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PROTEST ADDRESS.

DELIVERED BY MRS. H. A. LOGGHEARY AT MINNIEVILLE, JULY 4, 1876.

Gentlemen and Ladies:—The significance and importance of our gathering together to-day is unusual as to occur but once in a century.

At this hour, in a fair city on the eastern verge of the continent, which the patriotism of thousands and tens of thousands of the loyal sons and daughters of the United States of America has rendered resonant with rejoicing and resplendent with emblems of our national life, such magnificent demonstrations are being made as will cause our gathering to pale into insignificance; such patriotism, enthusiasm, and splendor, such a display of talent, oratorical power, and zeal will not again be combined within the lifetime of the most favored of those who to-day witness it; for to-day is the anniversary of one hundred years of liberty and freedom and peace for the men of the fair Republic.

In another part of the same city of Philadelphia the women of the land are holding a protest meeting, such as we are feebly imitating, as are also thousands of women elsewhere.

While this is a day of more universal joy; while outbursts of enthusiasm, booming of cannon, ringing of bells, attest the exhibitions of joy and gladness greater than tongue can tell or pen portray for one-half of the American citizens who are free and independent, it is also a day of sorrow and deep regret with the unrepresented half, who are not free, and who cannot truly or freely participate in the great demonstrations; who, in view of such facts, in sight of, in hearing of such unparalleled displays, are stirred within their inmost souls to hold such a meeting. Can any one blame them for protesting against the manner in which the great Centennial celebration is being observed?

We too, in common with men, are endowed with inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; but by the will and power of man we are deprived of the privilege of exercising that right.

One hundred years ago to-day a protest meeting was held in Philadelphia, a little band of fifty-six men, the representatives of the thirteen Colonies that formed the nucleus of the nation. Woman has for a century continued to endure the long train of abuses and usurpations for the redress of which men appealed to arms. Are we hasty in making this assertion? Let us see. "He has refused to assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good." So have men when in legislative bodies assembled they refused to listen to or regard the petitions of thousands of the unrepresented, tax-paying women of the land.

"He has refused to pass laws for the accommodation of large districts of people unless they would relinquish the right of representation, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only." In like manner do men refuse to pass laws for the accommodation of 20,000,000 of women, denying them, besides, the right of representation, a right as inestimable to them and as formidable to tyrants as in 1776.

"He has imposed taxes on us without our consent;" just the same have men imposed taxes on women "without their consent." "He has declared himself invested with power to legislate for them in all cases whatsoever." So too do men persist in usurping the right to legislate for women "in all cases whatsoever." They deprive us of the right of trial by a jury of our peers, another unbearable affliction for men.

Nor have the women been wanting in attentions to men. "We have from time to time warned them of their unjust legislation; we have appealed to their justice and magnanimity; we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred; we have appealed to their higher, nobler, and better feelings of humanity, yet they have been deaf to the voice of justice, consanguinity, and humanity. And now, after one hundred years of patient endurance of all these wrongs and grievances, for the sake of all womankind, and for the common good of all mankind, with faith in the great Ruler of the Universe to guide our actions, we do protest against this Centennial celebration representing the Universal Independence and freedom of a government that has cost the arduous toils and untold sufferings and privations of both men and women to establish and perpetuate.

Thousands of dollars of woman's money have been lavished to prepare for this great exhibition, while she cannot participate in it as a free woman. The negro, who has no higher claims upon this government than woman, nor any demands of justice and right above her own; the foreigners of all names, characters, or nationalities, who, unsolicited, are waded to our shores, are made the sovereign law-makers of this free country. The culprits, men—men did I say, rather demons in human form; the murderers of wives and helpless innocents, robbers, villains, and adulterers; men sunken so low in the scale of human degradation as to be utterly devoid of human principle or human sympathy, citizenship restored, are let loose upon society and allowed political rights yet denied to the daughters of America.

America, thou boasted land of liberty and freedom, heralded forth as such to-day to the representatives of a civilized world, with doors thrown open wide as an asylum for every nation under heaven, look you well to the ways of your household, for your own women are under servitude. America, proud nation, with thy national ambition towering up, where lieth thy boasted honor; America, with thy bulwarks of education exalted by no other nation under the sun; with coffers overflowing with wealth in reserve for the education of thy people, think of it—millions of dollars are used to build colleges for the development of the arts and sciences; to exhibit light and knowledge, which is power, the subjugation of your women, is in keeping with ignorance and superstition, a relic of barbarism. America, with religious liberty safely guaranteed by law, with thy churches, charitable societies, and institutions of virtue and benevolence teaching the unlimited gospel of "peace on earth and good-will to men," where is thy mission field? You look upon this protest to object and criticize, let me ask, is it not a shame, a burning shame, that such American history must be passed as to-day is being written? It is history that, if not yourselves, your children will blush to own in future years. A land of liberty and freedom is slanted forth with all the eloquence and power of human voices. The sound is prolonged and carried along by the heavy artillery that causes the very earth to tremble; it is uttered in prayer, it is hallowed in song, it is emblazoned on banners, mottoes, signets, and shields. 'Tis a dishonor to the nation that this truth must go into record, that after a hundred years of ceaseless toil to establish and maintain this government on a basis of human rights and true sovereignty, with such acquisitions of wisdom and knowledge, with such developments of true manhood, which elements secure to a nation true greatness, that to-day we are under the despotic rule of an aristocracy of sex. O, Columbia! where is thy boasted pride, thy vaunted liberty? Hearken and thou wilt hear one-half of thy subjects pleading for self-government.

Why such great bulwarks of education? Why such towers of strength? Why secure such safeguards for national peace, national prosperity, and national greatness, with sex as a basis of representation, placing the boon of acknowledged citizenship beyond woman's reach? Were it established upon education, she would scale the intellectual heights in search of it. Were it morality, surely woman could secure it. Were it age, or property rights, that could be obtained. If it could be found in the heights or depths, lengths or breadths of the land, some women at least could secure it. But see! Heaven pity her! Secure it, the nation that ignores all true and just requisitions, and substitutes sex as a requirement. Sex is the ruling power; sex makes our laws; sex executes them, and sex receives the superior advantages of them. We are under a sway of sex. Social positions, sex religion, sex education, sex labor, and sex compensation for labor. O, ye demagogues of the land enjoying all the rights, privileges, and immunities guaranteed to all citizens, but enjoyed by you only because of your sexhood; let your shame mantle your brows, you who possess woman's equality before the laws that "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." You cannot, dare not attempt to give a single logical reason for this injustice, and I charge you, preserve a semblance of wisdom by remaining silent. This pleading for liberty and justice on the part of women is no new idea, as some suppose, no fungous growth, which begins and dies in a day. The desire and power of self-government began with Eve, in the garden of Eden. Though long buried up by the ignorance, superstition, and aristocracy of sex, yet these latent powers have lived and become more deeply rooted in the hearts and heads of American womanhood.

In our historical research through all the decades that have made up this Centennial that is to-day being celebrated, we have found representative women daring to demand that which God and nature justly entitles them to, beginning a hundred years ago with Abigail Adams, wife of John Adams, then a member of the Continental Congress. To him, we find a petition—his wife's petition—addressed, asking individual rights for women, and predicting a general revolution in the government if justice was denied her. And for one hundred years these fires of freedom have smoldered and burned, until the volume is waxing hot and furious, and who wants to extinguish it? Yes, many; "their name is legion;" but who can quench it? No man or set of men. Truth is powerful, and must sooner or later prevail; though long crushed to the earth and trampled in the dust, it will rise again because overruled by the great Omnipotent power that kindled the flame. Spirit of Abigail Adams, wife of one President and mother of another, could we call you forth from your Puritan grave, or summon you from your celestial home to witness the scenes of to-day, or in some way convey to you the near approach of that justice for women for which you entreated a continental assembly one hundred years ago, how would your sublime patience, your loving kindness, and tender mercy stand

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FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

and freedom, heralded forth as such to-day to the representatives of a civilized world, with doors thrown open wide as an asylum for every nation under heaven, look you well to the ways of your household, for your own women are under servitude.

appalled at the weary waiting and constant struggling of your sisters. Let us glance backward for a moment. See the long and bitter days of war and persecution. Men fired with enthusiasm and patriotism left their ploughs in the furrow and their tools in the work-shops, then on to Princeton and Banker Hill; while their wives and daughters took their places in the field and shops, with willing hands, aching heads, and throbbing hearts; bore all arduous toils, cares, anxieties, and burdens of family and home alone. As the war waxed hotter and stronger came the bloody engagement at Brandywine, and the great loss at Monmouth; the long siege at Boston and Philadelphia, and the sad retreat to Valley Forge. All through these we find the women promptly coming to the rescue, holding garrisons, acting as spies, carrying important orders at their own lives' peril; transporting provisions and ammunition, nursing the sick and wounded, and performing such noble deeds for the country's cause as no other nation of women ever did, but 'twas not enough.

During the many years of labor in times of peace, woman's labor, woman's influence, and woman's money was promptly given to aid in keeping up our army and navy, supporting the Constitution, paying the public debts, increasing our territory, defending from foreign foes, and preventing rebellions at home, but even that was not enough. In the late rebellion, when lowering clouds gathered all over this land, and from their blackened thickness poured out the elements of blood and carnage upon us, sacrificing our sons, husbands, and fathers, the very best men in the land, causing the widow's wail and orphan's cry to rend the air, and the whole land to put on the habiliment of deep sorrow; all this that our American principles might be maintained and the four millions of slaves be freed, what did woman do? History of other nations called it woman's war, and truly, never in the history of any war in any nation has woman done so much as then. Hosts of brave and fearless women rushed to the scene of action to lend a helping hand, while the thousands at home were preparing and sending of sanitary supplies of clothes, provisions, pillows, bandages, lint, medicines, luxuries, and delicacies for the sick. Women unused to toil or hardships left their homes of ease and comfort to administer daily and nightly to the wants of the sick, wounded, and dying, binding up broken limbs and broken hearts, dropping kind words of cheer and encouragement, writing letters to loved ones at home, stooping to catch the death message of the dying, preserving and returning the money and little keepsakes for friends.

Our selfish opponents say it is honor enough for woman that she be permitted to give her time, influence, money, and property for her country's freedom, though she is not free herself. Enough honor for women to be the toiling mothers of the ruling sons. It is enough that women gather the spoils and men use them, needy as they are themselves. It is enough that women prepare the banquet and the men feast upon it. Honor enough, say the educators of the men. It was, according to their ideas, rights and privileges, enough for the women of this government that they occupy very prominent supporting relations to the government, though they are wholly destitute of the governing relations. Enough for the women to be the unrepresented tax-payers in this great Centennial year while a nation rejoices for the resistance of the forefathers to taxation without representation a century ago. Honor enough for the great Smith sisters, of Glastonbury, Connecticut, that they pay more money into the town treasury than anybody else, and because they show resistance, as the forefathers did, and as the present fathers would were they so treated, must be freed to see repeated auction sales of their property that is more than stolen from them. Surely honor enough for them without the power of saying how their money shall be appropriated, and like honor to the State of Connecticut, when these women receive 24 letters a week and 150 newspapers in Europe and America proclaiming the shame of the men of Glastonbury. In like manner are the women of New York honored in the erection of a magnificent marble statue of Liberty on Beaulieu's Island, representing freedom to a majestic female form in a State where not one woman is free.

Yet notwithstanding all these wrongs and usurpations practiced upon women, all the unjust laws that rob her of money and property, and more, of that inalienable right to self-government guaranteed to her by God and nature, we wage no cruel war, no bloody conflict, but will persistently plead for justice and right of those who hold in their power our rights. Though we have waited through one hundred years of cruel, yet, cruel political servitude, we will still wait and watch. The doors of justice refuse us entrance, but still we will stand at the threshold and knock, and knock again. One hundred years is long to wait, but if another must be our lot, O Centennial women of 1876, be patient, be firm, be strong, be active. Let us educate the daughters to hold the fort that we to-day are storming. We are making history that must live in the hearts and

principles of this great Republic; history that must be read and re-read by the unborn men and women that will rise up and call us blessed because in this day of universal opposition we dared to do right in demanding justice for our sex.

Appetite in the dim, distant future or prophetic visions behold a higher, nobler, stronger, and better type of womanhood, standing on an even plane with man in all the departments of human labor and human power, which type will be the outgrowth of the arduous labors of the women of to-day. Let us hold every foot of ground secured, and persistently push our plaint into the very citadel of error, and soon may the walls of prejudice and injustice fall at our feet with the victory ours.

Women Who Would Vote.

A LIVELY MEETING OF THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION OF THE NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The members of the National Woman Suffrage Association, on July 4th, at noon, held a meeting in Dr. Furness's Church, and arraigned the national government and society in general for their denial of the vote to women, and clamored for universal suffrage. The venerable Lucretia Mott, whose activity in the cause of anti-slavery has given her a world-wide reputation, presided. Elizabeth Cady Stanton read "The Women's Declaration of Sentiments and Articles of Impeachment against the Government of the United States," a companion paper of the Declaration of Independence of 1776—only given birth one century later—and differing in this, that, while the latter records the determination of the hardy colonists of the past century, irrespective of sex, to throw off the yoke of tyranny, the former announces the equal determination of the female portion of the great republic to resist the hard-headed oppression of the then oppressed, but now oppressors. This female Jeffersonian document impeaches the national administration for the introduction of the word "male" in the Constitution, which in time, if not remedied, will result in the total dissolution of the social fabric of the nation, and winds up with a pathetic appeal to the powers to accord civil, equal, and political rights to the women, and their daughters, forever. After finishing the paper, Mrs. Stanton denied, in emphatic terms, the dogma of the age that women were made for men, but admitted that they were made for each other, and for the enjoyment of life equally. She stated that the paper was presented by her and several other co-workers to Vice President Ferry that morning in Independence Square, and that she had seen the reading of the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, a lawyer practicing in Washington, in defending the cause of woman from a constitutional standpoint, said that all persons were made free and equal, and she propounded the conundrum, whether women were not persons? Although this century was governed by brute force, she thought the next would be ruled by the intellect. She named the names of Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Julia Tutton as those who would be written in letters of gold for the services they had done in the cause of suffering women.

Mrs. Mott, in a charge, said that she had reviewed the history of the movement, and said that there is no law in existence fit to govern the American Republic. Miss Phoebe Couzens denounced the action of General Hawley, who refused her application to allow their "Declaration of Rights" to be presented in the meeting in Independence Square. She called upon Mrs. Sara J. Spencer to recite the incidents of that interview. Mrs. Spencer, who fulfilled the same duty at the Cincinnati Convention, said that Miss Couzens did at St. Louis, said that she, together with the committee, applied to General Hawley for the privilege of presenting the Declaration without word of mouth to the meeting in Independence Square, and that the General said he would allow an important one, and that he and the committee who had the celebration in charge realized its significance. "We know," said the General, "that it will be the event of the day, and, as we intended to celebrate what has been done in the last hundred years, and not what has not been done, we must refuse your request. Your petition may be in order on any other occasion, but it is not on this." "You don't know how this inspired us," said Mrs. Spencer, "and how we determined then, in spite of General Hawley, to present the paper, and we did so this morning, immediately after the reading of the Declaration of '76, and Vice President Ferry received it from our hands with a grateful bow of the head. I was not sorry that the President of the United States was not the presiding officer, although, if a woman were ever to fill that chair, she would certainly not fail to be present on such a glorious day, and Mr. Ferry sympathizes with our cause, and it was gratifying to put the paper in his hands." Little Devereux Blake combated the idea that women could not fulfill the duties incident to citizenship, and thought that they could serve the country in time of war as well as those men who obtained substitutes to do their fighting in the Rebellion. Susan B. Anthony related her experience in Rochester, where she was indicted and convicted for violating the election laws in depositing a ballot at the general election, and with short addresses by Mrs. Stanton and others, the meeting adjourned.—Philadelphia Times.

THE LESSON OF LIFE.—Charles Kingsley's farewell to a child is the great lesson of life for us all: My gentle child, I have no song to give you; No lark could pipe to skies so full and gray; Yet, ere we part, the lesson I can leave you For every day: Be good, sweet child, and let all who will be clever; Do noble things, not dream of them all day long; And so make life, death, and that vast forever One grand, sweet song.

Seeing Better Days.

The widow Minton had seen better days. How far back wasn't exactly settled; but she had seen them. Better days hung mildly about her, like the defaced medals of antiquated embroidery. The sturdy gossips of the sea-side village, who went about with their skirts tucked up and their brown arms ready and able for any work, looked askance at the widow Minton, with her pitiful meagerness of aspect, her flickering black eyes, and her trailing old gown. They nudged each other, and said, "Dear days! Lord save us!" But the widow did not trouble the neighbors, nor they her. A body who couldn't do a heartsome hand's stirring was best left alone to her brooding, and the widow's smoky little cabin, solitary apart on the sea-shore, was left pretty much to herself and her boy Tom.

Tom was a sturdy, brown-faced lad, who picked up a living by doing odd jobs for the boatmen, and now and then taking a day for fishing. Tom had probably never seen better days. The widow shook her head over him—so stupidly content, poor Tom; so beaming and good-natured over beggary and hopelessness. A tall, well-grown fellow, with bare feet, a torn straw hat, and a red coat, Tom took the world easily, looking with reverence on his mother's by-gone gentility, and by no means seeming to covet it for himself. The widow deemed it due to her past respectability to be seen at church of a Sunday evening, and you could see the two walking at twilight along the sands together, she with her clean pocket-handkerchief folded over her old hymn-book, and a certain doubtful hesitancy of gait, as if he were himself might be looking down critically on her black gown and rusty bonnet. As for Tom, patient Tom, he went plodding slowly after her with his smiling face, whistling as he went. Always patient, and patiently listening, open-mouthed, to the closing hymn, his careless, bright face contrasting so oddly with his mother's querulous and tear-worn visage, won for him the sobriquet of widow Minton's rainbow.

The minister of the parish—mistaken soul that he was—deemed it incumbent to make a call on the widow; and, on charity bent, he said, he unwarily consented to employ her services in his household for a season. He deemed it his duty to rouse the old woman to activity. He did rouse her; and it is averred that he never found time to call at the widow's. But he took her for a common household drudge, or a low-born field hand? She thanked God she had too much spirit left yet to put herself under anybody's feet. He hadn't far to go, did he? A pair of drudges and a pair of eyes had a wandering, far-away look, and her face was keener and thinner than ever. Beyond the bluff which sheltered her cabin stretched a fair line of sea-coast, the white sand gleaming in the sun, far off a group of rocks, in bright dresses, frolicked between shore and water. They came from the great hotel down beyond. She could almost catch the sound of the voices as she sat slowly rocking in her doorway.

It was a quiet afternoon. The air was soft and soothing, and the widow's heart, so full of bitterness, felt itself sweeten and soften in the stillness. This part of the shore, sheltered by its overhanging rock, was seldom disturbed by the intruding waves. The watcher's eye caught sight of a young girl splashing and frolicking in the water just below the rocks. It was a pretty sight, the rounded arms, the curving shoulders, the swaying, floating figure. And perhaps the old woman recalled with a sigh the time when she was young and blithe too, and had as cheery a voice as that with which the fair swimmer hailed her companions in the distance.

Gazing absently on the silent scene, a faint smile upon her face, when she looked again, the young water-nymph had disappeared. She had probably swam ashore behind the rocks. The widow turned away, hugged her thin shawl over her shoulders, and thought recalled with a sigh the time when she was young and blithe too, and had as cheery a voice as that with which the fair swimmer hailed her companions in the distance. "Gazing absently on the silent scene, a faint smile upon her face, when she looked again, the young water-nymph had disappeared. She had probably swam ashore behind the rocks. The widow turned away, hugged her thin shawl over her shoulders, and thought recalled with a sigh the time when she was young and blithe too, and had as cheery a voice as that with which the fair swimmer hailed her companions in the distance."

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"No one, not one soul at hand, and that young thing in peril of life!" Belle's white teeth showed, and she looked again, the young water-nymph had disappeared. She had probably swam ashore behind the rocks. The widow turned away, hugged her thin shawl over her shoulders, and thought recalled with a sigh the time when she was young and blithe too, and had as cheery a voice as that with which the fair swimmer hailed her companions in the distance.

"I can't stand this," she said, mysteriously pulling out that old scow of ten years. But no Tom appeared. And it was the widow herself, with those withered old hands that disdained the minister's kitchen work—it was the widow herself, who, straining, tugging, and, with her gray hair fluttering in the wind, unlocked the old dugout from its moorings, and trembling, unskillful, armed with a rude paddle, went spinning out dizzily over the water. It nearly oversteering it. It scorched the broken paddle and the heavy oars, but finally it came drifting out blindly and dizzily to the object of her search. A plump hand, with a glittering ring upon it, clutched the edge of the boat, nearly oversteering it. A young, eager face, with streaming hair, looked up from the water, and gasping, shuddering, half-drowned, and wholly scared, the young water-nymph was presently aboard the old craft.

"Oh, you frightened I was!" she cried. "I felt sure I was losing all my strength, and would go to the bottom. Oh, you good soul! you dear soul! how ever did you get to me in this water-logged craft?" "It has been my best days, certainly," said the widow, tugging at the oars.

Seeing Better Days.

"You don't look able for such work," said the girl. "I have seen better days," was the quiet answer. And then—oh, sufficient reward of all her efforts—this real life, this fair young girl with the soft hands and the pretty bathing dress, actually replied, "I thought so."

"Here, give me an oar," she added, still panting. "But, my dear soul, we'll never be able to row down to that point, where I left my clothes, and I can't walk to the hotel. I'm awfully tired. Can't you put me ashore at your place, and send word for me down yonder?" The little dark cabin on the shore brightened up with an unwonted lustre as the widow sheltered her young charge, and changed wet garments for some of her own. "If my Tom would only come, I'd send him for your things."

"Oh! no matter. I'll wrap your shawl about me and walk down myself after I've rested a bit. I'm not hurt, you know, only scared. Dear me! how I was scared! My old nurse used to teach me not to scream; but, if I hadn't screamed, where should I have been now, I wonder?" Mrs. Minton would gladly have parted with the last sherd she possessed, to see her young charge, a plump, dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked lady, who flung herself into the arms of the watcher with a cry of joy.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, half sobbing, half laughing. "Oh, mother! don't you know I tell you, 'Tom's wife, and I've brought the captain with me!'" "Mother," said Captain Tom, that night, "you've seen better days, perhaps, but I never have."

"Tom, my arch rival, that I was in love with Tom? And father owns half his ship, you know; so if Tom's captain, I'm second mate, you see. And we're going to take you away to where we found better days."

The Social Evil. If to be forewarned is to be forearmed, we have reason to be grateful to the Grand Jury of New York, who have made a presentment in regard to houses of prostitution in that city. They affirm that the evil is "impossible to suppress, but easy to regulate and circumscribe." This Grand Jury state the case from their point of view, and close as follows: "It seems wholly unwise to forego the benefits that may be derived from such a system through a sentimental dread of appearing to countenance evil. This neglect begs the question as to the court the following resolutions! Resolved, That the Legislature of the State of New York be earnestly requested to adopt as early as practicable some system of laws calculated to confine houses of prostitution in the large cities of this State within certain specified limits and to subject them at all times to the careful and vigilant supervision of the boards of health and police. Resolved, That this court be respectfully requested to forward a copy of this presentment to the Legislature as soon as it shall be in session."

EDWARD VAN VOLKENBURGH, President. F. H. CHAPIN, Secretary. There is no sin that so debauches the soul and ruins the body as this, which the Grand Jury of New York propose to regulate and circumscribe. "Such a scheme for the practical perpetration and encouragement of social vice, for the enslavement of women, and for the degradation of men," should arouse the opposition of all friends of virtue everywhere. The plain language of this proposition to every man is, "Here, where prostitution is legalized, you may sin with impunity."

The peril by which hundreds of men are deterred from a practical sin is removed, and temptation directly offered. To the women who share the guilt, whose crime it is proposed to "regulate and circumscribe," the plain language of this proposition is, "The law will shut you out from the use of money, and against whom you shall have no protection. The hands of brutal men shall search your body to see whether it is safe. The law shall tax you for these privileges, and the use of money to cure you of disease which you will be sure to contract, and you will be sent back to contract it again, and so on till you die. If anything is left of the taxes you pay for such unseemly degradation, it will furnish a revenue to the city."

This is a very meager statement of what legalized vice means. Shame on the Grand Jury which proposed it! Let their names be published, that women may learn from them. There should be vigilance committees appointed in every city to watch the first signs of an attempt to "regulate" such a sin. Sin may be established and guarded by a human law, but a law beyond our manipulation holds a penalty for every sin, and no device of ours can escape it.—Woman's Journal.

AN ENGAGING MANNER.—Politeness is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates a permanent impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him. The politician who has this advantage easily distances all the rival candidates, for every voter he speaks with becomes instantly his friend. Polished manners have often made second-rate successful, while the best of men, by their hardness and coldness, have done themselves in calculable injury to the best of their kind. That the world could not believe there was a precious kernel within it. Had Raleigh never flung down his coat in the mud for the proud Elizabeth to walk on, his career in life would scarcely have been worth recording. Scores of men have been successful in life by pleasing manners alone. A pleasing trait of character is well worth cultivating, indeed. Never forget the value of true civility. It is thoughtlessly claimed that a five mace is better than a dead lion. Considering the utility of both, the statement is wrong in the main.

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"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, half sobbing, half laughing. "Oh, mother! don't you know I tell you, 'Tom's wife, and I've brought the captain with me!'" "Mother," said Captain Tom, that night, "you've seen better days, perhaps, but I never have."

"Tom, my arch rival, that I was in love with Tom? And father owns half his ship, you know; so if Tom's captain, I'm second mate, you see. And we're going to take you away to where we found better days."

The Social Evil. If to be forewarned is to be forearmed, we have reason to be grateful to the Grand Jury of New York, who have made a presentment in regard to houses of prostitution in that city. They affirm that the evil is "impossible to suppress, but easy to regulate and circumscribe." This Grand Jury state the case from their point of view, and close as follows: "It seems wholly unwise to forego the benefits that may be derived from such a system through a sentimental dread of appearing to countenance evil. This neglect begs the question as to the court the following resolutions! Resolved, That the Legislature of the State of New York be earnestly requested to adopt as early as practicable some system of laws calculated to confine houses of prostitution in the large cities of this State within certain specified limits and to subject them at all times to the careful and vigilant supervision of the boards of health and police. Resolved, That this court be respectfully requested to forward a copy of this presentment to the Legislature as soon as it shall be in session."

EDWARD VAN VOLKENBURGH, President. F. H. CHAPIN, Secretary. There is no sin that so debauches the soul and ruins the body as this, which the Grand Jury of New York propose to regulate and circumscribe. "Such a scheme for the practical perpetration and encouragement of social vice, for the enslavement of women, and for the degradation of men," should arouse the opposition of all friends of virtue everywhere. The plain language of this proposition to every man is, "Here, where prostitution is legalized, you may sin with impunity."

The peril by which hundreds of men are deterred from a practical sin is removed, and temptation directly offered. To the women who share the guilt, whose crime it is proposed to "regulate and circumscribe," the plain language of this proposition is, "The law will shut you out from the use of money, and against whom you shall have no protection. The hands of brutal men shall search your body to see whether it is safe. The law shall tax you for these privileges, and the use of money to cure you of disease which you will be sure to contract, and you will be sent back to contract it again, and so on till you die. If anything is left of the taxes you pay for such unseemly degradation, it will furnish a revenue to the city."

This is a very meager statement of what legalized vice means. Shame on the Grand Jury which proposed it! Let their names be published, that women may learn from them. There should be vigilance committees appointed in every city to watch the first signs of an attempt to "regulate" such a sin. Sin may be established and guarded by a human law, but a law beyond our manipulation holds a penalty for every sin, and no device of ours can escape it.—Woman's Journal.

AN ENGAGING MANNER.—Politeness is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates a permanent impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him. The politician who has this advantage easily distances all the rival candidates, for every voter he speaks with becomes instantly his friend. Polished manners have often made second-rate successful, while the best of men, by their hardness and coldness, have done themselves in calculable injury to the best of their kind. That the world could not believe there was a precious kernel within it. Had Raleigh never flung down his coat in the mud for the proud Elizabeth to walk on, his career in life would scarcely have been worth recording. Scores of men have been successful in life by pleasing manners alone. A pleasing trait of character is well worth cultivating, indeed. Never forget the value of true civility. It is thoughtlessly claimed that a five mace is better than a dead lion. Considering the utility of both, the statement is wrong in the main.

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.

better days anywhere, I shall bring them with me, sure." "After that the sea looked bluer and colder than ever, and the solitary woman lived a sort of hermit life. No cheer, no voice of gossiping neighbors lightened the dreary cabin, no children prattled about her, and only Belle, the bright, blithe-hearted lassie, seemed to remember to cheer her with a letter now and then. Belle was away now, visiting some distant friends, but in her kindly heart she kept a corner, it seemed, for the poor old woman who had saved her life.

Three years—four—passed away, and daily of a summer evening you might have seen the widow sitting in the doorway, eager and hollow-eyed, looking out for some possible ship that might be Tom's. Tom was not a good correspondent, but occasionally up at the little post-office a wandering epistle waited her trembling hand. She was growing very old and feeble now, but Tom was getting up in the world; Tom was first mate of his ship; Tom was a success; Tom was a gentleman; and oh! above all things, Tom was coming home.

Not every one watches in vain, though we may not always be looking in the right direction. It was so with the widow. As she sat one day, with straining eyes gazing on far-off sunlit sails, and seeing how some of them hovered nearer and nearer, and some, alas! took wing farther and farther away, the doorway darkened suddenly, and there came rushing upon her, as if dropped from the sky, a plump, dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked lady, who flung herself into the arms of the watcher with a cry of joy.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, half sobbing, half laughing. "Oh, mother! don't you know I tell you, 'Tom's wife, and I've brought the captain with me!'" "Mother," said Captain Tom, that night, "you've seen better days, perhaps, but I never have."

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