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The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

FACT, FATE AND FANCY;

OR,

More Ways of Living than One.

BY MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY.

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

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CHAPTER VII.

While it is proverbially true that young girls are easily captured by handsome clothes, and tender speeches of comparatively effeminate men, it is true that middle-aged women usually exhibit, when free to choose at all, a decided preference for strength of character and physique in the sterner sex. We have seen that Mrs. Emerson's good sense asserted itself in the beginning of her acquaintance with Alonzo Snowden, for she at that time estimated him at his real worth. And we have also seen that he adroitly insinuated himself into her good graces through a skillful play upon her most cherished memories, and easily made her a creature of his will. But, when he was well out of sight and hearing, and she had had time to reflect a little, the good woman felt the full force of her own folly in having allowed herself to be so readily captured by his oily speeches.

But it was too late to retreat now, she thought. She had given her word, and her simple word was as binding always as anybody's oath. So she would make the best of it, and maybe she could always hold and guide him through his love for her. Her natural affection for her daughters was inexpressibly tender. She had long looked forward to matrimony as one of the inevitable consequences of their existence, but it had been her chief endeavor to so manage that when such alliance should come, she would not, in its consummation, be deprived of her children's society. But now that the wedding day was fixed, and she would be permitted to have and hold her daughters as her very own for only one remaining little month, during the major half of which the Captain would be away from home on official business, she fairly counted the precious minutes as they glided past.

A country wedding is an occasion of general merry-making. Everybody in the range of the bride's or groom's acquaintance is offended unless numbered among the guests. The work of preparing the feast is a laborious one, compared to which such labor in a city home is but as child's play. The housewife must be at once her own gardener, dairy-maid, butcher, baker and confectioner. There is no chance to order what is needed from regular venders, and if there were, the woman who would or could indulge the alleged extravagance would be the theme of ill-natured gossip among the less fortunate neighbors for an ensuing twelve-month.

Mrs. Emerson toiled like a galley slave, in the barn-yard, garden and kitchen, while Lillie and Grace plied their deft and busy fingers over a wardrobe that was to be the envy of every rustic maiden in all the region round about.

No woman in all the country could rival Mrs. Emerson in the culinary art, when she chose to set her mind to it and do her best. Such pyramids of cake, such loaves of snowy bread and rolls of golden butter, such jellies and tarts, and custards and ices; such pickles, chow-chow and condiments unnamable; such roast turkey and chicken salad; such pies, preserves and marmalades as she would furnish for that wedding feast, would be the envy of the entire neighborhood, and the nine days' wonder when the wedding should be over.

When Mrs. Emerson was alone with Lillie, she would confide to her such doubts and misgivings concerning Grace's future as most heavily oppressed her, and when alone with Grace, she would not hesitate to relieve her mind of a portion of her solicitude for Lillie's happiness. But, one day, when the momentous wedding was drawing very near, and some of the unfinished mountains of pastry cooking loomed up formidably before the patient, willing drudge Grace was called from her deliberations over her tucked and ruffled bridal robe of white muslin, to assist in beating eggs for icing. She obeyed reluctantly.

"I see no kind of use in all this fuss and nonsense, mother," she said, using the beater in a savage way, indicative of a future war upon what she evidently considered unnecessary culinary labor.

"It's the last thing I'll have any chance to do for you, child, and I want to make the very best display I can, afore you belong to somebody else," replied the mother.

"I don't need forty barrels o' victuals to get married on," was the snappish rejoinder.

"But you know, child, there'll be a heap o' people here."

"Bother the people. If you'd be sensible, you'd make no display over the wedding except to re-furnish that dingy sitting-room, and brighten the old house up everywhere, and that ought to be done if nobody ever marries. I really don't belive in stuffing a crowd on a wedding occasion or any other, like they were so many hogs. Let people eat at home."

"No doubt that's the way your pap and I'll be treated in 'Lonzo's city home, child. But I want to give your new relations a bountiful feed once in their lives."

"Mother, I'm half inclined to rue my bargain," said Grace, holding aloft the egg-beater, from which depended a mass of stiffening foam.

"Rue your bargain, child, what for?"

"Mr. Snowden promised to build a city home with an observatory, and everything scientific and beautiful. And now, when all the arrangements are made, and it's too late to break off the marriage without a public scandal, he makes an entirely different arrangement with you and father, without consulting me, as though I was nobody. And the first thing I know, I find it all settled that we're to take the timber and brush claim that coyotes wouldn't live on, and go to work on it like old people for the rest of our days. It doesn't seem right at all. It wasn't what I bargained for, and I feel like telling him so."

"My child, I hope you won't do nothin' silly. I do feel kinder worried about some things, but not about your livin' near me. The life your mother's led afore you, is good enough for you, I reckon. And then, 'Lonzo only consented to move onto the claim to please your mother."

"I should have thought I was the one to be consulted," answered Grace.

"Never mind, dear. You'll like it after a while. I'm principally concerned about Lillie's feller," dropping her voice, or rather raising it to a sharp whisper, which Lillie clearly overheard.

"And why are you concerned about Lillie's affairs? Isn't she all right?"

"I'm afraid John ain't the man to make her happy."

"Why?"

"She don't seem happy now, and a woman that loves her husband as she ort to love him, to endure him at all, will hardly be sighin' and cryin' half her nights while she's makin' her taggery to git married in."

"I think John's perfectly splendid, mother. He has made no false promises to Lill, and that's one comfort."

"Well, child, it's too late now to be goin' back on your promises. Besides, 'Lonzo is so tender hearted like, he'd die if you jilted him."

"Mother, do you really feel that I have been wise in submitting to this engagement and its early consumation?"

"What do *you* think about the wisdom of it, child?"

"I wish I'd never seen Alonzo Snowden, so there!" and Grace stamped her foot in her vehemence.

"Then what made you promise to marry him?"

"I was bewitched, and I was a fool."

"The Lord love you, child, but I sometimes wonder if I haven't been a fool about it myself."

"Mother, I believe you were as badly bewitched as I. When Mr. Snowden is in my presence, I am wholly in his power. He overshadows me, and I am too happy to have proper control of my senses. But I am afraid everthing isn't right with him. There's more gush about him than true feeling, and more moonshine than real sentiment. He'd have made a far more suitable husband for Lill than he can possibly be for me."

Good reader, you will agree with me that such doubts as these were not destined to prepare the mind of Grace for that perfect rapture in her new relation which is the acme of all legitimate love in orthodox novels. But this is not an orthodox novel, nor do I ever consider it worth my while to attempt to write one. If I should attempt it, I should surely fail; for life, to me and mine, has been too real to admit my even dwelling long enough upon the delectable mountains of purely fictitious fancy to perform the necessary labor to complete such a task, even if I should begin it. And now, as you have had ample opportunity, in this most leisurely narrative to understand the feelings of the Emerson family and the different motives that prompted them in consummating the forthcoming nuptials, allow me to transport you into the city and introduce you to the home of Alonzo Snowden. Imagine a square, brown, double-storied residence with green shutters and wide veranda, in the center of a sightly block, surrounded by a growth of fruit trees of sufficient density to shut the dwelling in with an atmosphere of almost impenetrable gloom.

Alonzo Snowden, Sr., was in reality a pork-packer. The gold and grain brokerage of which Alonzo, Jr., had spoken to his future father-in-law, was a fiction invented by that youthful genius at an instant when prompt action was a prime necessity. The senior Snowden's store was a dingy brick, and stood away down town, hard by the wharves, convenient to transportation, and overlooking the dirt and offal from which such portions of any city are seldom wholly free. Great layers of rusty bacan flanked one entire side of the gloomy building, festooned by spiders' webs and surrounded with mould and dampness. Across the room, on the other side of an alley-way, made by the commodities in which he dealt, were great layers of rusty salt sacks, covered also with mould and damp, and overhung with spiders' webs. The senior Snowden was a middle-aged little man, with pinched features and a bald head, a narrow chest, white, bristly beard, and long, clutching fingers, suggestive of hard bargains and greed.

When Alonzo junior returned from his successful wooing and entered the paternal presence, the senior Snowden raised his keen, grey eyes and peeped anxiously from underneath his white, shaggy eyebrows with a tremendous eagerness.

"What luck, my son?"

"Decidedly splendid, old man."

Father and son had by this time sauntered through the alley-way of salt and bacon, and entered the little den, called by courtesy a counting-room, though it was only separated from the remainder of the long, dingy, damp apartment by a dirty railing, inside of which were a few stools and a rusty stove.

"Let's hear all about it, my boy," and the old man leaned forward from his seat on a stool and laid his bony, claw-like hand in an attitude of eager clutching upon his son's effeminate fingers.

"I thought the one of 'em that was here on a visit would draw the prize, governor, and I left home with the intention of laying siege to her in dead earnest. But I saw when I got there, that a younger wench, a sister of the rustic Lillie, would be a more desirable catch, and so I bent my bow and sprung it, and *won*, by George."

"But the acres, my boy, the acres. I don't give a fig for the wench without 'em."

"Oh, governor, they're all right. You see, I played it rather shrewd, for I knew the house of 'Snowden & Snowden' would be financially snowed in for all time if we didn't make something win."

"How soon are you to be married, my boy?"

"That's to be settled between you and the young lady's father. By the way, governor, I made a deuce of a break when the old man commanded me to tell what my occupation was. I said we were gold and grain brokers, and when he writes to you for confirmation, remember you must corroborate my story, or the jig will be up."

"Why did you tell him that unnecessary lie?"

"It wasn't unnecessary, nor was it wholly a lie. True, it might take a lively imagination to construe it strictly into the truth, but when a fellow's in a devilish strait, he must make the most of his chances."

"I understand, my boy, and I'll fix all that. But, how much is the land worth that you spoke of as coming with the girl?"

"Since the railway has been surveyed through it, it will fetch at least fifty dollars an acre. Fifteen thousand's a nice little lump to help one out of a pinch."

"Will it command a ready sale?"

"I should say it would. At any rate, it will mortgage for ten thousan' or so, if it won't sell."

"But suppose the old people see fit to settle it upon *her*?"

"Then I'll—father, you must not allow it."

"I won't, my son, I won't. I'll explain, if the old man says anything, that my son will bring fifteen thousan' cash to the union which is to be settled, unconditionally, upon both husband and wife. And he will then see that it will be mean—deuced mean, for him to be piggish, when I'm to be so liberal."

"Father, I feel like a villain!"

"How now, my boy? How now?"

"Why, I have found those people so unsophisticated and honest, and Grace is such a natural beauty, and would be so splendid a wife under better conditions, that I haven't the face to—father, I hardly dare—"

The young man here fairly broke down, and pausing, covered his face in his hands.

"You don't dare, you dog, don't you? But you *do* dare to see your poor father with one foot in the grave, arrested for forgery, *don't you, my boy, don't you?*" and the angry and frightened senior Snowden clutched the arm of his son yet tighter with his eager, bony hands, and glared at him like a hungry tiger.

"O, father! Is it as bad as that?" asked the young man, desperately.

"As bad as that, my son, and worse, worse, worse."

"Then, father, I will do the best I can to help you through your trouble. I'll marry the girl, and make love to her greasy mother, and accept all the disagreeable conditions of a distasteful relationship, and do my best to accept them all cheerfully."

"You talk about resigning yourself to your lot, as though it was for my sake that you are to be a martyr. Tell me, boy, tell me! Who got me into this trouble? Who? who? who?"

"Will ten thousan' save you?"

"If I can get it with a month, yes, yes, yes."

"Then, father, you shall have it, or else I'll prove no angler for a human heart and hand."

"Bless you, my boy, bless you. You have well nigh ruined your father, but I'll forgive everything if you'll only get me the ten thousan' before that note falls due."

[To be continued.]

Free thought is needed for the search of truth.

OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER NUMBER TEN.

UP THE RHINE.

The most interesting thing about Cologne is the magnificent Gothic Cathedral whose foundation was laid more than 600 years ago, and the building is not yet completed. Parts of it have been used at various times during several hundred years for church purposes, and the entire structure was converted by Napoleon I. into a hay magazine. In 1842 the work of restoring and completing the grand edifice was commenced by government, and since then more than $3,500,000 have been expended in this way. At the present time there are about four hundred men employed, and it is thought the building will be completed within two years. The intended height of the main tower is five hundred and eleven feet, which will be the loftiest known work of man. A bell weighing twenty-five tons has been recently cast for the cathedral from cannon captured from the French in the last war. The stained glass windows and various interior decorations are fine and worth the careful attention of the tourist.

The church of St. Ursula is said to contain the bones of the 11,000 virgin attendants of St. Ursula who were slaughtered by the Huns in 450 and buried here. A large part of the interior walls of the church is ornamented with boxes of these bones. There are several hundred bushels of them in all, and a more ghastly sight can scarcely be imagined. The treasury of the church contains memorials of the Saint, her sarcophagus, her arm and skull, a gold ring which she wore, and the arrow with which she was killed. Among other sacred relics we are shown an alabaster jar from the marriage supper at Cana, some of the bones of St. Stephen, and two thorns from our Savior's crown.

On our former visit we spent a Sabbath in the city, and had a good illustration of the way it is observed in Catholic German cities. Walking through one of the principal streets, we found most of the shops open, and all kinds of business going on much as usual. Soon there came along a Jesuit procession of several hundred men, women and children in holiday attire with banners, lighted candles and a brass band. The shops were closed temporarily, oak branches scattered in the street, innummerable little flags hung out, images brought to sight, little shrines lighted, and flowers cast under the feet of the priests who were heading the procession. As soon as it was past, business went on as before. There were formal services at the cathedral and the many churches. In the afternoon and evening there was music, dancing and drinking in a large beer garden connected with our hotel on the bank of the river. The revelry, including the playing of a large band, was kept up until nearly midnight, when the entertainment ended with a fine display of fireworks. The Sabbath here, as generally on the continent, is merely a great holiday.

Leaving Cologne by steamer, there is little of interest until we reach the university town of Bonn, which was one of the first fortresses of the Romans on the Rhine, and was frequently mentioned by Tacitus. The university buildings, like those of all the great educational institutions of Germany, are insignificant and unworthy a visit unless the traveler learns from it that a great university does not consist in fine buildings, but in distinguished professors.

A little above Bonn we come to the Seven Mountains, of which the most noted, Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock, is mentioned by Byron, as,

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine."

From a ruined castle on its summit there is one of the finest and most extended views on the whole Rhine. In the side of the mountain toward the river can be seen the mouth of the cave in which there once lived a terrible dragon, who ate half a dozen men for his dinner every day, and was worshipped by the idolaters who lived in the vicinity. But a beautiful captive Christian maiden was given to him as a part of his daily rations, who held the cross toward the monster as he opened his mouth to receive her, which so terrified him that he sprang into the Rhine and was never seen more. In proof of the story, you can see with your own eyes the cavern in which the monster lived.

Just beyond, on the other side of the river, is the mountain and ruined arch of Rolandseck castle, opposite the island of Nonnenwerth, which was built by the brave Knight Roland on his return from the Crusades, in order that he might overlook the convent on the island in which his lady love had taken refuge when she heard the rumor of his death. This beautiful legend of his knightly devotion is the subject of one of Schiller's finest ballads, "The Knight of Toggenburg."

At Linz are extensive quarries of basalt, which is here found in hexagonal columns of from three to ten inches in diameter. These columns are used largely in the construction of dykes in Holland. Neuwied received the Moravians after their expulsion from Moravia during the thirty years war, and from this center they have spread over the whole world.

In half an hour more we are at the beautifully situated city of Coblenz, at the junction of the Rhine and Moselle. On the opposite side is the Gibraltar of the Rhine, the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which is practically invulnerable. It can be defended by five hundred men, and can accommodate one hundred thousand, and its magazines will contain provisions for eight hundred for ten years. Twelve miles from Coblenz is Ems, the favorite resort of the German Emperor, where, in 1870, King William brought on the French war by his sharp reply to an obtrusive French ambassador. Coblenz was the birthplace of the distinguished Austrian Prime Minister, Prince Metternich. From Coblenz to Bingen, a distance of thirty-seven miles, is the finest scenery on the Rhine.

Three miles above Coblenz is the castle of Stolzenfels, on a precipitous rock rising three hundred feet above the river. As early as 1250 it was a famous castle, two hundred years ago it was destroyed by the French and left in ruins until within fifty years, when it was presented to the present Emperor William, by whom it was rebuilt. Queen Victoria was entertained here in 1845. It includes one of the finest views on the Rhine. On our right towers the almost conical mountain on which the castle of Marksburg is perched, four hundred and eighty-five feet above the Rhine, the only middle age fortress on the river which escaped destruction. Scattered through Boppard are a number of these strange old German houses, with the frames on the outside of the buildings. This part of the Rhine is much frequented by artists in search of the quaint and picturesque. Like several other places on the Rhine, in early times it boasted a Lodge of the Knights Templar, whose heroes are mentioned in records of the Crusades.

Just above, on the opposite side of the river, crowning adjacent spurs of the same mountain, are the ruins of the two castles called The Brothers. These were occupied by two brothers who loved the same maiden. Heinrich generously went to the Crusades and left the prize to Conrad, who finally, growing weary of her, also went to the Crusades, and suddenly returned with a Grecian bride. This broke the heart of the deserted wife, who shut herself up in her castle and refused to see any one. Late one evening a strange knight claimed the hospitality of the castle. He proved to be Heinrich, and at once resolved to avenge her wrongs. He challenged Conrad to single combat, but just as with battle-axes on high they were about to chop each other into sausage meat, the sad lady interposed and insisted on a reconciliation, to which they reluctantly consented, while, as was usually the case, the injured lady retired to a convent which was always conveniently near. The Greek bride of Conrad very properly soon deserted the rascal, and he finally became reconciled to his brother. They lived together in one of the castles and had a good time all their lives, while the innocent and much-injured faithful wife got what comfort she could from a life passed within the narrow walls of the convent. If I could have had the shaping of this legend, I should certainly have rewarded the beautiful woman with a first-class emperor for a husband, and had her spend her days in both the castles, and made Conrad carry water on his back from the Rhine to the castle eighteen hours per day, and given him only cold beans and crusts of bread from the servants' table.

Towering nearly four hundred feet above St. Goar is the castle of Rheinfels, the largest and most imposing ruin on the Rhine. Opposite St. Goar are the lofty rocks of the Lurlei, and here the Rhine is the narrowest and most winding in its course, and has a depth of seventy-five feet. Upon this mountain dwelt a siren who appeared with wondrous form and beauty and lured passing sailors to destruction in a whirlpool at its base.

Around the first bend of the river, a bridge of rocks in the bed of the stream, visible at low water, is called the Seven Virgins. In the neighboring castle of Schoneberg, long since in ruins, lived the seven beautiful daughters of a brave knight. They played the mischief with the hearts of the noble young men in the surrounding country, and ended by jilting them all. The stony-hearted flirts were one day on the river in a boat, when the god of love, enraged at them for their unwomanly conduct, wrecked their frail craft and sunk them in the river in order, I presume, to soften their hearts. But they seemed never to have relented but rather to have petrified, and are now a sad warning to all young ladies never to refuse an eligible young man.

Above Caub, on a ledge of rocks in the middle of the river, is the small and well-preserved castle of Pfalz, which has only one entrance, and that reached by a ladder. It was built for levying toll on passing boats.

Above Lorch rises a high and nearly perpendicular rock, called the Devil's Ladder, which a Knight is said to have scaled by means of a long ladder built by dwarfs, in order that he might rescue a fair lady who had been abducted by evil spirits.

From this point to Bingen, a distance of some seven miles, there are from nine to twelve ruined castles in sight all the time, ending with the celebrated Mouse Tower of the cruel Bishop Hatto, built on a ledge of rocks in the bed of the river. Mrs. Norton's familiar poem, "A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers," has made Bingen famous. Above here the character of the country changes very rapidly, the hills recede from the river, and we are in the finest grape and wine country of the Rhine. The famous Johannesberg vineyard, of forty acres, which produces the finest wine on the river, is just above Bingen. In its best years it has given its owner a revenue of $1,000 per acre.

Form Bonn to Bingen there are ruins of a large number of watch towers, of which we have made no mention. These were generally built close to the river and were usually circular. The vine is cultivated all along the Rhine wherever there is a southern exposure, and the sublimness with which the vineyards change from one side of the river to the other, as the stream changes its direction, is very noticeable to an American. In many places the hillsides are terraced up to the very top and planted with the vine. This is particularly the case with the great mountain opposite Bingen, where the expense of preparing the ground, and there are several hundred acres of it, must have been thousands of dollars per acre. The whole Rhine distinct shows long-continued and careful cultivation.

The American naturally institutes a comparison between the Rhine and the Hudson, and travelers are not at all agreed in their preferences. There are plain, practical men who look upon a ruined castle merely as an old stone pile, and for whom the scenery and the legends have no charm. They cannot see a prosperous city or a good farm from Bonn to Bingen, and so are loud in their denunciations of the Rhine as one of the many swindles to which travelers are subjected in a foreign land, and profess they would enjoy a ride along the Erie canal better. Such men ought not to waste their time and money abroad and disgrace respectable Americans in the eyes of foreigners. From Bonn to Bingen, a ride up the river of some eight hours, the traveler is constantly interested in the ever-changing picture before him. The narrow, winding river, the steep hills rising often abruptly from the water, the scores of ruined castles nearly all with their legends, the watch towers and modern castles, one or more of which are almost constantly in view, the quaint little German villages crowded in between the hills and the river, and the strangeness of everything one sees, makes the day up the Rhine one of the most enjoyable the traveler will have abroad. The river is not so large as the Hudson, and hence does not have that grand and powerful sweep with which the Hudson flows along. If the reader can imagine some ninety miles of the river like the Hudson along West Point and Stony Point, every mile or so crown the highest and often the most inaccessible peaks with ruined castles, scatter strange looking villages along the banks, cover the steep mountain sides with little patches of vines, or different kinds of grain, and weave around the whole the accumulated history and romance of twenty centuries, he will have something of an impression of the varied beauties of the Rhine.

We well remember how one of our own party, a straight-forward business man of the greatest intelligence and good sense, and without a particle of "sentimental gush" in his make up, sat all day on the deck of the steamer, taking in the varied beauties of the river, and could not even be induced to go below long enough to eat his dinner. Our second trip up the Rhine gave us more pleasure even than the first, and it was with sincere regret that we left the steamer at Biebrich, and went by carriage to Wiesbaden.

O. R. BURCHARD.

A LIE STICKS.—A little newsboy, to sell his papers, told a lie. The matter came up in Sunday school.

"Would you tell a lie for a penny?" asked the teacher of one of her boys.

"No, ma'am," answered Dick, very decidedly.

"For a sixpence?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a shilling?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a thousand shillings?"

Dick was staggered. A thousand shillings looked big. Oh, would it not buy lots of things? While he was thinking, another boy called out, "No, ma'am," behind him.

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because, when the thousand shillings are all gone, and all the things they've got with them are gone, too, the lie is there, all the same," answered the boy.

It is so. A lie sticks. Everything else may be gone, but that is left; and you will have to carry it with you, whether you will or not. A hard, heavy load it is.

A young lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed that the only objection she had to a union with him was the probability of his dying before her and leaving her to the sorrows of widowhood. To which he made the apt and complimentary reply: "Blessed is the man who hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

A sea-side belle left her bathing shoes hanging out of her hotel window to dry, and the next day the local paper announced that such a hotel had "put up awnings of a unique design."

He said he rather guessed he knew how to sail a boat; but the gentle zephyrs that kiss the wavelets o'er his watery grave mournfully whisper, "He luffed not wisely."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Our city is not at all excited over the election news. Not a ripple has been seen or felt upon the surface of our political sea as a consequence of the unexpected ebullitions in the Western elections, and our people are moving along as quietly as though no battle had taken place out there. Change of dynasty does not effect us materially one way or another. When Congress convenes, we have the same old contest repeated over the spoils and appropriations. Our boarding-houses and hotels fill up with members and visitors, as ever in the past; our shop-keepers sell the same amount; our streets and sidewalks show new life; officials hold their customary receptions, and in every wise our stream moves placidly along, whether Democrats or Republicans hold the helm; hence, little enthusiasm displays itself here over the recent elections. We are like the miller, "it all gives toll" to us.

Governor Shepherd has returned from St. Louis, where he went to superintend the fitting out of a relief boat for Memphis, and other afflicted cities. It is surprising how much more respectfully he is spoken of by his old opponents now that he has turned his huge brains to charitable matters rather than to things political. We have been told by engineers that when pushing the improvements of our streets and city, he had mapped out in his mind every ditch, sewer or piece of work under contract, and could at once, without the aid of notes, refer clearly and intelligently to it with directions for change or continuance. In the matter of yellow fever contributions, his power of combination and execution was brought to bear upon his being put at the head, and his devised scheme of affording relief seems unexcelled in effectiveness. That he will yet become as popular here as ever unpopular, no one can doubt who watches the toning down of villainous epithets once so fashionable when speaking of him. Some of those most abusive have always resisted the payment of taxes of any nature, and we presume that were their taxes remitted, they would join in praise of Boss Shepherd. Mr. Blackburn, of Kentucky, said last winter in the House, when speaking of one of these chronic villifiers, that "no bill could be drawn which would satisfy him unless it provided payment for all his taxes, and gave him a bonus beside." De Witt Clinton made himself the object of intense hatred and abuse by his "big ditch," the Erie Canal, but time brought him full reward and praise for his courage and sagacity, and we doubt not such will follow Boss Shepherd for changing Washington from its old dilapidation of streets and buildings into the finest city in the union—one that we, at least, are proud of.

Rev. Harrison, the young revivalist, continues his labors in the Foundry Church, and draws as great crowds as in the past, hundreds being unable to gain admittance into the building during the service. Hundreds profess conversion at his hands, thus giving evidence of his power in swaying the masses.

Another colored murderer shocked us recently with the killing of his wife and attempted slaughter of his sister. His wife, from some cause, refused to live with him, and had taken rooms with her sister up town. He often had made threats of taking her life unless she returned to him, but she paid no attention to them until he appeared, armed with a razor, on her premises. He first caught the sister by her hair as she attempted to escape from him, and with a quick motion of the razor, cut her throat from ear to ear, severing one of the jugular veins, and then seizing his wife, he nearly severed her head from her body. The wife is dead, but the physicians hope to save the sister's life. The murderer is reticent in prison, and evinces no sorrow or contrition over his acts.

Our courts have been the scene of a judicial farce in the trial of the case of Sam Strong vs. U. S. Sam sued the district for $100,000, an amount due him upon a Boss Shepherd contract. His and the government attorneys entered into a stipulation in regard to the trial which Judge Humphreys, who presided, ignored, and ordered the trial to proceed. At this, all the counsel refused to act, and retired from the court-room in high dudgeon, under a fine imposed by the judge for contempt, and Strong, acting as his own counsel, tried the case and obtained a verdict in his favor for the full amount. Judge Humphreys is one of our district judges, who needs a Father Matthew or a Murphy pledge.

FELIX.

Washington, D. C., October 11, 1878.

Miss Anna H. Johnson, recently a graduate of Vassar College, is a medical student at the Pennsylvania Female Medical College in Philadelphia, where her mother, Mrs. Henrietta Wolcot Johnson, graduated over twenty-five years ago.

The marriage of their royal highnesses, the Duke of Connaught and Princess Louise Margaretha, of Prussia, will be celebrated at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in February.

A prisoner, when asked what trade he wanted to learn, said, "If there is no objection, I would like to be a sailor."

Vice is sufficient of itself to make a man thoroughly unhappy.—*Aristotle.*