which shall yet be revealed, but you who have pitied her hard lot, and almost quarreled with fate itself because of her sufferings, are now admonished to possess your souls in peace and patience.

[To be continued.]

CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY.

BY M. O. BROWN.

The present position of the Woman Suffrage question is one of no small importance. It has passed through the several phases which all great reforms, both in science and government, are obliged to pass to come up to their final recognition and adoption by those in power, as well as by the masses of the people. I could cite as examples the reforms that, at different periods of the world's history, have brought not only scorn, contempt and persecution upon their promulgators, but even death itself. I shall, however, merely refer to Gallileo's system of the movements of the Heavenly Bodies, the now pending reform in medicine, and the agitation of the Labor Reform question, which is at this time assuming almost gigantic proportions.

The Woman Suffrage question, as I said, having come up through the different discouraging phases, to which all reforms are subject, including the sneering phase, the phase of ridicule, the phase of weak and silly objections, the phase of real alarm and anxious solicitude by ignorant, honest people and prejudiced bigots, has slowly worked its way into the understanding of the people until it has become the leading question of the civilized world. In our own country it has at last worked its way into the Supreme Court, the highest court in the land, (from whose decision neither the President nor Congress can dissent,) and there seeks its final solution. Final, did I say? No! there is still a higher power than the Supreme Court of the United States. That power is the will of the people. And when the people say that all citizens, irrespective of sex, shall be allowed to vote, and shall be protected in the exercise of their right to the ballot, then will the strife between the oppressor and the oppressed cease, and our Government become, as it should be, a Government of the people, by the whole people, and derive its just powers from the consent of the governed. The friends of Human Progress are watching with anxious hearts the progress of this question as it fluctuates back and forth before our highest tribunals; and prayers continually ascend that justice and equality may prevail. The refusal of the five Chief Justices, who constituted the majority in the decisions of the New Orleans and Bradwell cases, to define what are the privileges and immunities which accrue to all citizens and which no State has the power to deny or abridge, shows conclusively that even they are ready and willing to concede to women the exercise of their right to the ballot just so soon as a case involving this question directly shall be brought before them for their decision. It is the pleasure to, as well as the pride of, every friend of Woman Suffrage that the honor of presenting such a case before the Supreme Court of the United States, has fallen on our renowned and able champion, Susan B. Anthony. May God speed her suit, and put it into the hearts of our Chief Justices to break the political yoke that is galling the necks of half our citizens. May they learn that oppression will in time work its own overthrow.

How strenuously our Government exerted all its powers to prevent the overthrow of negro slavery, throwing around it every protection in its power, even to the crushing out of the rights of the free States by forcing upon them the odious Fugitive Slave Law; even the Supreme Court, deciding in its famous Dred Scott Decision, that the negro had no rights that white people are bound to respect. But the leaven of liberty, which our ancestors had infused into the Declaration of Independence, was working in the minds of the people, and all the powers of Congress, the President and the Supreme Court combined could not stay the overthrow of negro slavery. Will our rulers learn nothing from the past by which to be guided in their present duties? It is gratifying to see that four out of the nine Chief Justices admit that the Constitution of the United States recognizes the right of Suffrage in women. One of them (Justice Bradley) declaring "that a citizen of the United States has a perfect Constitutional right to go to or reside in any State, and to claim citizenship therein; and the whole power of the nation is pledged to sustain that citizen in the exercise of that right. That a citizen is not bound to cringe to any superior, or to party, for any act of grace as a means of enjoying all the rights and privileges enjoyed by any other citizen." Let us ask why this is so, and we will see that, according to our Constitution, all citizens are on an equality; so that no citizen, as a citizen, can be superior to any other.

Therefore, no citizen has a right to debar another from exercising and enjoying the same rights and privileges that he or she enjoys. Hence, when the colored race was raised from a state of slavery to a state of citizenship in our nation, not all the forces of the nation combined could Constitutionally have prevented them—both men and women—from voting; for in the act of enfranchisement no distinction was made between the sexes, but all alike were emancipated and recognized as citizens of the United States, (the real fact of their citizenship having before existed by virtue of their having been native-born subjects of our Government). But fearing that some of the States might refuse to recognize their right to all the privileges and immunities of citizens, an Amendment was inserted into the Constitution guaranteeing to them the full exercise of all those rights, by preventing any State "from making or enforcing law or regulation in any way infringing the rights of citizens," and also declaring that no citizen should be deprived of the right to vote on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. Thus throwing around all citizens, male and female, white and colored, a full and sufficient protection for the exercise of all the rights of citizenship. How have these Constitutional provisions been carried out in relation to the colored women citizens? Not one State in the Union has as yet admitted to the ballot box one of its colored women citizens, although no one will deny that they have the same right to vote that colored male citizens have. Why is this? For the very reason that they know, that if they admit colored women to the polls they cannot prevent the white women from voting. They know full well that the same Constitution that guarantees to the colored women citizens the exercise of her Constitutional right to the ballot, also guarantees to every other citizen the exercise of the same right. Now, if no citizen is bound to cringe to a superior, nor party, for any act of grace as a means of enjoying all the rights and privileges enjoyed by any other citizen, how can our Supreme Court expect to deprive one half the citizens of these United States of the exercise of their rights of citizenship by deciding that women citizens cannot vote? In other words, that women citizens have no rights that men citizens are bound to respect. But let their decision be what it may in relation to white women, they, "and the whole power of the nation combined," connot deprive the colored women of the right of voting.

Thus the question of Woman Suffrage has become the leading question before the nation; and as the Constitution guarantees to all citizens alike the exercise of their rights of citizenship, without distinction of race, color, or previous condition, and debars any State from infringing upon the right of citizens, and as the State of New York has sought to infringe that right by prosecuting Susan B. Anthony, a citizen of the United States and of the State of New York, for exercising her right to vote, she being of mature age, and neither an idiot, lunatic nor criminal, and therefore entitled to the full exercise of her right of citizenship, we cannot see how the Supreme Court can otherwise than decide in favor of impartial suffrage, and we declare that the action of the New York Court was arbitrary and unconstitutional.

MONTANA WOMEN ENFRANCHISED.—By an awkward mistake made by the the last Montana Legislature, that body unintentionally enfranchised all the women of foreign birth in the Territory. The law which was passed declares that "all male citizens of the United States above the age of twenty-one years, and *all persons* of the same age who shall have declared their intention to become such citizens, etc., shall have the right to vote." As an evidence of the women's anxiety to vote, whether such anxiety is previously expressed or not, many women of that Territory have declared their intention to become citizens in order to vote at the next election. If the foreign-born women of that Territory would all declare their intentions thus, and then vote promptly, the Legislature, we think, would be too gallant to repeal the law or correct an error which might result in no error, in the long run. Of the Montana legislator it may yet be said that he built better than he knew.—*Oakland Evening Torchlight.*

Miss Anthony's Case.

The final discussion in this interesting case was not unexpected. In spite of Judge Selden's logic and eloquence, Miss Anthony stands convicted of the crime of illegal voting, and the inspectors of election who received her vote, must suffer the same penalty. There can be no farther appeal. The penalty is a severe one; not more than five hundred dollars or three years imprisonment, or both. What next from the Woman Suffragists? is the natural question. This much talked of "collision with the Federal Government" by a "squad of women," is something of more serious moment than newspaper squibs would make it. If not so considered by the "enslaved half of the community" it was intended to benefit, it surely is no laughing matter to the individuals who must bear the consequences of the act. Miss Anthony's is the test case and the thirteen other women who voted with her know their fate in hers.

Those who are awaiting the excitement of seeing Miss Anthony carried to prison will undoubtedly be disappointed. She will act sensibly in any extremity, and without fanatical obstinacy. Desert her espoused cause she never will, nor her determination to stand and die an acknowledged citizen of the United States. If refusal to pay the fine, and the serving out a prison term will best accomplish the enfranchisement of her sex, she will eat the prisoner's loaf at Auburn or elsewhere, with thankfulness—and without a whimper. But we cannot answer for the peace of her party left at liberty.

Let the sentence be what it may, we reasonably look for her pardon by the President, although General Grant is well known to be no enthusiastic well-wisher of the Woman's Rights Movement. The Vice President has publicly committed himself to the cause, and taken the greatest interest in this trial.

What would be the effect upon the women of America, it is not amiss to ask, should Miss Anthony for this act—"Voting in good faith, in the belief that such voting did not constitute a criminal offence under the statute," be imprisoned like a common felon, and held to serve out a term of years within prison walls, she an intelligent, law-abiding "citizen," a woman who has by heroic exertion wrought great changes in the laws regarding the rights of married women, uprooted absurdities and conditions imbedded in the common law and the statute book, unjust enactments and tyrannical penalties, which would, as her elegant counsel affirmed, have remained there until the day of final doom, had not she and others goaded our law-makers by persistent efforts until these laws were changed and the condition of women elevated thereby? "We would rise to a man in her defence," we heard a woman say, "before they should take her to prison;" and she was no Woman's Rights woman, but the representative of an intelligent conservative class.

Even if Miss Anthony and the rest are ultimately pardoned, the end of the matter comes not with the President's signature. The incensed followers of Miss Anthony will remind us that the defeat at Bull Run did not foreshadow the result of the Great Rebellion, but lent the needed impulse to undisciplined troops and inexperienced Generals. The Woman's Rights Conventions following this judgment will be like the old Anti-Slavery conventions, when the Fugitive Slave Bill made its platform eloquent for the defense of human rights and liberty. And who doubts that the spirit kindled by that infamous bill secured the hard-won but triumphant victory?—*Rochester Evening Express.*

Progress of Woman's Rights.

Miss Anna Nichols, of Massachusetts, has recently been appointed assistant examiner of the Patent office. The lady has for some time very creditably fulfilled the duties of clerk; and on the occasion of some vacancies in the examinerships, she was one of several ladies who competed for places. All the candidates were subjected to general scientific examination as to their capabilities for the position, and four ladies passed the ordeal with much credit. The Commissioner, however, concluded to appoint only one of them for the present, as a sort of experiment.

There are few duties connected with the operation of the Patent office but may be efficiently performed by intelligent women. It is all indoor work, mostly of a fixed, clerical nature, for which petticoats are admirably adapted; and if the Commissioner would make a more general use of them, he would set free a large number of pantaloons to be usefully employed in developing the more direct outdoor industries of the country, for which men are, by nature, so especially prepared.

At Canandaigua, in this State, Miss Susan B. Anthony, who insisted that she had as good a right to vote as any other man, and who did vote at the last election, has been tried and, we regret to say, found guilty, and fined for violating the law. Judge Hunt decided that, although women were entitled to the general rights of citizens, there were certain special privileges which the law of New York, as it stands, did not give them, one of which was the privilege of voting. The law must, in the opinion of Judge Hunt, be changed before our feminine fellow citizens can enjoy themselves at the ballot-box.

In the meantime, the Commissioner having wisely decided in favor of the elegibility of women as patent examiners, we shall hope to see his decision sustained and ratified by the appointment of Miss Anthony as his successor when he shall retire—and that day, we understand, is not far distant. The lady in question is a female steamboat, so far as untiring energy and useful capacity are concerned. She is, undoubtedly, competent to manage a dozen or two sleepy institutions like the Patent office. We nominate for Commissioner of Patents, Miss Susan B. Anthony, of New York, and Miss Anna Nichols for Assistent Commissioner.—*Scientific American, July 5th.*

There is the very highest authority for stating that Plymouth Church will take no step towards investigating the charges against Mr. Beecher nor toward calling Mr. Bowen to account for anything he may have said concerning his pastor. Neither Mr. Beecher, Mr. Bowen, nor Mr. Tilton will take any further notice of the disagreeable scandal that has been set afloat, and with which their names are more or less directly associated. So far as they are concerned, the whole matter will be ignored and buried in silence and regret.

Compressed Air as a Motor on City Railroads.

[From the J. C. Evening Journal, July 12.]

Wonders in science and improvements in mechanism will never cease—at least we hope not. One of the most important and interesting subjects to the people is that of improving upon and cheapening the motor powers used for propelling cars on horse railroads. Horses are expensive and slow; the dummy engines hitherto used are noisy and in some respects dangerous. Our attention has been called to a new invention, whereby it is claimed to be already demonstrated that compressed air can be employed as a motor power with more efficiency and economy than any other agency yet employed. Some of the statistics and experiments are rather startling. The inventor of this new machinery is the well known Horace H. Day, of New York—now, however, temporarily residing in this city—and it is claimed not only by Mr. Day, but by scientific engineers and practical mechanics and railroad men that Mr. Day has really perfected a system of rapid transit, which enables him to transport, by the agency of compressed air, 44 passengers 12 miles at a cost for fuel less of than 10 cents for the whole distance. He is getting up companies to apply his patents throughout the cities of the United States. The following card, with the estimates of his engineer, will be read with interest:

THE COST OF COMPRESSED AIR ON CITY RAILROADS AS SUBSTITUTE FOR HORSES.

NEW YORK, July 7, 1873.

In response to a request from Mr. Beach, of the Pneumatic Railroad Company, for the estimate of the cost of fuel for running my air power car on his proposed road, I reported from twelve to sixteen cents per hour as the certain outside limit of the cost to run a car seating forty-four passengers. This report was deemed too indefinite, and likely to be far inside the actual cost, and he calls for the elements of calculation, whereupon my engineer has called upon Mr. Beach, and now furnishes the following report, which I print for the edification of all concerned, renewing my own conviction that I can perform more than double the service; that is, I can, by the adoption of my system of rapid transit, transport double the number of passengers upon the Greenwich Street Elevated Railroad, (with cars leaving each station every five minutes) than can be done by steam as now used, without increasing the aggregate cost. It will require but superficial calculation to show that the air power would not reach one-sixth of the cost of horses, for the transportation of a like number of passengers, now moved by horse power on ordinary city railroads, and the engine by which this can be done is the newly invented "Manley Engine," which weighs less than 250 pounds, and works air expansively, in a manner better than by any engine ever before built.

HORACE H. DAY,
61 Liberty street, New York.

Engineers' Dep't, Compressed Air Power Co., Delamater Iron Works, New York, July 3, 1873.

Assuming a car with its passengers and machinery at twelve tons, moving 12 miles per hour, or 1056 feet per minute, the tractive force at 10 pounds per ton equals 120 pounds, then 120x1056.33000 equals 3.84 horse power, actual duty; if we now add 20 per cent. for loss of engine or 1-5 of 3.84, it will stand as follows: 3.84-5 equals 77, and 3.84x77 equals 4.61 engine power, including its own friction.

If we take Mr. Beach's estimate that it will require six times this power to pump the air necessary to drive the car engine of 12 tons inclusive, then 4.61x6 equals 27.66 horse power, say 28 horse power, and 28 horse power obtained by an expansive high-pressure engine, non-condensing, no steam jacket, using pea coal at $2 50 per ton, will not exceed 2.75 pounds of coal per horse per hour, 2.75x28 equals 77 pounds, and 2240.77 equals 29, and $2 50 the cost price of a ton of pea coal divided by 29 equals 8.62-100 cents per hour, as the cost of running a car of 12 tons, as above, at 12 miles per hour. Note—an engine which I put up worked regularly without exceeding this cost per hour, high pressure, expansive, and no steam jacket. Mr. Beach admits that English high pressure engines, with steam jackets, have not exceeded two pounds of coal per horse power per hour, and I maintain that high pressure, expansive and condensing engines with steam jacket can be made to do full duty, year after year, burning pea coal and not exceed one and one-half pounds of coal per horse power per hour.

By Royce's mode of compressing air, the loss resulting from the heat of compression necessarily must be greatly diminished. With a surface refrigerator and abundance of cold water, and the condensation being effected at two operations, the saving from loss should be double that resulting from compression with one cylinder only, and if the compress is accomplished at three operations, then the loss resulting from heat should be three times less than the loss from one cylinder, and this loss by heat being the greatest of all losses to contend against. A great saving of power must result from this mode of compression; by careful experiment only can the amount of this saving be correctly determined, but it may be roughly estimated that at least two-thirds of the loss resulting from heat may be saved by this means. Taking this view, I believe that the compressed air being worked expansively (the inverse of compression), that 20 per cent. would be an ample allowance for loss from heat; 20 per cent. would be also ample for loss in air engine driving the car, and 10 per cent. for leakage and stoppages, making a loss of 50 per, cent. altogether; therefore it would reasonably appear that a good engine with every advantage, running constantly and doing a duty of 10 horse power, should compress sufficient air to run a 12 ton car. But in order to have a safe margin to meet every contingency of stopping, starting, and increased friction on inclined planes, and possible extra leakages from carelessness, I would prefer an engine capable of working at the highest advantage up to 25 horse power, and not exceeding 1½ pounds of coal per horse power per hour, or 37½ pounds of coal per hour altogether, which, at $2 50 per ton, would be 4.18-100 cents per hour, as total cost of fuel to run a 12 ton car per hour.

If we now contrast this with the practice hitherto adopted, viz: compressing the air with a common non-expansive engine, consuming at least 6 to 8 pounds of coal per hour, per H. P., or from 4 to 5 times as much as above, and then using the compressed air extravagantly, or from 4 to 5 times more than is necessary to do the required work, it will be manifest that 4x4—16 and 5x5—25 that from 16 to 25 times the amount of fuel has been consumed more than necessary, what wonder that people should become prejudiced against compressed air as a motive power.

WM. S. HENSON.

To H. H. DAY, Esq.

A Brave Woman.

Long Island has a heroine, and her name deserves to be connected with Ida Lewis. The *Sun* tells of two men, John Mason and a friend, whose boat capsized last Friday afternoon, near Eaton's Neck light, opposite the residence of Mr. Conklin, a farmer. When the cries for help were heard, we learn from the account in the *Sun* that Mr. Conklin was away from home, and there were only three women and a little boy in the house. All rushed to the beach and saw the struggle of the drowning man, but for a moment they were so paralyzed that neither of them had presence of mind enough to make a movement to aid him. Then Miss Lucinda Conklin, without stopping to consult her mother or sister, waded out into the bay, determined to make one effort to save Mason. At this part of the bay the beach is broad and shelves out very gradually, so that the brave woman was enabled to wade within a few feet of Mr. Mason. But as she moved forward, clearing the ice from her path, the water deepened little by little until at last when she was only eight or ten feet from the man she sought to save, only her head was above the water. By this time Mason showed signs of exhaustion. He clung to the ice for so long a time, that his hands had become numb and almost powerless, and Miss Conklin saw by his efforts to relieve his hands by placing his elbows on the cake of ice, that his chances of life were not worth a minute's purchase. With a heriosm seldom, if ever paralleled, she made a plunge into the deep water, and with a few vigorous strokes reached the drowning man. Although exhausted, he was still sensible, and faithfully obeyed the instructions given him by the brave woman. She had warned him against seizing hold of her in such a manner as to impede her motions; so when she reached him, he placed his hands on her shoulders, and in a few seconds, thanks to her good swimming, both stood neck deep in the ice-cold water and began wading shoreward. As Miss Conklin reached the shore, she fainted away and was carried to the house by her relatives. Mason, nearly frozen to death, following in their wake. Miss Conklin was thoroughly exhausted by her exertions, as well as by the tremendous excitement under which she had labored, and did not recover for two or three days. Mason's companion stuck manfully to the keel of the boat, and in due course of time was hauled ashore. Miss Conklin is a young lady, of about the average size; but her country training has imparted for her much more than the average strength of her sex. Although not beautitul, she is spoken of as interesting and *piquante* in style, and is very popular in the neighborhood in which she resides.

The Woman Suffragists.

We find all these good things in the New York *Commercial Advertiser:*

When a jurist as eminent as Judge Henry R. Selden testifies that he told Miss Anthony before election that she had a right to vote, and this after a careful examination of the question, the whole question assumes new importance, and Mr. Selden at once becomes the central object of adoration by all the gentle believers in woman's right to the ballot. And when the same able lawyer advocates the cause of Miss Anthony in the United States Courts, there is abundant reason why other men, both lay and legal, should put themselves in an attitude at least of willingness to change their convictions upon this topic, which now threatens to take on very enlarged proportions. The points made in the argument by Mr. Selden are that the defendant had a legal right to vote; that even if no such right existed, if she believed she had such a right, and voted in such faith, that she committed no offense; and lastly, he argued, that she did vote in pursuance of such belief. The point that Miss Anthony had acted illegally only because she was a woman, was well put. Had her brother, under the same circumstance, done the same thing, his act would have been not only innocent but laudable. The crime was, therefore, not in the act done, but in the sex of the person who did it. Women, remarked the Judge, have the same interest in the maintenance of good government as men. No greater absurdity, to use no harsher term, can be presented to the human mind than that of rewarding men and punishing women for the same act, without giving women any voice in the question of which shall be rewarded and which punished. How grateful to Judge Selden must all the suffragists be! He has struck the strongest and most promising blow in their behalf that has yet been given. Dred Scott was the pivot on which the Constitution turned before the war. Miss Anthony seems likely to occupy a similar position now.

POULTRY KEEPING FOR WOMEN.—There are many women who, especially within the last half-dozen years, while the price of eggs has been so high, make money much faster by tending poultry than by sewing. It is an occupation especially suited to women, because it involves patience and constant details rather than strength. Then, again, the hardest thing for many men to learn, in handling either poultry or bees, is gentleness. How many times we have seen boys, and men with no more sense than boys, jerk hens roughly from their nests, enter the poultry houses abruptly and frighten the occupants till they rush into the furthest corner, and keep the poultry community in constant agitation and distress. But all domestic animals appreciate the manners of female attendants, when they are fortunate enough to be cared for by them. Now there are women gardeners and florists who, by commendable industry and business qualities, have risen to eminence in these callings, and while one of the most successful bee-keepers in the world is a woman, we hope to see others give poultry more attention than it has hitherto received. Aside from profit, the keeping of fine poultry for fancy, is elegant pastime, very popular with England ladies, and we see no reason why the fashion should not be adopted in this country.—*Ex.*