

HER LOT;

OR,
How She Was Protected.

By MRS. A. J. DUNWAT.

AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN DOWD,"
"AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY
HOME," "THE WOMAN'S SISTER,"
"MADGE MORRISON,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XXV.

Often there was not one well woman
in the neighborhood to wait upon the
sick ones. At all our gatherings, quilting
bees, log rollings, and the like, the
principal theme of our conversation
when the men were out of hearing was
the family question; and no wonder, for
certainly it was the theme that most vi-
tally concerned us.

We were not a new-fashioned com-
munity. We had not learned aught
concerning the numerous later-day hy-
potheses that have been invented and
indulged to hide hygienic villainies. We
believed emphatically and implicitly
in the command by Moses to women
to multiply and replenish the earth,
while we also believed with equal ear-
nestness that men were the only portion
of the human family who were to have
dominion, and thereby subdue the same
terrestrial habitation.

To this day I do not imagine why or
when the division thus universally ac-
knowledged by us began. Nor can I
explain the reason, if one there be, why
woman, who brings forth children in
sorrow, should ever have considered it
her duty to endure the double curse of
eating her bread and providing the
same for her family in the sweat of her
face. But it is very certain that we all
did so believe, I because of my English
birth, being much more systematically
and constantly devoted in the theory of
obedience than the others. Because my
protector entirely ignored his share of
our mutual moral responsibility in pro-
viding for his family, it was doubly
necessary for me to be vigilant.

The care of my twins bore heavily
upon me. Then Gerald, once my baby,
and after a few struggling years a mis-
shapen and delicate youth, grew more
and more into the similitude of that
despicable Elder Chalmers, both in fea-
ture and disposition. And then another
calamity burst upon me in all its ap-
palling horror. The poor boy was now
cursed with the inherited appetite for
rum. Never shall I forget my feelings
as he was one day brought to me in a
perfect stupor of drunkenness, and I
realized for the first time that the dis-
ease, or sin, of the parent was indeed
upon him. Poor afflicted boy! How I
had loved him as my boy to arms, an
innocent bundle of breathing humanity,
when I was far away in Melbourne.
How intensified my love had grown
when he became the innocent victim of
a fell misfortune that marred his beauty
and compelled him to go mad and
halt through a thwarted life. But oh,
how terribly intense was my devotion
to the erring unfortunate when I awoke
to the awful truth that he was not only
a cripple, but a sot!

Ah, me!
Good reader, spare me. Even now I
must shut my eyes as I shudder upon
the verge of the awful horror that then
froze my heart's blood.
The disposition of my eldest born was
brief, but terrible. If Gerald, my hus-
band, was a scourge when intoxicated,
Gerald, my son, was a terror.
One day they brought him home, not
drunk, but dead! He had been stabbed
to the heart in a Bacchanalian revel,
from which I had been vain to prevent
his presence.

Ah, I little thought in the long ago
that the time would ever come when I
should look upon the death—even the
tragic death—of my erstwhile baby boy
with silent thankfulness. But it did
come.
Thank God, the likeness to Elder
Chalmers died out of his face when the
darling was dead. It was as though the
spirit, ere it left its mortal prison, had
given one expiring gleam of gladness as
it neared its escape from its warped,
mishapen tenement into the realm of a
liberty that carried with it no stamp
of unjust ante-natal conditions with which
to mar its beauty, and no mark of cruel
parental blows to disfigure its fair pro-
portions.

Very calmly I composed the death
wraps on his crooked form. And I can
never tell how dear he was, as through
an eye of faith I saw the promise of a
future wherein he was to walk in the
newness of a life immortal. My heart
was wrung, but I sorrowed not as those
without hope; and yet I knew the boy
had given no outward sign of that re-
pentance which my creed declared to be
necessary to salvation.

"Suffer little children to come unto
me, and forbid them not; for of such is
the kingdom of heaven," said the Man of
Sorrows, who, like my own humble self,
was once acquainted with grief. And
was not my thwarted and benighted
Gerald as a little child because of his
infirmities?

They laid him away in the tangled
ferns of the somber wildwood, and I
wandered every day to the spot where
they had hidden the clay from my sight
forever.

Now, good reader, do not think me
crazy, or imagine I am now or was then
a victim of either mental or visual hal-
lucination. I have said to you that I
felt thankful when my darling was dead.
Once, when I had become so wearied
after a hard day's toil as to be scarcely
able to drag my tired limbs to the som-
ber wildwood, I went, as usual, to the
hallowed retreat, resting and almost
ceasing to think at all, my dear boy
stood before me, as palpably plain as
ever I had seen him in the flesh. And
his form was as erect as the fabled Ap-
ollo's, his features as perfect as those
of the famed Adonis, and his face as
radiant as a summer's sunrise.

"This mortal has put on immortality,
mother mine," he said to me, pointing
to the earth-mound where the casket
lay, and again indicating the glorified
representative of his present self, as he
smiled in ineffable sweetness.

Dear readers, I know I shall be cen-
sured for telling you this. Some of you
will persist in believing, despite my as-
sertion to the contrary, that my intense
affection and earnest longing for my
loved one induced this vision. Others
will know I was mistaken in what I
saw, because of certain vague and dis-
connected prophecies, the product of an
era that tried even more assiduously
than the present one to stifle free inves-
tigation. No matter. I speak only of
that which I know, and testify only of
what I have seen. And let the public
verdict be what it may, I am content
with the knowledge which that real vi-
sion brought me. From that day to the
appointed time till my change, too,
shall come.

But, again I fear I am growing gar-
gantuan. I was telling you about my
twins. But they were not my only chil-
dren after Gerald and Ethel. Like the
other women of our neighborhood of
whom I told you, I thought I obeyed
the divine injunction to the letter. But
I often inwardly rebelled against my
lot, and what I inwardly rebelled
against because I could not help it, my
daughters in their turn have repudiated
openly, because they think it right to
do so. I allude to the subjugation of
their selfhood in the holy domain of
sex. Not that they refuse to bear the
sacred obligations of maternity, and
each reigns a supreme priestess in the
realm of maternal responsibility, and
their children and my grandchildren,
though not so numerous as were my
own little ones, attest the wisdom of
their determination and triumph in
superior health, happiness, and men-
tality.

The world doesn't need more children,
but better ones. But this idea is to me
a late development of my mental un-
derstanding, and has only served me in
my second and third generations.

God had mercifully removed Gerald,
my son, to be with the angels, but for
some mysterious reason he had left Ger-
ald, my husband, to be my terror and
plague spot.

Poor Gerald! He rarely came home
sober after the tragic death of our son.
Indeed, he made his grief the excuse for
increased intemperance. The dogs, the
children, and the very house called at
his approach. Truly, as his wife, I was
compelled to stand the storm and endure
the brunt of his undoing.

I remember one time, as I lay in my
bed, with one of my tiny unwelcome
waifs of a few days old upon my weary
arm, that he came home in the usual
maudlin condition and paid open and,
as I considered, shameless court to a
strapping half-breed woman whom I had
been compelled to employ about our
wretched home till I should be again
upon my feet.

I did not dare to resent the insult to
my wifely dignity, so I smothered my
disgust till I became the victim of a
raging fever. While I was half fligh-
ty with the intensity of the fever, my hus-
band hailed a bevy of passing miners,
all more or less under the influence of
liquor, the same as himself, and calling
them into our parlour of a sitting-room,
bade them wait till he could bring for-
ward and exhibit his new heirloom. It was
raining, and the day was cool, and I was
afraid to trust my delicate baby in his
unsteady hands.

Alas, did I not well remember the
fate of Gerald, my boy?

Weak as I was, I raised my will, and
the will of a mother aroused for the
safety of her offspring is not trifling, be-
she ever so weak, and I ordered the men
from the house and forbade my pro-
tector to remove the babe from the bed.

Perhaps the latent sense of modesty,
sobriety, and justice was aroused in
these men, for they silently withdrew,
mounted their horses, and rode away.

Gerald felt that his dignity as head of
his own house had been insulted. I have
always noticed that the lower a man
falls in the social and moral scale, the
more his imaginary dignity rises, and
the easier he considers himself of-
fended therein.

The coarse woman I had employed as
temporary domestic agreed with my
illegitimate denunciations of my de-
voted head, and I was already well-nigh
crazed with their abuse and insolence,
when my husband, who stood at the
foot of my bed—a frail, rickety thing
my own hands had long ago constructed
—and shaking his bed violently, threw
it to the ground with a crash.

My terrified screams were mingled
with the shrieks of the frightened chil-

dren, who rushed frantically upon the
fallen structure and struggled to rescue
their infant sister from the wreck,
wherein I lay as helpless as the babe
itself.

How I recovered from that cruel
shock I really cannot tell. Sometimes
I think women possess more than the
nine lives attributed to domestic cats.

My children helped me, as best they
could, to take refuge in another bed,
where I lay for weeks in a weary, un-
feebled state, from which at last I rose,
the mere wreck of even the miserable
hulk I had been.

Then came another trial. In my
English simplicity, I had not deemed it
worth my while to pay any attention to
such division of our landed domain as
would or could have placed me in men-
surably independent circumstances.

Gerald and I owned each the half of a
square mile of land in fee simple, and it
so happened, I suppose because it was
my lot, that the crude improvements I
had been able to make were upon that
portion which was allotted to my hus-
band.

After a while a cow was missing, and
then again another, and I learned that
both had been seized by the proprietor
of the village store in payment for rum.

Then the love for Gerald that I had
litherto galvanized into intervals of
spasmodic life, in spite of his cruelty,
died out because of the threatened abso-
lute destitution of my children.

But again, as I had a thousand times
before asked myself, came up the old
question, What shall I do? and whether
shall I go from his presence?

Had I not repeatedly, when my life
was young, and my strength and ambi-
tion in full play, essayed to steal away
from him and engage in business for
myself? And had he not always found
me and broken up my plans? What,
then, could I now do, with a half-dozen
children, all girls—for Gerald, my son,
was not? How was I to keep my fam-
ily together, except under my roof,
which, poor as it was, still offered us an
apology for shelter from the storms?

So I redoubled my weak exertions,
and managed in every possible way to
eke out an income. To wash and iron,
and cook, and milk, and churn; to make
garden, gather berries, dry fruit, and
raise chickens; to wash dishes, do cham-
ber-work, nurse babies, and bear chil-
dren, would certainly seem to be work
enough for one woman, and could give
reasonable excuse for the employment
of half-a-dozen; but all this work was
accomplished daily and weekly, year by
year, by my own efforts, and is being
performed to this day by a million of
so-called protected wives and mothers
in the land. Yet, in addition to the
work above named, which is indispen-
sable in every farm-house, I did all the
plain sewing for men that I could pro-
cure. I made miners' shirts, drawers,
and overalls for good round prices, and
sold pies and cold lunches to passing
teamsters, thereby earning enough to
keep my children fed, clothed, and pro-
vided with books.

As long as my poor home was spared
to me, we did not suffer; but one after-
noon when, after an extremely hard
day's work, I was sitting on the door-
step nursing my babe upon the over-
heated milk that I knew was a slow
poison to its constitution, a bevy of men
came over from the adjacent town and
wandered about the town, while Gerald
looked on uneasily.

"What in the world are those fellows
searching for?" I asked, with a strange
sense of apprehension, as inexplicable
as unexpected.

"What d'ye want to know for?" was
the curt reply.

I was so thoroughly accustomed to
Gerald's way of addressing me that his
answer did not stir a ripple, even of dis-
gust, in my tired breast. He was lying
on a settle outside the door, resting, as
was his habit whenever the weather was
warm. Indeed, I often envied him the
rest he was able to take while I and the
little girls were struggling for bread.

"See," said I. "They're examining
the fences and the orchard and the
spring and the garden, and everything.
Gerald, what does it mean?" I asked,
with my heart in my throat.

"I s'pose it means that they want to
see what kind of property they're about
to possess," was the careless reply.

A pang like the sudden thrust and
twist of a poniard darted through my
breast, and I gasped for breath.

"Gerald, are you proposing to sell the
home?" I asked, as soon as I could speak.

"My creditors have kindly relieved
me of the trouble," he answered, with
an oath.

"O, Gerald!"

"Stop your pussy-cat whining, old
woman, or I'll shut up your head with
my doubled fist! You needn't 'O, Ger-
ald' me!"

"But are we to have no home at all?"

"No!" with another fearful oath.

"You've made me what I am by your
want of respect, and your general mis-
conduct. The sheriff has levied on the
ranch, and it's to be bidden off to-mor-
row by the men who are now exami-
ning their property. Don't be a fool.
There'll be some hungry yet; though I've
never gone hungry yet; provided if I only
had the proper sort of a wife I'd not be
here."

This was another remark I was ac-
customed to, and so I did not mind it.
"But, Gerald, how came you to be so
deeply involved?" I asked, with my
heart in my throat.

"Ask Morse," he answered, alluding to
the proprietor of the "store" in the
village, where he spent the most of his
time and everything else he could com-
mand for his uses.

"O, my God! Is there nothing I can
do that will save us a shelter?" I wailed,
as I rose to lay aside my baby and pre-
pare the evening meal for the family,
with what zest the reader can judge.

[To be continued.]

"Six Senators on the Woman Question."

Under the above head the editor of
Woman's World, published at Phila-
delphia, this comments upon the report
of the "committee on privileges and
elections," Senators Wadleigh, McMil-
lan, Ingalls, Merittman and Salisbury,
relative to the petition for a Sixteenth
Amendment. This report we published
in our issue of July 12th, and we trust
our readers will read it again and then
read the following:

Several millions of women in this re-
public have always been denied the
right to assist in making the laws
which they are required to obey, are
totally inexperienced in political af-
fairs, and for whom there continues to
institute a government based upon moral
force, but they should become
"experienced in political affairs," and
equal in wisdom and statesmanship to
the freedmen, Mexicans and Choctaws.

These women "are quite generally de-
pendent upon men," whom they en-
dowed with life, brought safely through
the trying periods of teething, measles,
whooping-cough, scarlet fever and the
kindred ills, and for whom they continue
to labor, without pay, until their white
hairs drop into the grave.

Women can not, or will not fight,
and if they are permitted to take part in
legislation, they may undertake to in-
stitute a government based upon moral
force, in which case they will be more
soundly whipped by their natural pro-
tectors at the ballot-box than wives of
drunken men are at home, and will
learn to their cost that they are gov-
ernment of muscle, and not of brains. If
they should persist in voting under such
circumstances, the race will be exterminated.

As we do not know the wishes of
these million of women on this subject,
never having given them an opportunity
to express their opinions in the
manner most women would prefer, by a
silent vote, we conclude that they are
inflexibly opposed to it "by a large ma-
jority," and we propose to protect them
from the fearful responsibility of doing
what they please about governing them-
selves, which responsibility so many of
their natural rulers "seek to evade."

For the above reasons it would be ob-
viously unjust, unwise, and impolitic to
grant the prayers of the women who
have petitioned us to recognize their
right to self-government. The large
number of names presented this session
asking for this amendment were pro-
cured by the Woman Suffrage societies,
thoughtfully organized, and by zealous
managers, who, being "totally in-
experienced in political affairs," and
—but it wasn't much of a shower, any-
way, and "no evidence" of anything but
it is "strongly urged" that women
are subject to oppression and injustice.

Now, everybody knows that the strong
cannot and do not oppress the weak,
though they are sometimes tempted to
do so. We predict that this railroad
will ere long be one of the most favored
routes for tourists, because every portion
of its surroundings will ever figure most
prominently in the historical annals of
our country. Starting from here, it
touches old and ancient Alexandria,
whose Washington land-marks will
ever keep it alive. A few miles west
of that city reaches Manassas, and from
there to Charlottesville it touches near
the great battle-fields of Manassas, Bull
Run, Brandy and Bristow Stations, Ce-
dar Mountain, near Culpeper Court-
house, Chantilly, Centerville, etc.
Every foot of the country has been oc-
cupied by troops and for warfare, and no
one to whom the Rebellion has any in-
terest can resist the inclination, at some
time or another, to visit these historical
places. It flanks the foot-hills of the
Blue Ridge Mountains and touches the
great Piedmont region, which, extend-
ing from the Potomac River down
through Virginia, Tennessee and Ala-
bama, will be eventually the greatest
agricultural center of the United States.

From near Alexandria to Charlottesville
the road runs through an immense
plain, as susceptible of improvement
and grain and grass growing, as the fa-
mous Genesee Valley of New York
State. Grass, the great desideratum of
the farmer, grows luxuriantly every-
where. France does not surpass it for
wheat purposes, while the mild winters
render stock-growing an easy matter in
comparison with the rigorous climate of
Northern latitudes. The fine markets of
Washington and Baltimore will always
enable the farmer to dispose of his pro-
ducts, and we know of no place East or
West which offers so many inducements
to the immigrant as this Pied-
mont region. Charlottesville, with its
Monticello and University, the legacies
of the immortal Jefferson, must ever be
a place of resort. Here the Chesapeake
and Ohio railroad debouches into the
plain from the mountains, and from
this point distributes its immense
freights of lumber and minerals north-
ward and to Richmond. We feel as-
sured that Alexandria and Washington
will yet become, through these inter-
ests, great shipping-marts, and that
from here to Charlottesville will become
as thickly-settled, thrifty and wealthy
as that between Albany and Buffalo on
the New York Central, and that, too, in
a very few years. Immigration once
turned southward will quickly settle
upon these plains and foot-hills, and en-
joy their superior advantages of soil and
climate. We spent nearly four years
among these hills after the war as an
army officer, and can bear witness,

Even so much favoritism is
shown women in courts that men do
not stand any chance, and if women are
prepared to administer law—but that is
another question. The States are already grant-
ing suffrage to women without any very
detrimental results, and the States which
have granted it believe in it more than
the States which have not. In a free
country it would never answer to allow
three-fourths of the people to decide any
question. The remaining one-fourth
might be averse to it.

For these reasons the committee re-
ported back the Woman Suffrage resolu-
tion with a recommendation that it be
indefinitely postponed.

CHRISTIAN NAMES.—At the recent
commencement of Boston University,
there were 187 graduates from the dif-
ferent schools—between 35 and 40 of
them women. The catalogue is ac-
cordingly, and it seems absurd to
Latinize the names of students. We
have become somewhat accustomed to
the pranks played with the names of
boys, but the absurdity becomes more
evident when we find that girls' names
become Latinized. *Georgina* and
Arthur are bad enough; *Patricia* is
not so common a form of Patrick. One
wonders if *Samia* is the Latin of Sam;
but *Juditha*, *Florentia*, *Chamberlayne*,
Fiducia, *Jessamine*, and other names of
class are made absurd by the scholastic
change, all the more so because they are
in company with Sara, Anna, and Mar-
tha, plain names that require no change.
There seems to be no more reason in
giving a student a Latin name than
there would be in dressing him in a
toga, or in adding, or is supposed to
add, to the dignity of the boys, the girls
must submit, for the sake of equal
rights and equal wrongs.

Mrs. J. J. Astor, of New York, instead
of sending her son to give \$1,500 to the
Children's Aid Society, which was im-
mediately to send one hundred boys
to homes in the West. If Mrs. Stub-
bery Shobbery and her friend, Mrs.
Grundy, would adopt this sensible sug-
gestion of a sensible woman when their
daughters marry, there would be more
hope for fashionable weddings than
now. As it is, most of them are mere
selfish parades of egotism and folly.

Some one talked of challenging
Choate's vote on the ground that he
could not write. "Better not," said a
friend; "he will hand in a specimen of
his penmanship, and then challenge
your vote on the ground that you cannot
read."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

It is often pleasant to review mem-
ories of the past where fraught with in-
teresting incidents, and under such im-
pulses we visited Lynchburg and Dan-
ville, Virginia, recently, that we might
note the familiar ground of soldier days
during and subsequent to the war.
Taking a train on our "alphabetical
railroad"—the Washington City, Vir-
ginia Midland and Great Southern—we
ran through that portion of Virginia
which, during the whole war, was one
continued scene of marching and fight-
ing, and there is hardly a station be-
tween here and Lynchburg but what
has many war reminiscences connected
with it. At Manassas still appear some
of the forts and earth-works thrown up
in 1861 and 1862, which, though dis-
mantled and with broken and crumbled
fences and ditches, remind us of severe
exhausting marches in the mud and
cold and wet of those winters, and re-
call, too, the inevitable hard-luck and
tough beef meted out to us by the Com-
missary Department, as well as the
faces and voices of many comrades of
the eleven years, who long since
spread their silent tents on the eternal
camping-ground of the other world. Of
those who were spared to life, Schurz is
Secretary of the Interior, Devens At-
torney-General, Le Duc Commissioner
of Agriculture. Sigel is in private
walks, making, we hope, his mark as
brightly as those who are wearing his
political honors, and there are many
others who are doing life's duty as
bravely and nobly as when battling for
their country with lives pinned to their
sleeves for an enemy's bullet to pluck
off. We could not help a fervid "Thank
God! The sword of civil war has been
beaten into the pruning-hook of peace."

Here, where grim-visaged war had one
vast slaughter-pen, the husbandman
has reappeared with all the parapher-
nalia of comfort and tranquillity, and
the contrast between the present indica-
tions of peace and amity and the rain
and devastation of war times is simply
sublime. Nothing then was spared.
The bullet, the fire, and the soldier's
stomach swept out of existence every-
thing which could be appropriated. A
rough board shanty constituted the only
building at Manassas at one time when
we were there, but now appears a town
whose numbers of freshly-painted new
houses almost rouse the question: "Was
war ever here? Everywhere from
Washington to Gordonsville, houses,
fences, cattle, sheep, cultivated fields,
etc., have supplanted the tent, the cor-
ral of army wagons and mules, and the
wastes made by an army, and show us
with most undisputable signs that this
afflicted portion of our country is now
entering upon an era of progress and
improvement which will make it event-
ually one of the grandest spots of the
nation. We predict that this railroad
will ere long be one of the most favored
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as that between Albany and Buffalo on
the New York Central, and that, too, in
a very few years. Immigration once
turned southward will quickly settle
upon these plains and foot-hills, and en-
joy their superior advantages of soil and
climate. We spent nearly four years
among these hills after the war as an
army officer, and can bear witness,

Domestic servants in India occa-
sionally display an amount of ingenuity
in dealing with their employers which
would not discredit their European breth-
ren. A Calcutta paper relates that a khit-
malgar in the employ of a gentleman in
that city, having completed his month,
and feeling disinclined to remain in the
service of his employer, probably be-
cause he had a better engagement else-
where, feigned illness and took leave
earlier than usual. The following morn-
ing his employer was waited upon by a
host of people, men and women, who
claimed relationship with the dead ser-
vant, attired themselves as if in mourn-
ing, and exhibiting the deepest emotion,
announced, with tears in their eyes,
the death of Mrs. Sarah Helen Poe
Whitman, an American poetess of some
celebrity, who had been announced. The
deceit occurred at her native place, Pro-
vidence, Rhode Island, where Mrs. Whit-
man has resided since 1833. Her liter-
ary career commenced nearly half a
century ago. She will be best remem-
bered from her acquaintance with Edgar
Allen Poe, to whom it was understood
she was engaged to be married. But
Poe entered upon one of his unfortunate
drinking bouts, and the lady shrunk
from such an alliance. At that time
she was a widow, her husband, a lawyer
of Boston, having died in 1833. Mrs.
Whitman retained a lingering regard
for Poe, and in 1850 she published a de-
fense of his character and genius in a
volume entitled "Edgar Allen Poe and
his Critics." Her other best known
books are "Hours of Life and Other Po-
ems," and "Fair Ballads," published in
1867. In the last named she was as-
sisted by her sister, Annie Marsh
Power. Mrs. Whitman was born in
1809 and married in 1823.

The editor of a country newspaper
gives his opinion of a rival thus: "We
hope we shall not be called upon again
to crush the crawling mass of poisonous
vituperation."

A sprig of heart's ease will take root
under the right conditions, but very few
people cultivate it.

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BY S. O. S. REDNA.