

# The New Northwest.

## MRS. HARDINE'S WILL.

BY ARTHUR SCOTT DUNNWAY,  
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"AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY  
HOURS," "WADSWORTH,"  
"FACULTY AND FANCY,"  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

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year 1878, in the office of the Librarian of Congress  
at Washington, D. C.)

### CHAPTER XXXIII THE SCENE CHANGES.

For two momentous years the Nation  
had been convulsed by the awful throes  
of intestine war.

John Ingleton, of whom none of the  
characters connected with my story had  
heard for fifteen years, had spent his  
time in study and toil and travel, and  
had at last become a wealthy and influ-  
ential public man. And yet, in spite of  
his success in business, a success which  
had been crowned with Senatorial hon-  
ors, he felt that his life was a failure.

He was lonely in the midst of listening  
multitudes, and sad in the midst of gay  
companions, to whom he was a constant  
enigma.

Colonel—now General—Bateman, who  
had remained with his regiment at a  
frontier post during the long interval  
wherein my reader has not heard from  
him, became deeply interested in the re-  
sults of the rebellion; and, because of  
certain valiant deeds in times of great  
emergency, he had suddenly become  
famous as a successful military hero.

John Ingleton had been one of the  
first to enlist as a private soldier, and  
by his reckless daring he had soon at-  
tracted the attention of General Bateman,  
who, remembering his former con-  
nection as commissary clerk with the  
Utah garrison, lost no time in renewing  
the acquaintance and endeavoring to  
restore the old intimacy by attaching  
him, if possible, as an Egyptian days, to  
his staff. But John Ingleton was as  
reckless and daring as he was restless  
and impatient.

"I am very grateful to you, General,  
but really I can take no easy position  
in this great struggle," he said, earnestly.  
"I have much means at my command,  
and such aid and influence as  
wealth can give I have freely staked  
upon the issue of the war, but I care  
nothing whatever for life. I enlisted as  
a common soldier for no other reason,  
and from a strong desire to quell the  
rebellion, than the impulse to lay down  
my life, that I might rid myself of an  
unhappy existence."

"Pis, Ingleton! For shame! Surely  
you don't lay the death of poor Miss  
Arbourn so heavily to heart as all that,  
after all these years. Been crossed in  
love, eh?"

"Yes, General; crossed in love. Not  
lightly, but all the time, and by my own  
fault. But I thought I was pleasing you,  
I felt sure that I was gratifying Miss  
Arbourn, and was quite certain that I  
was, in a degree, satisfying myself in  
making her my wife. Poor lady! She  
didn't live long; and, had I been heart-  
whole and fancy-free from first to last, I  
should not regret our short, unhappy  
union. But that marriage broke two  
hearts and stranded two lives upon bar-  
ren rocks, far, far apart, with angry  
waves and impassable gulfs between  
them. I was a fool, General, and I realized  
the enormity of my sin of omission  
when I saw the woman who should  
have been my wife helplessly enslaved  
in the bonds of loveless wedlock, her  
feet on an endless treadmill, which she  
had mistaken for the path of duty, and  
her hands tied to an unceasing round of  
toil, when no recompense of love could  
be their only possible reward."

"Who the deuce are you talking  
about, sir?" asked the General, dryly.  
"I half believe you've taken leave of  
your senses."

"General Bateman, have you forgotten  
-Lize Hardine?"

The General laughed loudly.  
"Moon-struck, by thunder!" he roared,  
as soon as he could speak. "Why, man,  
that girl is the mistress of a third-rate  
boarding-house, away out in Portland,  
Oregon. She has a great house full of  
obstreperous young ones, and a lazy lot  
of a husband that she drudges for daily.  
She's a fine specimen of womanhood for  
you to be going into rhapsodies over, to be sure!"

"Have you heard from her, General?"  
"Why, certainly! A man—Spring-  
ton by name—who used to be connected  
with my regiment in California, writes  
me concerning her once in a while.  
But she gave rare promise of making a  
name in the world when I saw her at  
Chicago in '48. What a pity  
she wasn't born a boy!"

"And that glorious woman has come  
down on the thankless task of support-  
ing a husband that she never loved,  
and a troop of children that she never  
wanted!" cried the old-time lover, dis-  
tastefully.

"Well, I wouldn't make myself mis-  
erable over it, old boy," said the Gen-  
eral. "It'll do her no good. She has a  
legal protector whose business it is to  
look after her welfare, and, if he fails in  
his duty, isn't any business of yours  
or mine. I met my old-time flame, the  
famous authoress, last Fall. Her hus-  
band—poor simple soul!—doesn't  
amount to a row of pins. But she thinks  
he's the head of the family, and she bows  
in obedience to her every behest, and

dances daily attendance on her many  
whims, while she's ashamed of him,  
and she thinks he rules her; and so they  
get on famously. Wouldn't she shine  
in court circles to-day as Mrs. General  
Bateman? And wouldn't I shine as the  
gifted Mrs. Bateman's husband?" he  
said, flushing with a prolonged  
whistle.

"Then you're well pleased that you  
did not become her husband, because  
she would have overshadowed you? Is  
that it?"

"I believe so. Though I confess that  
it did warm the ice around my bache-  
lor's heart to meet her once more. You'd  
never think, only for the newspapers,  
that she was the least bit strong-  
minded. She has two royal daughters,  
and a cultivated and intelligent son, and  
she shines in society as a literary dia-  
mond of the purest water. But, to be  
the husband of a famous woman, John!  
Faugli! I never could stand that!"

"And so, rather than be mated with a  
brilliant woman whom you so dearly  
love that even her marriage to another  
has not congealed your heart, you pre-  
fer the life of a childless bachelor, eh?"

"I do."

"Are you happy, General?"

"No; nor never expect to be. This  
life is nothing but a hollow mockery,  
after all!"

"As I have so discovered all along.  
And that is why you needn't talk to me  
of rank or renown. All I want is obliv-  
ion."

"Which you're likely to get, old boy,  
if you let the gray-coats have a good  
square shot at you. If I were you, rich,  
handsome and comfortable as you have  
become, with legislative honors and such  
a degree of statesmanlike fame upon  
my head as rests upon yours, you  
wouldn't catch me setting myself up as  
a target for the rebels to shoot at. I'd  
rather legislate than fight, any day."

"But there's excitement in it, Gen-  
eral. And, as for death, let it come;  
I am ready."

Ex-Senator Ingleton excused himself  
from further party with his time-honored  
friend, and returned to his post of duty.

After many harassing delays, after  
many bloody encounters upon the field,  
in some of which the Union soldiers  
were victorious, and in others the vic-  
tims of defeat, the plan of operations,  
under directions from Washington, un-  
derwent an entire change. The concilia-  
tory tactics of the Government having  
failed to quell the rebellion, and the  
ninety days' grace after issuing the  
emancipation proclamation being ex-  
pired, it was determined to pursue only  
an aggressive policy thereafter, as the  
surest way to compel a speedy and  
permanent cessation of hostilities.

Time passed on, and the attempted  
seizure of Fredericksburg had come next  
in order. The northern bank of the  
river which flows in front of Fredericks-  
burg commands the southern shore,  
which is an open plain running back  
for a mile or so, where it rises in a suc-  
cession of heights which command the  
plains to the river. The enemy occupied  
these heights and had them strongly  
fortified. Their batteries extended in a  
circle from Port Royal to a point six  
miles above Fredericksburg. But, why  
linger to describe the terrible conflict to  
which that level plain and those com-  
manding hills yet bear eloquent but  
horrible witness? Let us turn to loath-  
ing the sickening scene of fratricidal  
strife, and lift our hearts in prayer  
that the angel of Peace may henceforth  
dwell upon the earth, subduing by her  
magic presence the turbulent passions  
of the sons of women, and settling by  
the counsels of Wisdom the misunder-  
standings of conflicting sections, till  
finally, in all the land, there shall no  
more exist the possibility of repeating  
the horrors of the late civil war.

The Federal army, after heavy loss,  
was withdrawn to the northern bank of  
the river under cover of the merciful  
night, bringing away their wounded,  
among them being John Ingleton, who  
had very nearly met the death he longed  
for. A gun-shot wound had pierced his  
breast, and the poisoned lead was festering  
in his flesh, making his life as pres-  
ent as burdensome. He was sent  
back to Washington, in company with  
thousands of other soldiers, to recover or  
die, with almost every chance in favor  
of his death.

But John Ingleton did not die. His  
earthly mission had not been completed,  
and it was not his time to die. But, in  
the long interval that he remained an  
invalid, he had much time for reflection,  
and he brooded constantly over the  
revelation of General Bateman in re-  
gard to the mental and physical condi-  
tion of the suffering life of Peter Tubbs.  
"It will write to her," he said, at last.  
"Surely I shall violate no code of law or  
ethics if I address her as a friend."

The winter had passed away, and the  
balmy April wind came through the  
open window of the hospital and fanned  
the forehead of the convalescent soldier  
with its welcome breath, that seemed  
freighted with tidings of the far Pacific  
shore.

The hospital, which for months had  
been the scene of suffering and death—  
such suffering as would have rendered  
life unendurable in every case save only  
for the ministrations of the Sisters of  
Mercy who lingered daily beside the  
beds of the wounded—the hospital that  
for many weary months had been my  
stricken hero's only abiding place, was

now very nearly bereft of patients, and  
John Ingleton was much alone. The  
restful quiet of the evening hour and  
the balmy breath of the West wind  
soothed his lonely heart and filled his  
soul with quiet peace—such peace as is  
born of commingled joy and pain.

He touched a convenient bell, and the  
summons was answered by a vigilant  
Sister, who was always within call.

"Bring me my writing desk, Sister,  
please; and then come and sit by me. I  
want to solicit your advice."

The faithful attendant obeyed the re-  
quest, and was soon seated at the conva-  
lescent patient's side.

"I had a close call for the Better Coun-  
try, didn't I, Sister?" he asked, turning  
his fine eyes upon her with beaming  
earnestness.

"Yes, poor boy! A very close call;  
but the Father has work for you to do.  
I knew from the beginning that your  
life would be spared, for I felt that you  
must do His work, and the time for  
your departure from the earth would not  
come till your mission had been ful-  
filled."

"Can you tell me what my mission is,  
good Sister?"

She looked at him searchingly. He  
covered his eyes with his wasted hands.

"You wronged a woman once," she  
said, in a voice that startled him.

He turned to gaze at her, and saw  
that her face was transfused till it  
shone as the face of an angel.

"I could have sworn that my mother  
spoke to me," he said, while his heart  
beat audibly.

"If at any time you have wronged an-  
other, and there comes an hour when  
you can atone for that wrong, and some-  
one urges you to obey the monitor  
within that prompts you to atone, you  
may well believe that the spirit of the  
Holy Mother has spoken through a  
mortal instrument," said the devout  
woman, to whom every good impulse  
seemed a revelation from heaven.

Back, through the vista of the years  
long gone, the mind of the homeless  
wanderer flashed, and a vision of the  
little attic room wherein he had last be-  
lieved the troubled face of his mother  
opened before his inner senses. He for-  
got the time and place that held him,  
and remembered only the loving words  
and gentle voice that had guided his  
ways in his boyhood.

"My son," said the Sister, and it  
seemed the veritable voice and tangible  
presence of his mother, "there are two  
ways to right every wrong—two meth-  
ods that always go hand in hand. Are  
you ready to invoke their aid?"

He trembled as if in an ague fit, but  
his involuntary response was:  
"Yes, yes, yes!"

"These two handmaidens that wait  
forever upon the erring mortal are Re-  
pentance and Restitution. You have  
long ago repented of your youthful rash-  
ness. Are you now ready to flush your  
atone ment by restitution?"

"But what if restitution be impos-  
sible, Sister?"

"It is never impossible under God's  
law."

"But this particular case of restitution  
does not come under the laws of God,  
but of man."

"Man's laws are mortal and futile,  
my son. God's laws are immortal and  
infinitely. And if, in the wisdom of In-  
finite love, the eternal Father sees fit to  
defer the day of your final atone ment  
till man's law has become, to you, and  
to those whom you have wronged, as a  
dead letter, who shall dispute the Di-  
vine decree?"

"Good Sister, you are taking me be-  
yond my depth. Let us now talk of  
something practical. I am moved by  
my own desire to send a written mes-  
sage to one that I dearly love, whom I  
once deeply wronged. But I know not  
what is best. What do you say?"

"Is that not the wife of another?"

"Alas! yes."

"And would the husband object?"

"I think he would."

"Then my advice would be to wait,  
wait, wait!"

"The very words I heard last night in  
my dream. But, Sister, it is so difficult  
to wait! And yet, what have I been  
doing through all these weary years but  
wait, wait, wait? If I could only get  
some tidings of her—something direct,  
that would convince me that she was at  
least physically comfortable and I not  
forgotten—ah, me!"

"Have you not some friend with  
whom you could correspond who could  
give you the information you seek?"

"Yes, Sister; I have a friend to whose  
guidance I committed her when I was  
compelled to flee from her presence.  
But he, if living, is ignorant and old,  
and he could not read my letter."

"But he could get some one to read it  
for him, don't you see?"

"Very well; I will write. I thank  
you sincerely for your good advice."

The good woman turned the gas (the  
light fell upon the little desk which  
she had placed before him, and then  
noiselessly withdrew.

"Get some one to write to me of her,  
Uncle Dave," he wrote; "some one  
whom you can trust; and, if it be pos-  
sible that I can be of service to her, I will  
come at once. Go and see her, Uncle  
Dave. Tell her that John Ingleton—  
her John—who had well nigh lost his  
life in battle that the colored race might  
be free, is now ready, if need be, to  
risk his life to rescue the mothers of his own  
race from subjugation. I shall await

your answer with impatience. Let me  
hear from you at once."

The letter was duly posted, and in due  
time delivered to the proper recipient.

Concerning what transpired in the  
Hardine family during the tedious  
months of that letter's journey across  
the continent, the reader need shall  
know. [To be continued.]

## CASES WHERE WIVES HAVE SUE FOR DAMAGES.

It has been erroneously stated that  
the action for damages brought in  
Brooklyn by a wife against another  
woman for the alienation or appropriation  
of her husband is believed to be the  
first case of the kind that has ever  
been tried. Two years ago a similar  
one arose in Ohio, the only difference  
between it and the Brooklyn trial being  
that a man was the defendant in the  
former and a woman in the latter. The  
suit was brought in Jackson county by  
Mrs. Cassandra Westlake against Joseph  
Westlake, who was the father of her  
husband, Wellington B. Westlake. The  
complaint set forth that the elder West-  
lake had spoken scandalously and falsely  
of her to her husband, as well as to  
other persons, for the purpose of alienat-  
ing and separating her husband from  
her, and that in consequence of these  
reports and the influence exerted by the  
father, she was actually put away and  
abandoned by her husband. She there-  
fore sued for the loss of her husband,  
and claimed \$5,000 damages. For techni-  
cal reasons, her husband was made  
co-defendant. A verdict of \$1,700 was  
rendered in favor of Mrs. Westlake. The  
case went into the Supreme Court of  
the State, which held that a wife  
may maintain an action for the loss of  
the society and companionship of her  
husband against one who wrongfully  
induces her husband to abandon her or  
send her away; but on some technical  
questions relating to the admission of  
the husband's evidence, the verdict was  
set aside and a new trial ordered. Two  
of the Judges, however, dissented, and  
were of the opinion that the wife's peti-  
tion did not show a cause of action.

Another case of this kind was brought  
in 1871 by Mrs. Mary Ann Harlan  
against Elliott Clark. The wife's peti-  
tion set forth that the defendant had  
wrongfully and maliciously enticed  
away her husband from her home, and  
had detained and harbored him in de-  
fendant's residence, to which the wife  
was denied admittance. The Superior  
Court of Cincinnati overruled the de-  
murrer raised by the defendant, and  
held that an action would lie in favor  
of a married woman against a third person  
for enticing away and harboring her  
husband.

About twenty years ago a case of this  
kind was carried to the House of Lords  
on appeal from the Irish Queen's Bench.  
The action had been brought by Mrs.  
Knight, wife of Wm. Knight, against  
James Lynch. She alleged that she  
had lost the consortium of her husband  
by reason of slanderous words spoken of  
her by the defendant. The jury gave  
the wife a verdict of £150, which was  
affirmed on appeal by the Exchequer  
Chamber, although the Judges were di-  
vided. This judgment was reversed by  
the House of Lords, which held that  
the facts in this case did not afford a  
ground for action, although Lord Camp-  
bell and other Judges expressed an op-  
inion that a wife might sue a third person  
for words occasioning to her the loss of  
the consortium of her husband.

Lucky Fridays and Fatal Satur-  
days—Friday has generally been con-  
sidered an unlucky day, but in America  
it has proved a day of good omen. On  
that day Columbus set sail for America,  
which he discovered ten weeks after, on  
Friday. On Friday, Henry III. gave  
Catalba his commission, which led to the  
discovery of America. On Friday, St.  
Augustine, the oldest town in America,  
was founded. On Friday, the May-  
flower arrived at Plymouth; and on  
Friday, the Compact, the forerunner of  
the present Constitution, was signed.  
On Friday, Washington was born. On  
Friday, Bonker Hill was seized and  
fortified. On Friday, the surrender of  
Saratoga was made. On Friday, Cor-  
wallis surrendered; and on Friday, the  
motion was made in Congress that the  
United States were, and of right ought  
to be, free and independent.

Saturday has proved a fatal day to  
England, and the one selected by the  
responder whose name is death to her  
down the flowers of royalty. For one  
hundred and sixty years the royal fam-  
ily have died on Saturday in England.  
William III., Queen Anne, George I.,  
George II., George III., George IV., the  
Duchess of Kent, mother of the present  
Queen, the Prince Consort, and the  
Princess Alice, all died on Saturday.

The little shoebill has a system of  
theology after which a great many great  
men take pattern. He told an inquir-  
ing missionary that he always said his  
prayers at night because he was asleep  
and didn't know what he might happen,  
but never in the morning, because any  
bright boy can take care of himself in  
the daytime.

If a Chicago school-teacher gets mar-  
ried, that ends her usefulness, and the  
Board of Education will have her in the  
schools no more. This makes it very  
unpleasant for young men who are look-  
ing for support.

O'Leary has trumped \$60,000 worth.  
He has made more with his feet than  
most men do with their hands.

Tombsmen, with a population of 2,000,  
supports one daily and two weekly  
newspapers.

The mark of Cain—dust on the unruly  
schoolboy's jacket.

## OLD TIMES AND NEW.

WOMAN ALWAYS A SLAVE—HOW HER  
HUSBAND ENJOINED HER IN 1795.  
BY MARIANA JOSEPH GAGE.

The New York Commercial Advertiser  
of April 22, 1880, says:  
The following advertisement, which  
appeared in the old Albany Register of  
October 24, 1795, is amusing enough to  
be resurrected:  
Whereas, my wife Susan behaves herself badly,  
I therefore forbid any person to trust her  
upon my account—whenever she is with-  
out me, I shall not pay any debt for the future  
that she shall contract, let it cross her or suit  
her.  
STEPHEN SMITH, Notary Public.  
Saratoga, September 28, 1795.

The following "Notice" of the Cen-  
tennial year, 1876, was cut from the  
Syracuse Standard:  
NOTICE  
Whereas, my wife, Ann Thomas, has  
left my bed and board without just  
cause or provocation, I hereby forbid  
all persons harboring or trusting her on  
my account, as I will pay no debts of her  
contracting after this date.

ROBERT THOMAS.  
Syracuse, January 19, 1876.  
Seventy-nine years between the two.  
What pen can paint all the agonies en-  
dured by woman within this long pe-  
riod? Not owning herself; not owning  
her children; not owning her wages;  
advised by her master if she traded  
upon her account—no having control of  
her earnings; "all persons forbidden to  
harbor or trust her" on his account.  
Think of it, ye women, sunken and de-  
graded in feeling, humiliated by the ter-  
rible slavery over your sex, until you  
"have all the rights you want." What  
tempt I have for such women; what con-  
tempt I have for them; what hatred I  
feel for the tyranny which has crushed  
from their souls every vestige of self-  
respecting womanhood. What a loss to  
the world when humanity is thus de-  
graded, beaten down, trodden under  
foot. How can it be that every woman,  
every woman, does not rise in the night  
of her inherent, inborn rights and cry  
"away with it!" Down with all such  
degrading, tyrannical laws! Let all  
government cease from off the face of  
the earth, if we cannot build up a gov-  
ernment of equality. A rebel! How  
glorious the name sounds when applied  
to woman! Oh, rebellious woman, to  
you the world looks in hope; upon you  
has fallen the glorious task of bringing  
liberty to the earth and all the inhabi-  
tants thereof.

"All persons are forbidden to harbor  
her." In the light of advancing civili-  
zation, that terrible prohibition of "her  
lord and master" does not carry the  
penalty it once did. Once, no man dare,  
for his very life, give the woman so ad-  
vertised shelter or food or drink. Her  
master had forbidden it. Dreadful pen-  
alties followed it. No matter how great  
the storm, she was denied a roof over  
her head. She might be ill, dying; it  
mattered not; she was an escaped slave,  
and the person whom humanity  
prompted to give her even a drink of  
cold water, was liable to severe punish-  
ment. No one could hire her, even, for  
she did not belong to herself; her brain,  
her hands, her feet, her capabilities and  
her work all belonged to her master.  
She had run away; she was a runaway  
slave. Many of us recall the fugitive  
slave law of a few years since, when we  
Northern people all were forbidden un-  
der severe penalty to give an escaping  
slave from the South either food, shel-  
ter, or a drink of water. The humanity  
of the country rose against it, and, al-  
though many people broke the law al-  
though, few dared defy it openly. One  
of the proudest acts of my life, one that  
I look back upon with most satisfaction,  
is that when Rev. Mr. Lougen of  
Syracuse went to the village of my resi-  
dence to ascertain the names of those  
upon whom runaway slaves might de-  
pend for aid and comfort on their way  
to Canada, I was one of the two solitary  
persons who gave him their names.

Myself and one gentleman of Fayette-  
ville were the only two persons who  
dared thus publicly defy "the law" of  
the land and for humanity's sake tender  
ourselves liable to fine and imprison-  
ment in the county jail for the crime of  
feeding the hungry, giving shelter to  
the oppressed, and helping the black  
slave to freedom.

To-day, my work is to help rend the  
chains from off the woman slave, white,  
black, or copper-colored, barbarian, savage,  
or civilized. Nothing is so sacred  
as freedom. If to gain it the family  
must be discovered, the Church laid in  
dust, the State torn in fragments, better  
all this than slavery—slavery, that sum  
of all villainies, within whose vampire  
grasp no true family can exist, no true  
religion have place, no true republic be  
built.

Woman's slavery—the last, the most  
vile, the greatest of all slaveries—must  
be torn, root and branch, off the face  
of the earth. When this is accomplished,  
we shall see a new earth, and the Heavens  
themselves shall reflect the glory of  
emancipated womanhood.

Victoria, Crown Princess of Germany,  
who is an active sight-seer, has been  
having a happy visit in Rome. The  
Pope commended that every courtesy  
should be offered to her in the Vatican  
galleries. She dressed plainly and ex-  
cited little observation, preserving as  
much as possible her incognito. She  
visited the Pantheon during her explo-  
rations, and caused a garland with the  
Prussian colors to be laid on Victor  
Emanuel's tomb.

Brigham Young's widow is gradually  
forgetting the old man. Four of her  
has remarried since he died.

## LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]  
NEW YORK, June 12, 1880.  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:  
The echoes of the great struggle at  
Chicago continue to reverberate and  
gather new strength, as the exalt-  
ing anti-Grant delegates return to the city,  
from whence they started out a fort-  
night ago on what was generally con-  
sidered a hopeless enterprise. The  
choice of a standard-bearer having been  
made, the next thing in order is to or-  
ganize, drill and arm for the coming  
campaign, and a crop of Garfield clubs  
may be looked for in a few days. The  
defeat of the third-term faction seems  
to give general satisfaction in many busi-  
ness circles, where it was thought the  
nomination of Grant would only have a  
disastrous effect on the interest of trade,  
as the policy of Secretary Sherman  
would in such an event have received a  
rude shock.

Some of the Republicans of the rank  
and file cannot yet be brought to regard  
the Presidential team as likely to pull  
well together. In their opinion, it is  
absurd to maintain that a proud, over-  
bearing man like Senator Coupling  
should receive such a terrible blow with  
equality and a forgiving spirit, and that  
such a petty crumb of comfort as  
giving his chief lieutenant the second  
places on the ticket would suffice to con-  
sole him. They even go so far as to  
assert that the battled syndicate, Conk-  
ling, Cameron and Logan, would rather  
see the Democratic candidates elected  
than be obliged to follow the conqueror's  
train to the Capitol and witness the tri-  
umph of the present Administration,  
with which Garfield is so entirely in  
accord.

The races on Monday were a surpris-  
ing success; not that they amounted to  
anything—they did not—the all New  
York society seemed to have agreed to  
meet at the pleasant grounds; and the  
result was a fashionable crowd. Pretty  
women and irreproachable costumes  
abounded everywhere. It was like a  
very agreeable matinee in the city, ex-  
cept the adjuncts of green trees,  
turf, and a background of light refresh-  
ments in the way of lunch, made it a  
novelty. One thing noticeable in any  
crowd of fashionable women is the  
effort they all make to dress as much  
alike as possible. Besides this, it is un-  
derstood that it is the tiptop touch of  
fashion to be thin. The consequence is  
that our pretty girls are all growing at-  
tenuated and waspish, as was easy to be  
seen at Jerome Park on Monday.

We have had a minor sort of exhibi-  
tion of water-colors for the past few  
days at the American Artists' Gallery  
in Madison Square. A Boston firm  
offered prizes for the four best original  
designs for Christmas cards, and they  
have been on view while the Judges  
were making their decision. Miss Em-  
mett, a young lady of New Rochelle, is  
very deservedly the winner of the \$1,000  
prize. Of course, the restriction to  
Christmas cards only brought out a  
heavy crop of choir boys, angels, cher-  
ubs and reclining babes, and plenty of  
cock robins and other feathered song-  
sters; but many of the compositions  
show a good deal of talent. The Boston  
firm select about fifty designs from the  
six hundred on view. AUGUST.

Gough's Tact.  
It is not expedient for a lecturer to be  
so unostentatiously introduced to an audi-  
ence as to arouse expectations which he  
cannot meet. John R. Gough relates  
how he managed to escape from such a  
catastrophe when introduced to a Lon-  
don audience.  
His introducer had pronounced him  
the greatest orator who had ever lived,  
and ended a long and fulsome eulogy by  
telling the people to prepare themselves  
for such a burst of eloquence as they had  
never before listened to.

Gough, knowing that the best efforts  
he had ever made would under such cir-  
cumstances fall far short of anticipation,  
determined to practice a ruse, and the  
ruse was to affect stupidity.  
He opened by stammering and hesi-  
tating, by beginning his sentences, and  
leaving them unfinished, until, as he  
said, the worst speaker in England could  
not have done worse. More rapturously  
applauded than he was then and there.

He soon overheard those on the plat-  
form whispering their disapprobation  
and censure, one man saying:  
"Oh, this will never do here, you  
know. It may be all very well in  
America, you know; but in England,  
you know, it is quite a different thing."  
He still continued in his dull, discor-  
dant way until he had seen that he  
had a background for his verbal picture.  
Then he gradually adopted his natural  
manner, and as sentence after sentence  
rolled out, vivid and resonant from his  
lips, his audience grew enthusiastic,  
and fairly roared with applause.  
He had never been more rapturously  
greeted than he was then and there.

Those who heard him declared that they  
had never known a man to change so  
after he had once warmed up.

Twenty ladies "chipped in" and  
bought some lottery tickets. One of  
them told her minister, and he was  
shocked. "My dear madame," he ex-  
claimed, "do you not know that is gam-  
bling?" She rattled right along as if  
she hadn't heard him: "Yes, we are  
going to draw the \$30,000 prize, and if  
we do—then we've all agreed to give  
\$5,000 of it for the new church or-  
gan." "An excellent idea, my dear  
madame; excellent; and I devoutly trust  
you may win it."

Edwin Booth has made \$300,000 since  
his bankruptcy. The New Haven Reg-  
ister thinks he isn't such a melancholy  
Dane.

Why is a hungry man waiting for his  
breakfast willing to be made a martyr?  
Because he longs to go to the steak.

## A SONG.

BY ELIZABETH WHELEHAN.  
Is any one sad in the world, I wonder?  
Does any one weep on a day like this?  
With the sun above and the green earth under,  
Why, what is life but a dream of bliss?  
With the sun, and the skies, and the birds  
above me—  
Birds that sing as they wheel and fly—  
With the winds to follow and say they love me,  
Who could be lonely? Oh, ho! not I!

Somebody said in the street this morning,  
As I opened my window to let in the light,  
That the darkest day in the world was dawning;  
But I looked, and the east was a gorgeous  
sight.  
One who claims that he knows about it  
Tells me the earth is a vale of sin;  
But I, and the birds and the birds—we doubt it,  
And think it a world worth living in.

Some one says that hearts are fickle,  
That love is sorrow, that life is care,  
And the reaper Death, with his shining scythe,  
Gathers whatever is bright and fair.  
I told the thrush and we laughed together,  
Laughed till the woods were all a ring;  
And he said to me, as he plumed each feather,  
"Well, people must crack if they cannot  
sing."

Up he flew; but his song, remaining,  
Rang like a bell in my heart all day,  
And silenced the voices of weak complaining,  
That pipe like insects along the way.  
O world of light and O world of beauty!  
Where are the pleasures so sweet as thine?  
You life is love, and love is duty;  
And what heart sorrow's? Oh, ho! not mine.

Andrew Jackson's Wife.  
The following letter, just printed for  
the first time, appears in the Cincinnati  
Commercial:  
FEBRUARY 8, 1813.  
My Dear Husband:—Your letter of the  
15th of January from the mouth of the  
Cumberland River came to me to-day.  
It was everything to me. I re-  
joiced. I was happy to hear you were  
in health. It was my nightly prayer to  
the Almighty God. My thoughts are  
forever on thee. Wherever I go, wherever I  
turn, my thoughts, my fears, my  
doubts, distress me. Then a little my  
love revives again, and that keeps me  
alive. Were it not for that, I must sink;  
I should die in my present situation.  
But my blessed Redeemer is making in-  
tercession with the Father for us to meet  
again, to restore you to my bosom,  
where every vein in every pulse beats  
high for your health, your safety, and  
all your wishes crowned. Do not, my  
beloved husband, let the love of country,  
fame and honor make you forget you  
have one. Without you, I would think  
them all empty shadows.

You will say this is not the language  
of a patriot, but it is the language of a  
faithful wife, one I know you esteem  
and love sincerely; but oh! how many  
pangs, how many heart-rending sighs,  
how your absence cost me. My time  
passes heavily, and I am not in good  
health, but I hope to see you once more  
in this globe, and after this frail life  
ends be with you in a happy state,  
where I shall experience no more pain-  
ful separation, and then I shall be at  
rest. I feel a foretaste of the joys that  
are to the virtuous soul. Gracious  
God, help me to pray for your happi-  
ness. I was delighted to learn you were  
pleased with Mr. Blackman and the  
other two clergymen and the society in  
general.

Our little Andrew