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FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

JUDITH MILES:

What Shall be Done with Her?

BY MRS. F. F. VICTOR.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

INSTALLMENT.

Mrs. Brazee took care that Judith should not go out alone next morning, by requiring numerous little services which at once engaged and interested her—among other things, the bringing out and dusting of some beautiful pieces of Sevres china, which were to be used as table ornaments, and when these house-keeping cares were finished, the looking over closets and drawers, from whose recesses were brought forth such treasures of old dresses, shawls, laces, and all feminine paraphernalia, as the daughter of Jack Miles had never dreamed of, but which, curiously enough, she was ready to appreciate in all their choiceness. As a reward for this unexpected discernment, she was presented with a crimson brocade of the scant pattern of our grandmothers' time, and made originally for a petite wearer, which she was assured could be turned to some advantage by a skillful dress-maker. And Judith, reflecting upon her probable chances of requiring dresses of crimson silk, or of employing skilled dress-makers, put it by with thanks, and an original mental observation upon the fitness of things. So, what with dressing themselves up prettily to see the Major, the morning passed quickly.

"What news have we to-day?" asked that gentleman, when Mrs. Brazee had excused herself for a moment. "What did your friend do for you yesterday?" "O, dear," returned Judith, laughing, "I am not to go about seeking situations any more. It is decided that my vocation is to be presented from house to house, and to be smuggled into society, by somebody with influence. Will they pay my bills, Major? Do you know how this sort of thing is conducted?" "I could make it out, I think, by adding this to that," replied the Major, amused. "I am to understand, then, that you are going to Mrs. Cool's?" "Yes, to-morrow. There will be another day wasted," said Judith, sadly changing her manner, and walking away to a window.

"I am going to take you to drive, after luncheon," the Major said, after watching her picking up pieces of a rose she had taken from the flower-stand. She turned her head, and looked at him smiling. She had always been accustomed to being commanded and directed, and this assumption of authority in him seemed not only proper, but was agreeable, as relieving her of all care in this, or any other matter in which he chose to direct her. Judith's opinion of the Major was still that he was one of the wisest and most accomplished of men, and honored her greatly by his friendship. She felt, when in his immediate society, a sense of security from ills, both present and to come, which she had never felt with anyone else. If he had proposed a sacrifice instead of a pleasure, she would have smiled the same assent. But at the very instant of her happiness, Mrs. Stewart's words about the proprieties occurred to her, and engendered a doubt.

"If Mrs. Brazee approves," she answered, trying to look unconscious, but blushing faintly, with the thought of the outrage she was doing her friend by this caution.

"She will approve," he returned, smiling with that half-protecting, half-teasing manner he often adopted toward her; "for be it known unto your ladyship, I am a part of that society you are commanded to cultivate."

"Which means," replied Judith, after a moments' silence "that in avoiding it I shall—"

"Avoid me? Precisely. What a logician you are becoming! I hope this consideration will cause you to think seriously before condemning Mrs. Brazee's plans for your benefit."

Judith's tell-tale face betrayed a consternation she could not quite suppress. She could live without fashionable society; she could even consent to decline for her bread and butter, but to relinquish a friend already gained was a greater sacrifice than had been contemplated. Before she could recover herself—for her judgment told her this must be true, even though lightly presented to her notice—they were summoned to the dining-room.

That was a charming table Mrs. Brazee had prepared that morning; for Mrs. Brazee was a notable house-keeper. The Judge, too, had found time to come up just long enough to show himself at his own table, and say a few polite things to his wife's guest, and the friend of Miss Miles; though when the Judge beheld a man of little over thirty, well-looking, and apparently unobjectionable in every way, upon familiar terms with his young lady guest, he was unpleasantly reminded of the conversation with Mrs. Brazee elsewhere recorded, and voluntarily then and there relinquished the thought of taking a grown-up girl for a daughter.

Neither was that wise matron unobscured of what she considered indications, and became more than ever con-

vinced that by managing cleverly she might not only advance Judith's interests but her own. As the Major had predicted, she very cordially advocated the proposed drive, and furnished Judith with all the graceful wraps necessary to appearances as well as comfort.

"Now," said the Major, when they were fairly on the road to the Cliff House, "we can talk." Judith, looking up expectantly, met the critical and admiring gaze of her companion, and averted her own eyes without knowing why. "Science informs us," continued the Major, "that the nerve-centers of the cultivated man are more complex than those of the uncultivated one; that, however, original organization may in some cases, especially in hereditary examples, supply these complex ideas sources which furnish aesthetic emotion. It also informs us that where they exist, either through culture or organization, they act in obedience to stimulation just as surely and mechanically as those nerve-centers which produce the lower order of animal feelings; and that their suppression gives pain, or their indulgence pleasure, by the same inevitable law. It follows that our capacity to renounce the pleasures arising from the exercise of our aesthetic emotions is bounded by our capacity to endure the pain of suppressing them. Ergo, it is entirely futile to resolve, that with a love of the beautiful highly developed in us, we will live a hard, unlovely life, into which the beautiful can never come. But you are not scientific, and do not understand all this," he added, laughing lightly.

If Judith was not scientific, she caught at the meaning of this exposition of one of the theories of science. "Therefore," returned she, with a touch of bitterness, "to be a serving-maid would argue the absence of culture and taste. I acknowledge that it does, in my case."

"We had pickles for lunch, did we not?" inquired the Major, at which Judith felt forced to smile. "But, seriously, I sought this opportunity to have a talk with you, and offer my counsel, which you may think worth something or not."

"O," cried Judith, with an immediate sense of relief, "I think it is worth everything; and I shall thank you so much for giving it. Do you know, I feel as if everything I do is a mistake. I ought not to have come to Mrs. Brazee's; and I ought not to have spent my money; and I ought not to be taking my pleasure and growing more and more idle when there is such need of action. I feel myself going altogether wrong, yet do not know how to stop, or go right."

"It is quite shocking that you should indulge yourself in a little rest and amusement, after what you have overcome that was neither of these; grievous that a young lady still in her legal infancy should not be overturning the world for something to do. That is very bad indeed; but that you should have spent your money is worse!"

"I know it," returned Judith, "and it is not a laughing matter. But I only followed the suggestions of Mrs. Brazee, and I am not good at figures, either; and it was gone before I knew it."

The Major pulled at his beard vigorously as if from showing his amusement in a hearty laugh, which he felt would be rude to her under the circumstances; for, as she said, it was no laughing matter, to her.

"Well, you have this reflection to comfort you: that the money would have spent itself in some other way, probably, if not in this; and that in no shape could it have done itself more credit than in adorning Miss Miles."

"I did not know we were going to make pretty speeches," said Judith, with a gravity that became her immensely.

"So we are not; we are going to talk business," returned the Major, refraining from further levity, and looking seriously at his horses' heads. "Will you be good enough to tell me if I can be of any service to you?"

"Thank you. When I consider, I don't see how you could, unless you can find out what I am good for, and the place for which I am good. I have not yet gotten beyond taking care of somebody's babies."

"May I ask you an impertinent question?" "With certain mental reservations, yes," answered Judith, waiting curiously for the impertinence.

"Do you know that you are extremely beautiful?" "The color flashed into Judith's face. "Are we making pretty speeches again?" she asked.

"No; no, indeed; I warned you I was going to be disagreeable. I need not have asked, for you have eyes, and Mrs. Brazee plenty of mirrors. What I should have inquired is this: Do you not know that no young lady of your appearance can safely fill a menial position?" and this time the Major's eyes met Judith's searchingly.

But she returned the gaze with simple wonder. "And why not? Are my looks another of my faults? And will my face prevent my getting my bread and butter? I must indeed be peculiarly unfitted to live in this world."

ter world, as gallantry suggested; for that, he felt, would wound her, in her present mood. He was fairly driven to relinquish his object, or speak out his whole mind at once. "Pardon me," he said, "if I seem unkind, ungallant, impolite, or any other word with an un to it. But I know the world, and, by your leave, you do not. You are, as you have hinted to me, unfortunate in your friends. Your friends do not suit your circumstances; or your circumstances do not suit your friends; it does not matter which. Mrs. Brazee will not benefit you. She will make a display of interesting people in your behalf; and after having used you as a means to promote ends of her own, will leave you to fight your own battle. That is my judgment of Mrs. Brazee; yet I do not counsel you to despise her friendship. Let us go for what it is worth. Section I. of my discourse.

"Section II. is devoted to the subject of looks. Suppose you really should, as you intimate, undertake to figure in the character of nurse girl? You could not get employment. Mrs. So-and-so would be delighted to get a young person so highly recommended to take care of the children; but then, you know, there are her two nephews in the house, and she is doubtful about the propriety of bringing them in contact with a handsome nurse girl? Mrs. This-and-that does so much desire somebody, well recommended, to take care of baby; but such a handsome girl as this one would be sure to have an admirer for every evening in the week; and a steady, plain girl, is so much to be preferred to your fine, dashing ones. Again, Mrs. Somebody-else would, etc., etc., only her husband is a little gay, and—"

"For mercy's sake, stop!" cried Judith; "my ears tingle already. I am not going through all this, I hope, to attain to the distinction of becoming a servant. I'll give it up, and beg, since that is most respectable. I did think," with an expression between laughing and crying on her face, "that the fact of not being more than ordinarily ill-looking might recommend me to ladies and children; but it seems this poor little capital of mine is no capital at all."

"We do not require porcelain for the kitchen table. Have none of your lady friends told you of this?" Judith admitted that Mrs. Stewart had told her she was beautiful, but had said that beauty was a good thing, like any other gift. No one else had ever spoken to her about it, except—And here Judith paused with a vivid blush, and a confusion of memories which brought a mist to her eyes.

"Except another friend who was not a lady," added the Major, with a sudden change of manner, and eyeing her questioningly; "some one you formerly knew in California?" Then he fell to thinking silently.

"Where is this other friend, who has dared be as frank with you as I am?" he asked, after a little interval. "Mind, I do not ask you who, but where?" "In Germany," answered Judith, with a great throb of her heart; for this was the first time she had ever mentioned Mr. Shultz to any one, except in the most blind way, as "a friend."

"A sausage-eating Dutchman?" said the Major, with an air that in a woman would be denominated spiteful.

It was curious, he thought that instant, to see the upflitting of the curving eye-lashes, as a flash of indignant light streamed out at him. But it reassured him. Girls, he said to himself, never defend their lovers, for fear of betraying their love.

"He was my first, best friend!" cried Judith, feeling wounded and indignant. "And he was a gentleman. I do not like to have him spoken of in that way," she added, reminded of the old, angry and unhappy feelings when her father used to sneer at "the Dutchman."

"I beg your pardon," said the Major; "I had no right to disparage your friends. But I flattered myself I had ranked first among your gentleman friends; and having the misfortune to be only human, suffered a momentary spasm of jealousy. If you will forgive the weakness, and tell me something about this more fortunate claimant for the first place, I shall endeavor to resign myself gracefully to the rank of second—if indeed I may aspire to that."

Judith's delicacy perceived that to make a secret of her acquaintance with any one would be to diminish the confidence of this friend at least, and with native tact resolved to relate to him all of her acquaintance with Mr. Shultz that could be related, without betraying feelings that might be concealed as sacred, on either side. To this recital the Major listened with attention, and also with surprise, for the insight it gave him into the thoughts, motives and inner life of the girl beside him, was a revelation of no small interest. It appealed to something higher in his nature than the mere admiration for beauty, or respect for innocence, or compassion for inexperience; these motives probably having made up the regard he had previously entertained for Judith. He was struck with a new admiration of the brave, bright soul, struggling up from the lowermost level, and aspiring to the highest.

"I am glad you told me this," he said, with a manner colored by the new light in which he saw Judith. "It more than ever confirms my opinion about your entertaining thoughts of the kind I have been combatting. We will dismiss the idea of nurse girl at once, will we not?" "O, I had already done so, after your discouraging view of my prospects in that profession. But that does not dispose of the main question, what I am to do. It is miserably true that I am not prepared to earn a living by any kind of labor that requires a knowledge of accounts; nor by teaching even the elementary branches of a child's education; nor by any occupation requiring skill. And yet it is incredible that a healthy, strong, willing girl can find nothing to do; or finding something to do may not do it because she happens not to be ugly. It must be simply because my friends are too good to me, and prevent my getting to work; or because I am so ignorant of what is most wanted to be done. I did hope when you mentioned counsel you had something to propose, that was possible," and Judith smiled appealingly.

"I will be quite fair with you," returned the Major, with an answering smile; "not being even 'too good,' as you charge your friends with being. I will tell you that there are places which probably you could fill, if not at once, in a very short time. You could even find a market for your unfortunate good looks, in various sorts of places ranging from a cigar store to a fashionable photograph gallery; anywhere, in any place, where my sex most do congregate, beauty is at a premium. But you would not stay anywhere to be stared at, not at ever so high a price. The other situations you might learn to fill, are in telegraph offices, book-binders, manufacturing of several kinds, dress-making, bonnet-making, etc., all requiring some apprenticeship. You might not find an opening in any one of these at once, but in time you could; and I could manage the immediate pecuniary difficulties, if none of your lady friends should offer. You cannot complain that I have been too good in presenting facts. Will you make your choice?"

"In following these occupations where would I live, and how?" "In the cheapest boarding-house you could find; usually among ungenial people, and subjected to the danger of improper acquaintances, as well as of impaired health and spirits, from want of home comforts, and pure air, not to mention proper social relaxation, and mental recreation."

"To think," said Judith, "how little I have known about the world whose acquaintance I have been so desirous to make! None of the things you mention are what I have dreamed of doing. Mr. Shultz thought—" and her voice sank timidly—"that I might become an artist, a cattle painter, he said. That would be a very different life from the others, would it not?"

"An artist? Do you know that only years of work and study can fit you to take rank in the profession you would choose? Yes, truly, it would be a different life, when once you had attained to it. For this, you must have money enough to furnish you with the necessities of life, and give you leisure for study, and patient, persevering industry."

"Then it is useless," cried Judith, "to dream of being anything I wish! I must be only something I must! But I can not make choice even of what I must do, without time to think. Thank you for showing me what there is to choose from."

"You did not allow me to get to Section III. of my discourse, though!" returned the Major. "I have not said all my disagreeable and impertinent things yet. Do you think you can bear to hear the remainder?"

"I could not be better prepared to hear disagreeable things," retorted Judith. "Now is my time, then. I am going to put in a plea for yourself against your circumstances. I want to tell you that it is not merely food, clothing and shelter that you do and will require. You cannot live on these. Books, leisure, pleasant surroundings, congenial society, you cannot dispense with. And that is not all. Your heart—made for the warmest affections—will not remain passive and silent in your bosom through all the halcyon days of your youth and beauty. You must and will love. If you should not, you will have lost the chief joy of your existence. You love happily you must have an opportunity for choice; and your choice would lie out of those walks in life I have pointed out to you. Should you be so unfortunate as to accept the hand of a man who did not come up to your standard of mental and moral qualities, it would blight your life; you would grow bitter, unjust, perhaps reckless—like your friend Mrs. Kellogg. Oh, you need not look so resentful! You are proud, like her; and pride and disappointment play havoc with the softer virtues. But suppose you do not marry? You are of a social nature. Beauty and social qualities will provoke 'envy, and malice, and all uncharitableness.'"

"Do you mean," interrupted Judith, "that I cannot do right, so that any body may know it is right, in any position?" "How was it at Fort Kellogg? Did your right-doing save you from injustice there? And if envy or malice could touch you in the very household of your

friends, what security have you against them in the wilderness of the world? Am I cruel, as your face seems to say? It is only to be kind. Forgive me, will you not?"

"Why should you tell me all this?" inquired Judith, feeling pained, and despairing. "Can it help me, to point out so many dangers at once—to alarm me before my strength is tried? Do you mean to deprive me of all courage, and drive me to suicide next week?" "Suicide!" and he looked at her down-cast face, half frightened at the suggestion. "My dear Miss Miles, so ugly a word does not befit your lips, nor so ugly a thought you heart and brain. Don't think or say such very disagreeable things to a nervous person like myself, I beg of you."

"Yet girls better educated, and more accustomed to self-dependence than I have thought it, and done it," returned Judith. "An Apache bullet might have saved me a great deal of trouble."

"Thank God that it did not! For there is, in your case, a way out of your trouble—even a way to your heart's desire; and when we get out where we can look at the seas and the surf, you may ask me to point it out to you."

But when the Major drew up his horses at the destination, he found all the world there before him, and every part of the building thronged. The weather at the beach proved to be unusually fine, and crowds of people filled the piazza which overlooks the sea at the Cliff House. This, together with the music of the band, made any private conversation impossible. The novelty of the scene, indeed, proved so powerful an attraction to Judith that her companion was content to see her enjoy it without interruption as long as the interest of it lasted. For himself, he desired nothing more interesting to contemplate than Judith, with her keen, appreciative sense of everything new, beautiful, or wonderful. Novelty of scene, place, people, was long past with him; but the vivid charm of this young girl was ever fresh and piquant. So they sat for an hour, much observing, and much observed, talking in an undertone of the music, the ocean, the seals, and the people; of an ocean steamer going in at the Golden Gate; of the white-winged ships going out to sea; of the sea-birds swooping down upon their prey; and now and then of bits of historical romance, in which the Spanish galleons sailed along this coast two hundred years ago, or were cast by storm upon the rocks outside the unseen harbor.

"Oh! how beautiful it is!" exclaimed Judith in a half-whisper. "I need to dream of such scenes, and now I know they are reality. I wish I could dance," she said, seeing the waltzers keeping time to the music.

Directly a couple whirled out of the throng, so that the garments of the lady—a young, pretty woman, with dark hair and blue eyes—brushed against Judith's. She looked up, and her glance caught that of the lady's partner. Her heart beat violently, a mist passed before her eyes, and Mr. Shultz was speaking to her.

"Is it possible? Miss Miles! Mein Gott, is it possible?" Judith had risen, pale and purposeless, not knowing what she did, nor what she expected. Before she could recover her presence of mind, Mr. Shultz presented the lady on his arm as his wife. Then Judith's face became as flaming red as it had been ashen pale before. There was an instant more of blindness and confusion, and suddenly she remembered to present Major Floyd. They stood in a group together talking—polite nothings at first—for the parties most interested in the meeting were at a loss for words in the surprise of it.

"I did never think to see you in San Francisco," Mr. Shultz remarked to Judith in a partial aside, when the little nothings were exhausted. "I did think you were in Texas. There is much to ask about"—glancing at the Major—"about you, and little Kate, the little thing—how is she?" Judith tried to say "she is dead," but her lips formed the words in silence, and it was only by the greatest effort that she controlled the tears ready to burst forth. Involuntarily she appealed by a glance to Major Floyd, who, taking Mr. Shultz by the arm, walked away with him; while the two ladies were left to look at each other in helpless awkwardness; one not speaking a word of English, and the other not a word of German.

Directly Mr. Shultz returned with a countenance expressive of grief and sympathy. "Ah Heaven!" he cried, "what a cruel fate. I am a thousand times pained for you. But you did not write to me, as you promised, when you were in trouble. I know not what to say. I am dismayed." And he looked indeed like a man who was consciously in the wrong about something.

"I think we ought to go home," said Judith, turning to her escort with a desire to escape.

"Yes," he replied, looking at his watch, "it is time to go," and drew her away.

The road to town was thronged with vehicles; and fast men behind fast horses made driving critical, which was reason enough why the Major could not give his thoughts to conversation. Why it was that Judith did not remind him

of his promised explanation of the way to her heart's desire was not so apparent. But she did not. She leaned back on the cushions, as if there was nothing more to be desired in life, and the future not of the least consequence to her. So unexpectedly we are called upon to meet the events we should have taken most pains to avoid, and so reckless do they make us for the time, of all that may come after—so quickly and cruelly was Judith disillusioned.

[To be continued.]

CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY.

BY MARY G. BROWN.

[As a large number of persons desire copies of the paper containing the following article, and as we have none on hand, we re-publish it. It first appeared in the issue of August 1st, 1873, before the trial of Miss Anthony came off.—Ed.]

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 Galileo'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 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 upon our renowned and able champion, Susan B. Anthony.

My God speed her suit and put it in 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 heaven 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 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 declare another from exercising and enjoying the same rights and privileges that he or she enjoys. Hence, when the colored race were 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 in 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 the 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 of 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," cannot deprive the colored women of the right of voting.

Thus the question of Woman Suffrage has become the leading question of 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 debar 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.

A Desperate Remedy.

The following little story from the Cincinnati Gazette is well worth reproducing: "A Hamilton man, who fell a few years ago into dissolute habits, and passed most of his time in lounging about bar-rooms, while his family suffered from the necessities of life, was started, not long ago, by the entrance of his wife into a saloon on Basin street, where he sat playing cards with a party of boon companions. The woman took no notice of her husband, but boldly walked up to the counter and called for a glass of beer. Turning to the crowd, she said, 'Come, gentlemen, have a drink with me. If beer is good for men it certainly ought to be for women,' and though the crowd were a little startled, as representative bumpers none of them, except the husband, were unprepared to accept the invitation. The drink was disposed of, when the lady ordered a second for the crowd, but made a very face as she struggled to get through with it. Setting her half emptied glass on the counter, she said, 'I don't believe I like beer; what else have you got?' The woman who officiated at the bar enumerated the varieties. 'I believe I'll try Tom and Jerry,' was the answer, and the crowd willingly helped her to dispose of a round of that also, her husband, meanwhile, smiling desperately, a sickly smile, with an effort to show that he thought the affair a good joke. Taking a seat, then, at one of the dirty tables, she sat down and said: 'Gentlemen, I've got some money here which I have no other use for; let's play a game of seven up, at two dollars a game?' and somebody played with and at the same time instructed her in the game, and she lost, of course, but manfully paid every time, and as often treated the crowd as she lost. Finally, as her utterance became thick and her head rolled to one side, and her conversation grew maudlin, her husband was able to stand it no longer. He arose from his seat and induced her to accompany him home, and arm in arm they started. Whatever of good the lesson may continue to work, it has certainly effected something toward some money here which I have no other use for; let's play a game of seven up, at two dollars a game?' and somebody played with and at the same time instructed her in the game, and she lost, of course, but manfully paid every time, and as often treated the crowd as she lost. Finally, as her utterance became thick and her head rolled to one side, and her conversation grew maudlin, her husband was able to stand it no longer. He arose from his seat and induced her to accompany him home, and arm in arm they started. 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