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EDNA AND JOHN: A Romance of Idaho Flat.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNWAY, AUTHOR OF "JUDITH BEED," "ELLEN BOWD," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONK WOMAN'S SPIRIT," "MADGE MORRISON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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Woman's degraded, helpless position is the weak point of our institutions to-day—a disturbing force everywhere, severing family ties, filling our asylums with the dumb, the blind, our prisons with criminals, our cities with drunkards and prostitutes, our homes with disease and death.—[National Centennial Equal Rights Protest.]

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Rutherford met his wife with an injured air. He had been lonesome! She hadn't asked his permission to leave home, and so on.

"I know it all, dear," was the good woman's kindly reply. "I've been lonesome and uneasy about you many a time, and I know how you'd feel, but duty called me away from you, and I really couldn't help it."

"No duty ever calls a woman away from her husband?" said Solon, angrily. "I provide this home for you, and furnish it with every needed comfort, and it's as little as you can do to be contented with your lot, and remain in it, madam?"

"Am I complaining, Solon?" asked the wife, kindly. "You'd better be!" was the sulky answer.

Mrs. Rutherford did not care to prolong the controversy. But she could not help remembering the long and anxious years of motherhood through which she had passed in her younger years of widowhood, when an infinitesimal fraction of her husband's present professed solicitude about her personal safety and comfort would have been to her weary body and tired spirit like refreshing rain drops to the thirsty earth; neither could she avoid recognition of the fact that in departing from her home on her own business, and at her own discretion for once, she had only followed the example set by her protecting liege in the beginning of their matrimonial career—an example to which he had adhered, whenever the occasion suited him, ever since.

It was also impossible for her to help knowing, woman though she was, that the "every comfort" her husband boasted of having so liberally provided, for her to "stay at home and enjoy," had been the product of her own domestic industry.

But argument, where right is all upon one side, and usurped power all upon the other, is utterly useless, and no one is better aware of the fact than the powerless party in any controversy.

Finding that his wife so skillfully avoided further conversation upon the subject that so seriously annoyed him that its further pursuit was useless, Mr. Rutherford ordered his horse and buggy and drove away through the fields, leaving Aunt Judy and Mrs. Rutherford to talk over their business in un molested security.

"Such a time as I've had!" said the latter. "I really didn't know how much I did depend upon Solon about some things till I went to the city alone. Accounted as I am at home to taking the lead in everything that's disagreeable, giving him opportunity whenever he's in the house to read the newspapers and smoke to his heart's content, while I build fires and churn, and scrub floors and press cheese, and do everything else unaided, I was not prepared to find myself such a baby as I proved to be without him, when alone in St. Louis. Yet I couldn't help asking myself if it wasn't all in use, after all. And, Judy, I believe it is. The places of responsibility that require little exhibition of physical strength are all monopolized by the stronger half of humanity. Solon rides over the country in a buggy and speculates in land, using the money I've earned at the cheese press to complete his bargains, and puts the surplus in bank."

"There, Susan!" interrupted Aunt Judy. "I'm glad you're coming to the bank business. Did you get the money?"

"Yes, I got it; but only by a little tact. I said something that led them to believe Solon would withdraw all his funds if they failed to honor his wife's demand. Men have a certain pride in impressing other men with the idea that they hold their wives' orders as honorable, and altogether above question. But I may make much of what I've got this time. I'll never dare to repeat the experiment. Yet, after all, why haven't I as good right to control the accumulated funds of our marriage copartnership as Solon? I felt like a thief when I took the money, although I knew that in God's eyes it was mine, if anybody's. When Solon discovers it he'll scold and act injured, and nearly break my heart by his coldness," and Mrs. Rutherford wept bitterly.

"Women don't deserve to be free, because they're such precious fools!" said Aunt Judy, contemptuously. "I hope you speak from personal experience," replied her friend, laughing in spite of her tears.

"Yes, I do!" was the decided reply.

The New Northwest

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME VI.

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1876.

NUMBER 11.

"Women are slaves to their own hearts—slaves to the love they bear their fathers, husbands, brothers and children. They give men all the advantage, all the power, and then complain because the men accept it."

"I think you're wrong there, Judy. Men take the power, take the property, make the laws to protect themselves from each other, and then depend upon the equality which they cannot trust among themselves for justice to womanhood. Woman accepts the situation, first, out of great love for her husband, and secondly, because she cannot help herself."

"But what of Edna and John?" asked Aunt Judy.

"Indeed, you've asked a question I cannot answer. Edna is already so sick of her foolish and hasty bargain that she is making both herself and husband miserable. He, poor fellow, means well enough, but he isn't a Solomon or an Atlas. He hasn't the wisdom to build a temple or rule a realm, nor the energy and perseverance to bear a world on his shoulders. Edna feels his incapacity, and, what is more, admits it. Wives generally stimulate their pride to enable them to endure their burdens by denying that their husbands can do wrong."

"Did you give them the thousand dollars?"

"No, Judy."

"You were wise in that. Those children must be taught from the beginning, as though they were babies. They don't know anything about the value of money."

"I don't know about that, Judy. Edna has suddenly developed a wonderful business acumen. She lays plans for the future, or tries to, rather, for you know she has no power to carry them out; but she tries to lay them with as much forethought as though she had all her life been accustomed to considering the ways and means of livelihood. But it won't do to trust John with money. Should I give them the roll of bills I have procured at such a sacrifice to my own peace of mind, he'd simply board and dress and ride in buggies and play billiards till it was all gone."

"What, then, do you propose to do?"

"It breaks my heart, Judy; but Edna wants to go with her husband to the borders of the far Pacific. She fancies that a new beginning away out in a new country will stimulate him to effort. I didn't tell her about the money, but I've made up my mind, if you'll give 'em shelter till spring, to provide them a team and traveling outfit and send them away with my blessing."

"But if Solon discovers that you have drawn the money from bank, what then? It's his, you know, in the eyes of the law, and he can seize the team you purchase, or anything else you get for them, if he so wills, and you cannot help yourself."

"I've thought that all out, Judy. You are to take the money, keep it through the winter, and do the buying in the spring. It will be quite a tax upon you to feed them through the winter, but I can slip you a little provision now and then, and will save some butter, and occasionally a cheese, for your pin money. If Solon only would let me, I should be so glad to open this great house to them, that I might enjoy Edna's society for the last time!"

"The good woman could bear no more. Breaking into uncontrollable sobs, she stole away to commune in solitude with her own bitter thoughts. She remembered Edna in her babyhood. All the sweet, endearing recollections that clustered around the bright young life that had budded and blossomed in the old house were dead now, and she did not even have the sympathy of her husband in the dearth of her bereavement. Her heart ached for Solon, too. She knew how many fond hopes he had built through all the years of Edna's childhood upon her brilliant future; how his every aspiration had centered upon the possibility of a brilliant match for her, the thought that she should ever excel upon her own account never having crossed his brain; she knew that, in spite of his stern exterior, he secretly loved his daughter still, and she longed, with an irrepresible loneliness, for his cordial acquiescence in her desire to make the best of circumstances from their present unsatisfactory standpoint. But Solon Rutherford was not to be approached upon the subject. His will was law, and his wife would have approached the Sultan of Turkey upon a forbidden theme with quite as much assurance as she could have mustered for the ordeal of approach to him.

Being a wife, and therefore incapacitated from doing business on her own account, except that business was fully understood and sanctioned by her protector and head, Mrs. Rutherford wisely gave the entire responsibility of her plans into the hands of Aunt Judy, who, being unsupported and unprotected, was in a measure free to follow the dictates of her own conscience.

Law books were procured for John, by Edna's contrivance, but the effort to make a lawyer of him only succeeded when she was by his side, reading with him, and absorbing legal lore for him. Besides, she could learn and retain knowledge so much faster than he, that his simple recitations became exceedingly distasteful to her. But she heroically nerved herself to endure his slower progress, and thus the winter wore

away, bringing early spring-time, but, to Edna's great concern, no visible change in their prospects.

John was as contented as a pet kitten. He had plenty to eat, a warm fire to toast his toes before, a wife who belonged to him, and what more did he need? An ambitious man would have been uneasy as to the future, but not so John Smith.

Mrs. Rutherford, true to her promise, regularly slipped provisions to the cabin through the instrumentality of a trusty servant who had loved Edna from babyhood, and Aunt Judy managed to make such "turns" in her dicker-ing at the village grocery as enabled them to keep the larder comfortably supplied.

Mrs. Rutherford visited her daughter once during the winter, thereby raising such a domestic storm at home as prevented a repetition of the experiment. Her husband believed the custody of his wife was his paramount right, and it was not strange that he failed to consider her conscience or inclination in the matter. Had the wife been fully awakened to her own responsibility, she would have met the storm and conquered it, as many a woman has done in these latter years, thereby bringing peace to her own heart and comparative happiness to the soul of her husband.

Solon Rutherford was miserable, even in carrying out his own purposes. Every human being is endowed with the natural inception of tyranny. A proper distribution of frictions and forces brings a proper equilibrium of liberty. Supreme, or one-sided power, brings unhappiness even to its possessor. But, as we have said, spring came, and with it no visible change in the financial prospects of Edna and John.

"Have you made any plans for the future?" Edna asked one day, after having pored over Blackstone until every page and paragraph was indelibly photographed upon her brain, while John, with a memory like a blurred sensitive plate, seemed to fall in all the finest points of comprehension.

"I don't know as I have," was the simple answer, while he kept his eyes riveted upon the printed page.

"When do you intend to have any plans?" asked Edna, impatiently. At this rate you'll conquer your legal studies in a quarter of a century, after which, in another quarter, you'll be able to introduce yourself to practice. In the meantime—a fool for luck, and a poor man for children, you know—you'll have a family to support and educate, and who's going to do it?"

John vouchsafed no reply.

"Do you think," continued Edna, "that we have a life lease on Aunt Judy? And would you be contented to accept this home and these surroundings for a lifetime, if we had?"

Still no reply.

Edna could have bitten him in her impatience.

"Did you intend that I should be compelled to live like this, a prisoner upon the bounty of a poverty-stricken grand-aunt, when you made such rosyate promises for the future in the model love letters that captivated me, but which I find to be no more like you on close acquaintance than if you never had written them?"

John blushed. He did hope that Edna never would discover that those letters were copied ones.

"I expected, when I married you," he said, at length, "that I'd step into a great farm-house, with negroes and post horses, and a fine carriage and everything splendid around us. If you are disappointed, so am I."

"But, John, you had no right to expect these things. You did not prove yourself worthy of them. Do you know what I'd like for us to do?"

"No."

"Do you care?"

No answer.

"I'd like you to crop your hair short, tan yourself in oak tea, let your beard grow, and go to my father's as a hired man. You needn't tell them who you are, and they won't know you in this guise."

"Well?"

John was getting interested.

"Then, I'd have you to go to work as a farm hand, and make yourself generally useful. In a little while my father would learn to like you. There's no use talking, John. It isn't in you to be a lawyer, any more than it's in me to be a washerwoman. You may become a farmer if you're willing to work. Then, when you've become a factotum about the farm, and father thinks he can't live without you, I'll come and claim you."

John laughed immoderately.

and John are two persons, despite the fiction that a law has professed to make you one. And you can no more successfully lay plans for John to carry out than he can so lay them for you. Book life is one thing and real life another, as books go. So lay aside your romantic notions, and let us be sensible. Suppose you emigrate to a new country, like California, or Oregon, or Nevada, and begin your life out there?"

"You might as well say, 'Suppose you engage cabin passage to Jupiter,' auntie. The very idea is absurd. We have no money, no outfit, and John has no enterprise."

"Edna, I will not allow you to disparage your husband under my roof! You have no right to speak ill of him! A lady would not do it!"

Edna would have retorted, but she could not afford it. She had nowhere else to go, and could not risk being turned out of doors, so she hung her head and burst into tears.

"I am going away for a few days," continued Aunt Judy, "and I want you to promise me that you will not be unreasonable with John. He is not over strong in the upper story, but he means to be good, as far as he knows, and you must encourage him."

"How can I, auntie, when I am so utterly discouraged myself?"

"That's for you to learn, my child. Now keep a brave heart. When I return—now mind, you're not to whisper this to John—a way will open for you to go to California."

"O, auntie! Do you think so?"

"I know it, child. And now, remember! You must be considerate with John. He's just as much at sea as you are. A little adversity will do you both good. You mustn't reproach him. No man will bear reproaches from his wife. You must make the best of your bargain. That will insure harmony, without which you had better be dead."

"If wishing would kill me, I'd be dead this minute!" said Edna, impatiently.

"Which is very foolish and very, very wicked," said Aunt Judy, sadly. "You have a long life before you, and you have the talent and power to make it a very useful one. To want to die because you find yourself unprepared to live, is a thought wholly unworthy a sensible woman."

[To be continued.]

Women in Literature.

We must not commit the mistake of looking only forward for progress; let us turn backward a glance over the broad field of literature and note the advancement of women in the world of letters during but a third of a century, and we cannot fail to observe the most astonishing evidences of its sure advancement. We will bring to our aid in this retrospective the observations of Mrs. Duffey, a lady of Vineland, N. J., who edited the Woman's Congress by an interesting treatise upon the subject. She says:

"We do not know that the thing is doing, until we are enabled to look back, and perceive that it is done. The process has been evolution, instead of revolution. So it has been with women's education into literature. Through all the ages, exceptional women have been poets, historians, and novelists. But if we look back only for thirty years, we will realize that it is only in our own generation that women have obtained a recognized and a thoroughly respected position in literature. The term of blue-stocking, applied to all women who used the pen, did not lose its sting until a very recent period. And it was more than hinted that such women were not ink-blackened fingers, uncombed hair, and slipshod feet, but that they must necessarily be neglectful of all recognized womanly duties."

Thirty years ago there were two or three women editors in the world. Today there are scores of them, while reporters and special correspondents of the same sex are like the daisies of the field for multitude. Thirty years ago there were a few indifferent novels produced by women in England; scarcely one in this country. Mrs. Radcliffe and Mrs. Behn may be taken as types of the women novelists of a still remoter generation. To-day the novelists in America and England can be told off, considering not only numbers, but excellence, a woman for a man, a man for a woman, through the whole list; while George Eliot, a man in name and a woman in nature, stands supreme over them all."

The field of literature is conquered for women. There are no longer bars or obstructions of any sort in the way. A woman who has anything to say, is privileged to say it; and if it is worth hearing, the world will lend an attentive ear."

REMEDY FOR SMALL-POX.—A noted English physician says:

"I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man if the worst case of small-pox cannot be effectually cured in three days, simply by cream of tartar. This is the sure and never-failing remedy: One ounce of cream of tartar dissolved in a pint of boiling water, to be drunk when cold, at short intervals. It can be taken at any time, and is a preventive as well as curative. It is known to have cured in thousands of cases without a failure. I have myself restored hundreds by this means. It never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and always prevents tedious lingering. If the people would only try it and report all the cures to you, you would require to employ many columns if you gave them publicity."

There were 65,000 gallons of petroleum imported into British Columbia and entered for home consumption in 1874 and 1875, on which was paid in duties \$9,263.

A piece of New York up-town property, valued at \$200,000 three years ago, sold for \$50,000 cash the other day.

AN APPEAL.

To the Women of the United States:—

The National Suffrage Association has just issued a petition to Congress asking an amendment to the United States Constitution, that shall prohibit the several States from disfranchising any of their citizens on account of sex. This petition will be sent throughout the country for the signatures of those men and women who believe in the citizen's right to vote. In order to keep the different States separate, and to know how large a petition each one rolls up, it is desirable to have some central committee in each State take the matter in charge, and see that it is done with all possible expedition. This committee should print and send out petitions to the reliable persons in every county, urging on them thoroughness and haste, and when the petitions are returned, paste them together, roll up neatly, mark the number of signatures on the outside with the name of the State, and forward to the chairman of our Congressional Committee at Washington, Sarah Andrews Spencer.

In those States where there are no suffrage organizations, individuals should take the responsibility of seeing their States thoroughly canvassed. We desire to present this petition to Congress at the opening of the new year, at which time we shall hold our eighth annual convention in Washington, and help our representatives to dedicate their first acts of legislation in the second year to secure justice to woman.

Having petitioned our law-makers, State and national, for nearly thirty years, many, from weariness and despair, have vowed to sign no more; for our petitions, say they, by the ten thousands, are piled up in the national archives to-day, unmentioned and ignored. But it is not possible to roll up such numbers, carried into Congress on the shoulders of stalwart men, that they cannot be neglected and forgotten by statesmen and politicians, who are conquered, alike, by majorities?"

The women of this country have never yet made such a united effort, such a thorough canvass of every State for their own rights as they did for the Southern slaves, when the Thirteenth Amendment was pending. Then a petition of over 300,000 was rolled up by the leaders of the Woman Suffrage movement and presented in the Senate by the Hon. Charles Sumner. Prominent Republicans who welcomed and praised our untiring efforts to secure the black man's freedom, condemned us when we made the same demands for ourselves. And yet is not liberty as sweet to us as to him? Are not the legal disabilities of sex as grievous as those of race and color? Is not a civil rights bill, that shall open the college doors, the trades, and professions, and secure to woman her personal and property rights, as necessary for her protection as for the colored man?"

The highest judicial authorities have decided that the spirit and letter of our national Constitution is not yet broad enough to protect 20,000,000 women, United States citizens, in their inalienable rights. For protection, they refer women to the States. If our Magna Charta of human rights can be thus narrowed by judicial interpretation in favor of class legislation, then must we demand an amendment, that in clear, unmistakable language shall declare the equality of woman before the law, endowed with all the rights, privileges, and immunities that belong to citizens of a republic.

"We claim that women are citizens, first, of the United States, and second, of the State wherein they reside; hence, if robbed by State authorities of any right founded in nature or secured by law, they have the same right to national protection against the States as against foreign powers. It is the duty of Congress, therefore, to secure to every State a Republican form of government, and to every citizen the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This cannot be said to exist in States where women, thoroughly qualified, are denied admission into colleges which their property is taxed to build and endow, where they are denied the right to practice law, thus debarred from the most lucrative professions, where they are denied a voice in the government, and thus, while suffering all the ills that grow out of the giant evils of intemperance, prostitution, war, heavy taxes, political corruption, stand helpless to effect any reform. Prayers, tears, psalm-singing, sympathy, and expostulation are light in the balance with that power at the ballot-box that coins conviction into law.

Constituting, as we do, one-half the people of this Republic, and equally responsible with man for the education, religion, and government of the rising generation, let us, with united voice, in the dawn of this second century of our national life, send forth a protest against the present political status of woman, that shall echo and re-echo through the land. In view of the numbers and character of those making the demand, this should be the largest petition ever carried into a legislative assembly, in the old world and the new, in magnitude the crowning act in our struggle for woman's enfranchisement. This is the primal step in every reform, for all the evils of society center in

Woman's degradation and demoralization, and until her equality is recognized, the spiritual, the aesthetic, the moral elements in humanity will be forever subjugated to brute force. All attempts at reform are fragmentary and hopeless, until woman, in freedom and independence, understands the true science of life. As political equality is the door to civil, religious, and social liberty, here must our work begin.

You who are laboring for social purity, temperance, peace, the rights of labor, if you would take the speediest way to accomplish what you propose, demand the ballot in your own hand—a voice in the government. Thus may you frame, interpret, and execute laws and constitutions, prescribe creeds and codes, the morals of the college, the market and the court, and by exalting the conditions and renovating the atmosphere in the outside world, protect and purify the home.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, President, Corresponding Secretary, MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE, Chairman Executive Committee.

"Only Waiting."

Mr. Saxtonbury has money in the savings bank, and the wife generally has charge of the bank-book. She happened to open it the other day, and was surprised to find that she had got hold of the book and drawn \$50 out of the day before without having said anything to her. When he came home to supper she asked him if he couldn't spare ten dollars.

"Can't spare a shilling," he replied, "never so hard up in my life."

"What has become of the fifty dollars you drew from the bank the other day?" she demanded, trying to catch his eye.

"That money—fifty—dollars—ahem. That money I bet on Indiana," he hesitatingly replied.

"And you lost it?"

"No my dear, I won a hundred dollars with it. I didn't want you to know anything about it until I brought home the seal skin jacket, but as you have found out, why, I must explain."

"When do you get the money?" she anxiously asked.

"Oh, it won't be long. The official count has been made, and as soon as the returns are sent to the Secretary of the State he will forward the official majority to Washington, and the Secretary of the Navy will telegraph me the result. Do you prefer brown or black seal?"

"I'll take brown, my dear," she smilingly answered, "and I do hope the returns will be here by Saturday."

Days will pass, weeks will glide away, and along next May, after that good woman is almost worn out with anxiety, Mr. Saxtonbury will suddenly ascertain that he has lost his fifty dollars instead of winning a hundred, and promise to get her a silk dress in the fall.

The Pioneer Printer and Press.

When at Salem last month we had the pleasure of seeing the pioneer printing press which was brought to Oregon years ago, from the Sandwich Islands, taken to Lapwai, and afterwards returned to Washington county. It has been donated to the Oregon State Library, and will fill a niche in the handsome and stately Capitol building at Salem. Referring to the pioneer printer, closely associated with this old press, Mr. M. G. Foisey, a resident of Marion county, the Mercury says:

"Mr. Foisey came to the Willamette Valley, we believe in 1844. He is a practical printer and set up and printed in pamphlet form the book of Matthew, as translated into the Nez Percé language by Revs. Spaulding and Whitman. This work was printed on the old missionary press, now in the State Library in Salem, a primitive affair when compared to the printing presses of today. He afterward went to California, where he published a paper in the English and Spanish languages, during the war with Mexico, called The Californian. This paper was published at Monterey, and was the first attempt to publish a newspaper in the English language in California. It was afterward merged into the Alta California. If we were not mistaken Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gray, at present residing on the farm of their son-in-law in this county (Mr. Jacob Kammi), were employed in translating scriptures and other works printed upon the press at Lapwai.—Astorian.

A COMMON EXCEPTION.—As an instance of what a woman of energy may accomplish by self-dependence, we cite the following:

A certain woman, Mrs. M., was cruelly deceived in the character of the man she had married, and left him, after the birth of a son. Her father wanted to take her home, but she preferred to make a home for herself. Leaving the child with her sisters, she went out dress-making, and as soon as she had earned a little money, got together some articles of clothing for women, and opened a store. She was soon able to take her child home, and employ women to work for her. Her son received a good business education, and continued to live in his mother's home after his marriage. A niece, also, was taken into her family, and educated at her expense. One day Mrs. M. was called to the death-bed of a woman who begged her to take her little daughter, and bring her up in her own home. She could not refuse her prayers, and took the little girl home, who now lives, a happy mother herself, to bless and reverse the memory of her benefactor. Grandchildren also were brought under the same watchful care, after the death of her mother. Mrs. M. was a woman of good sense, force of character, and unusual business capacity. If such results are possible, without previous training, what may we not expect from women who have greater advantages?"

Margaret Fuller never wrote truer words than these: "Man is not willingly ungenerous. He wants faith and love, because he is not yet himself an elevated being. He cries with sneering skepticism, 'Give us a sign!' But the sign appears, his eyes glister and he signs not merely approval, but homage."

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 Wrong 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.

An Opium-Eater Reformed.

It is a matter for rejoicing when one has been found so strong as to overcome the influence of a habit which was destroying his moral and physical life slowly, but surely. Of all habits which one may contract, none is so severe and imperious in its exactions upon the strength and time of the victim as the use of opium, and extinction of its toll seems next to the miraculous. Some persons have been known to recover their manhood after years of subjection to the opium tyrant, but their number is so painfully small, when a case of "recovery" is reported we think that the good have reason to feel deep gratification. If the results of Messrs. Moody and Saukey's public meetings include the reform of a few men and women heretofore bound by habits of intemperance, or of drug-eating, and the following case indicates some efficiency in this way, we put in a most cordial vote for the continuance of such redeeming work. The utility of it is beyond question. The Church Union is authority for what is hereafter related.

"Mr. Peter Banta, a ship-joiner, fifty-one years of age, living at No. 100 Ninth street, Brooklyn, E. D., received a compound fracture of the left leg July 3d, 1860. The leg is an inch and quarter shorter than the right, and has improved one ounce of Munn's elixir of opium to stop the intense pain. He gradually increased the dose until he took three ounces a day. After the leg was well he continued it for about three years and a half, when he commenced taking a simple of morphine, twenty-six grains a day, one hundred and eighty grains a week, or six hundred grains a month. Has taken twenty grains at a dose, and frequently thirty grains at a dose. Eight years ago he attempted to reform, but stopped its use, which made him so delirious that his physicians and friends feared he would die if he continued to do without it. He then renewed the habit, with occasional seasons of partial reformation, which were uniformly followed by great distress, delirium, and such dangerous indications that he soon relapsed into his old habit. When the special religious services were held at the Hippodrome last March, he attended, and went to the lecture room, where he was urged to discontinue the habit and become a Christian; was made the subject of prayer, and great solicitude was manifested in his behalf by Mr. Moody and others. On the 13th of March he took a full dose, and was taken to a place in New York City, away from his family, where he could be properly cared for, and seen by those who had become so deeply interested in his welfare. From Monday, the 13th, till Wednesday, the 15th, he was in the room, where he was urged to discontinue the habit and become a Christian; was made the subject of prayer, and great solicitude was manifested in his behalf by Mr. Moody and others. 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