The Occident 497

THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

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THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE,
AN INDEPENDENT PAPER,
FOR THE
Business Man, the Farmer
And the FAMILY CIRCLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
AT THE
OFFICE—Corner of FIFTH and Main streets Oregon City, Oregon.
D. C. IRELAND, Proprietor.

THE ENTERPRISE has been very well received during the time of its publication, by gentlemen of distinction in the State, who recommend it as a journal valuable for Eastern circulation. Such we shall endeavor to continue to make it.

THE WEALTH OF OREGON shall at all times constitute the paramount interest to which our columns will be devoted. Every measure for the good of the State, whether of *private* or *public interest*, irrespective of party, will find in us an advocate and a defender, to the extent of our ability. We shall aim to attract the attention of the millions of

POPULATION AND MONEY seeking profitable places, to that channel which is now making this the *foci* of the globe, and rendering Oregon with other Pacific States, the granaries of the world, with a centre of trade second to none.

AGRICULTURE will continue to receive that attention which it merits, at the hands of every intelligent Journalist. "*The Farmer feeddth all.*

THE MARKETS will be watched carefully, and such information as we shall be able to compile will be published.

MANUFACTURERS are earnestly requested to inform us with respect to those various interests, to the end that we may be able to make the ENTERPRISE as near an encyclopedia of the business of Oregon as can be.

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☞ Work solicited.

D. C. IRELAND, Proprietor.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BENTON KILLIN.
LAWYER,
Oregon City, Oregon.
OFFICE—In Charman's Brick Block, up stairs.

DR. F. BARCLAY,
M. R. C. L.,
(Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.)
OFFICE—At Residence, Main street Oregon City, Oregon.

W. H. WATKINS, M. D.,
SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON.
OFFICE—95 Front street—Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

IMPERIAL MILLS.
Savier, LaRoque & Co.,
OREGON CITY.
☞ Keep constantly on hand for sale, flour Midlings, Bran and Chicken Feed. Parties purching feed must furnish the sacks.

WM. BROUGHTON.
Contractor and Builder,
Main st., OREGON CITY.
☞ Will attend to all work in his line, consisting in part of Carpenter and Joiner work—framing, building, etc. Jobbing promptly attended to.

DAVID SMITH,
Successor to SMITH & MARSHALL,
Black-Smith and Wagon Maker,
Corner of Main and Third streets,
Oregon City..... Oregon.
☞ Blacksmithing in all its branches; Wagon making and repairing. All work warranted to give satisfaction.

KOSHLAND BROTHERS,
PORTLAND AUCTION STORE,
97 *First st., Portland,*
Next Door to Post Office.
☞ Importers and Jobbers of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Grain bags, Burlaps, furnishing Goods. ☞ We pay the highest cash price for Wool, Furs, and Hides.

ARMES & DALLAM,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
Wood and Willow Ware.
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AND MANUFACTURERS OF
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215 & 217 Sacramento st., San Francisco.
113 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City.

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(Late Daly & Stevens,)
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OFFICE—No. 104 Front street, Portland,
Will give special attention to Collecting and adjustment of accounts, bills and notes; Negotiating Inland bills; effecting loans; buying, selling and leasing real estate; house renting, and to the general agency business in all its branches.

John Nestor, Architect,
OFFICE IN CARTER'S BUILDING,
Front st., Portland Oregon.
FIRST-CLASS RESIDENCES,
Business Houses, Halls, Churches, Tenements, Cottages, Suburban Residences, and
ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF BRICK AND FRAME
Buildings Designed and Planned
With accuracy, and scrupulously and faithfully superintended. ☞ Owners' interests considered paramount.

BUSINESS CARDS.

LADD & TILTON,
BANKERS, PORTLAND, OREGON.
Will give prompt attention to collections, and other business appertaining to Banking.
Sight and Telegraphic Exchange
On San Francisco and the Atlantic States for sale. Government Securities bought and sold.

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☞ Government Securities, Stocks, Bonds and Real Estate bought and sold on Commission.

W. C. JOHNSON. F. O. McCOWN.
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JOHNSON & McCOWN,
LAWYERS.
Oregon City, Oregon.
☞ Will attend to all business entrusted to our care in any of the Courts of the State. Collect money, Negotiate loans, sell real estate etc. Particular attention given to contested Land cases.

J. H. MITCHELL. J. N. DOLPH. A. SMITH.
Mitchell, Dolph & Smith,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, and Proctors in Admiralty.
☞ Office over the old Post Office, Front street, Portland, Oregon.

A. C. GIBBS. C. W. PARRISH,
Notary Public and Com. of Deeds.
GIBBS & PARRISH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
OFFICE—On Alder street, in Carter's brick block.

JOHN M. BACON,
Justice of the Peace & City Recorder.
Office—In the Court House and City Council Room, Oregon City.
☞ Will attend to the acknowledgment of deeds, and all other duties apertaining to the business of a Justice of the Peace.

Dr. J. H. HATCH,
Late Mack & Hatch,
DENTIST,
The patronage of those desiring *First Class Operations*, is respectfully solicited.
Satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.
N. B.—*Nitrous Oxyde* administered for the Painless Extraction of Teeth.
OFFICE—Corner of Washington and Fron streets, Portland. Entrance on Washington street.

DENTAL NOTICE.
HOME AGAIN.
During my tour of two years in the Eastern States I have spared neither time *nor* money to make myself perfectly familiar with and master of my profession. Those desiring the best work that the nature of the case will admit of can find me at my office, 107 Front street, two doors above McCormick's Book Store, Portland, Oregon.
DR. J. G. GLENN.

CHAUNCEY BALL,
Successor to Gradon & Co.,
MANUFACTURER OF
Wagons & Carriages,
201 and 203 Front st., Portland, Oregon.
☞ *Wagons of every description made to order. General Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.*

A LARGE INVOICE OF NEW
Sunday School and Gift Books!
FROM THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY and
Various other Publishing Houses!
For sale by the subscriber, on Jefferson st. between 2d and 3d, Portland, Oregon.
G. H. ATKINSON, Secretary, and Treas. Oregon Tract Soc
52.1y

CLARK GREENMAN,
City Drayman,
OREGON CITY.
☞ All orders for the delivery of merchandise or packages and freight of whatever description, to any part of the city, will be executed promptly and with care.

W. F. HIGHFIELD,
Established since 1849, at the old stand,
Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.
An Assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' weight Clocks, all of which are warranted to be as represented.
Repairings done on short notice, and thankful for past favors.

A. H. BELL. E. A. PARKER.
BELL & PARKER.
DRUGGISTS,
AND DEALERS IN
Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Paints, Perfumery, Oils, Varnishes,
And every article kept in a Drug Store. Main Street, Oregon City.

A. J. MONROE. W. A. K. MELLEN.
MARBLE WORK.
MONROE & MELLEN,
Dealers in California, Vermont, and Italian Marbles, Obelisks, Monuments, Head and Foot stones,
SALEM.....OREGON.
Mantles and Furniture Marble furnished to order. 152.t

ANDREW WILLIS. WM. BROUGHTON.
WILLIS & BROUGHTON.
Having purchased the interest of S. Cram, in the well known
LIVERY STABLE
One door west of Excelsior Market, Oregon City, announce that they will at all times keep good horses and carriages to let, at reasonable rates. Horses bought and sold or kept by the day or week.

Oregon Seed Store!
R. E. CHATFIELD,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Garden and Field Seeds of all Kinds.
PRODUCE AND COMMISSION.
First street, Portland Oregon, Near the Western Hotel.

Robinson & Lake
WILL CONTINUE THE STOVE AND Tin-ware trade as usual, at the established EMIGRANT STORE,
Corner of Front and Salmon sts., Portland, Oregon.

MR. NOBODY.

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree,
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books—
Who leaves the door ajar;
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak.
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody?

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid;
Who had them last, but he?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger marks upon the doors
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see,
Are not our boots! They all belong
To Mr. Nobody!

MRS. O'FOGY'S SUPPER TABLE TALK.

By the Author of "Miss Slimmins."

THE SOROSIS IS DISCUSSED.

Tea *too strong?* Well, perhaps it is. I ordered it made of extra strength, to-night, for, the fact is, I've received a nervous shock to-day, and I feel the need of a good strong cup of green tea. *Gunpowder?* Yes, at two dollars and a quarter a pound. "You are afraid if I drink too much of it I'll be blowing you up." Fogy, please don't indulge in any of your stale jokes, this evening. I do not feel in the spirit to appreciate them. I am sick—astonished—disgusted! I don't dare to think what the world *is* coming to—especially this city. Help me to a slice more of the cold chicken, the white meat, but don't ask me what's the matter.

Well, if you must know, read THAT! or, here as your eyesight is failing, I'll read it to you. I received it to-day at two o'clock, just after you left the house. It has quite unnerved me. If people are going to fire bombshells into your house, they ought, at least, to give fair warning, so as not to upset one's self-possession entirely. I've not been fit for anything this afternoon. Prepare yourself for a great surprise, Fogy, for if you were to guess all night you'd never think what it is.

SOROSIS.

The object of this association is to promote agreeable and useful relations between women of literary and artistic tastes. It is entirely independent of sectionalism or partizanship. It recognizes women of thought, taste, intelligence, culture, and humanity, everywhere, particularly where these qualities have found expression in outward life and work.

It aims to establish a sort of FreeMasonry among women of similar pursuits, to render them helpful to each other, and bridge over, in some degree, the barrier which custom and social etiquette place in the way of friendly intercourse. It affords an opportunity for the discussion, among women, of the new facts and principles which are constantly being evolved—the results of which promise to exert a most important influence on the future of woman and the welfare of society.

New York, 1868.

Mrs. O. FOGY:

You are invited to attend the first meeting at Delmonico's, on Monday, 20th April. Lunch, at $1 to each person, wines extra, will be served at 1 P. M. A lady will receive your card at the door, and introduce you.

By order of the
Committee.

There! can the boldness and invention of the nineteenth century produce anything new after that? A Woman's Club! When I've been told of married men belonging to such things, and leaving their own wives to dine alone, while they took dinner, and had what they called for, and did what they pleased, I've said our country would go to ruin. And now the women have taken it up! and, forsooth, they must go to Delmonico's! Oh, of course! French habits, and French tastes, and French toilets, and French lunches. Lunch! at one o'clock! No, I thank you; I take my dinner at that hour, and always expect to, so long as I've control of my own house. And what can they get for a dollar at Delmonico's?—tea and toast, I suppose, or a sandwich. Thank my stars, I'm not reduced to sandwiches yet! It's all very well to begin modestly, but a bat can see what it'll lead on to. Don't tell *me* they are going to stick to tea and toast! They'll be having champagne before the end of a year champagne and pickled oysters, lobster-salad and a billiard-table. Don't tell me! If the women once get the bit in their mouths, in *that* style, the Lord alone knows where they'll bring up.

I don't understand why they should have sent their cards to *me*. *I'm* not literary. I don't approve of literature for the female sex. If a woman has a husband, that's enough. If she hasn't, there's her needle, and her trust in Providence. These have been sufficient for them since the world began, and what the fuss is about now, I don't comprehend.

I suppose I can guess why they have invited me. They want my influence. They wish to give an air of respectability to their dreadful society—and they know very well that if Mrs. Grundy and I hold aloof, it will be up-hill work with them; but they'll never have the light of *my* countenance.

Member, indeed! When I cease to be a member of my own church and the Missionary Society, I may become a heathen outright and join that new-fangled, what-is-it-they-call-it? Sorosis! That's all Greek to me, Fogy. You think it ought to be pronunced "Sorrow-sis." Well, I cannot even jest about it. I feel as if things were coming to too serious a pass. We have lived a good while, Oliver, and seen a good many things; I notice people begin to call you "Old Fogy," which isn't very respectful, I must say; and you've taken to spectacles, and I've put on a headdress, and am looking forward to a cap; we've lived some time and witnessed some changes—but a Woman's Club!

Didn't I say it! Didn't I tell you there would be no bounds, when the Bloomerites come out in trousers, and some of 'em went to practising medicine? Actually had the immodesty to study medicine and to set themselves up for doctors of women and children! I'd like to know what I'd do without my doctor, Fogy. You know, very well, what a comfort he's been to me; his very presence acts like a charm, while one of those little quack ducks would drive me into the hysterics.

A Woman's Club! and what do you think will come of it, Fogy? "It appears to be for the purpose of enabling intellectual and intelligent ladies to enjoy a higher order of conversation than is afforded in society; to give them opportunities for discussing subjects bearing upon the welfare of the sex!" Fiddlesticks, Fogy! any one with the least knowledge of her sex knows *what* those subjects will be. I'll tell you the result. They'll talk about the fashions—*that's* what it'll amount to. They'll meet for the noble purpose of criticizing each other's dresses; and the lady who is *so* unfortunate as to present herself for membership in a last month's bonnet, will be black-balled. It's as natural as for water to run down hill. They'll all put on their best things, and they'll go there, and look at each other out of the corners of their eyes; and every woman will feel that it is as much as her life's worth to be behind the style; and they'll all come in a new rig to each meeting, and the consequences will be that their husbands and brothers will have to furnish a more frightful amount of money than ever, to satisfy the extravagance into which they will rush. They'll squeeze all thee money they can out of the men, and then they'll go there and turn round, in their flounces and lace shawls, and turn up their noses at their poor protectors, and slander them frightfully. Good gracious, Fogy! if you could be hidden under the table at Delmonico's and just hear what they did say, your blood would boil—I know it. You would hear yourself, and others like you, made out to be tyrants and simpletons; you would learn that women alone were blessed with brains, and that man is a mere grosser animal, made, like the horse and ox, to labor for the benefit of an ungrateful female world. You would see those wonderful brains supporting the weight of equally wonderful bonnets half as big as your hand; and you would see their ethereal wearers coming down from the heights of some subtle discussion of the last *nuance* in color, or the wickedness of the male sex, and calling for *pate de fois gras*, and bottles of Widow Cliquot, as easily as if they had been bred to the bar. If any woman, with a lingering remnant of conscience, should rise and seek to defend the men, in general or particular, moved by the memory of a considerate husband or a fond father, she would be snuffed out quicker than an old-fashioned candle.

A Woman's Club!—Fogy, hand me the pickles!—If the old maids, or the uneasy wives, or the pert widows, want to form such a society, where they can rail at the men, and sit in judgment on one another's hair-dye and face powder, let *them* fight it out; but, for women with families, just imagine it, Fogy! Just imagine *me* coming home from the Club, about the time your supper ought to be ready, my bonnet a little on one side of my head from having become too much exhilarated over my cups—of tea—and with such a small idea of men in general, and of you in particular, that the first thing I do is to box your ears, bounce you down on an ottoman and tell you not to speak until supper's ready! Having dined on lobster salad *et cetera*, I don't feel hungry, and countermand your order to the cook to have broiled oysters. When tea is ready, I allow you to sit at the foot of the table, and treat you to thin slices of bread and butter and sponge cake, while I expatiate on the good things of Delmonico's, not forgetting his cigars, and warn you that you must be prudent in your expenses, as it costs a great deal to keep up the Club, and I've lost rather heavily at the pretty game of trying to outdress Mrs. Basbleu. Now, you know the men have served their wives so, generation after generation, and if the women go to getting up clubs, it's likely they will follow the only precedent they have. The impertinent things will be just bold enough to say—"Turn about's fair play." If there's any stockings darned after this, you'll find the men will have to darn 'em! Mark my words! before five years have passed over our heads, you'll see fathers of familes coming home early from business in order to make time to darn the children's stockings.

Nor that isn't the worst, Fogy!—Hand me the pepper-sauce, waiter. You'll find 'em up in the nursery tying up lumps of sugar in rags, while they rock the cradle with one foot, and sing distractedly—

"Hush-a-by baby, a-bub!
Hush a—don't scream so, oh, don't!
When mamma comes home from the Club
You shall drink from the *ma*-a-ternal fount."

You may thank your stars, over and over, Oliver Fogy, that your wife is the woman she is, or who knows but you might see me yet, with my heels in the window of some big corner house on Fifth Avenue, rolling a paper cigarette, and passing remarks on the young gentlemen as they went by.

For it'll come to that! These wicked, restless, dissatisfied creatures will have a Club-House of their own, next; and it'll be tip top or nothing. I heard one of them say they'd been kept down so long that, when the pressure was removed, they'd go up with a vengeance. I told her, "Yes, they were like a lot of balloons, filled with gas; they needed a network of ropes to keep 'em in their places, and the men had furnished the ropes. As soon as *these* were cut, I'd like to know where they'd be?" And she screamed out—"Free! free to roam the boundless spaces of ether!" And I answered, "Yes, till the gas leaks out." I had her there! She looked as flat as a pancake.

I don't know but I'll go to their meeting, after all. I would, were I not afraid of getting my name in the papers. Thank Heaven! Mr. and Mrs. O. Fogy don't meet with *that* misfortune very often! They don't get *our* names to lead off their petitions for this, that, and the other abominable new-fangled "right." I've heard the next thing they were going to petition for is to have the word "obey" taken out of the woman's part of the marriage-ceremony in the prayer-book, and put into the man's. Now, when I was married I promised to obey my husband. What's that, Fogy? "*Never kept my promise?*" Well, that was because I was the bigger, stronger, and smarter of the two. It wasn't in nature that I should be ruled by *you!* I believe I've always had my own way in this world in most things—certainly, as far as *you* were concerned, Fogy. It isn't the *practice* I advocate, it's the *principle*. But, as I was saying, I've half a mind to attend their meeting, if for no other object than to give them the benefit of my opinion. When they had all expressed themselves, and I'd found out just what their objects were and what they proposed to do, and seen what they had for lunch, and how the Presidentess behaved herself, and if the majority were up to the latest spring styles—not that I've a grain of curiosity about the affair, but just to satisfy myself of its badness—then I'd rise and give them a few of *my* ideas. I'd tell them ladies had no more business with Clubs than babies with open jack-knives. What's that, Fogy? "Tell 'em they will never succeed, unless they admit a few men to manage the affair!" What a fool you are! If men only *would* mind their own business, both sides get along better.

I'd tell them the name of a true woman should never appear in print but twice—when she's married and when she's dead. That the only object of her ambition should be, to be *respectable*—that she should shrink with horror from anything which, even for a moment, should compromise her eminent respectability in the eyes of the world, no matter what helpless and down-trodden victims were crying to her for aid. I would point out the way to attain to the acme of this holy object of her aspirations—always to have those shirt-buttons sewed on, always to *talk* as if she were fond of knitting, to be regular in her attendance at the sewing society, to have a new bonnet when her neighbors had theirs, to have her minister to tea four times a year, to have plenty of ruffles and scallops on her children's pantalettes, and to always affirm, distinctly and firmly, when the subject is brought up, that she has no rights which a husband is bound to respect.

These rules, followed faithfully, will secure to her all which she requires. "*Growing eloquent?*" Well, Fogy, this is the only subject on which eloquence in one of my sex is admissable. I believe *I've* always been respectable. I take pride in my position, and I feel that I've reason to be proud of it. When I was a girl, I was mighty high-strung, and a little high-flown, too. But, my good mother impressed upon me that a woman's mission was to be respectable. She taught me to shrink from anything *improper*. I gave up climbing fences when I was a very little girl, because it was improper *for a girl*. When the boys were romping and enjoying themselves, I worked my sampler, and reflected upon what a nice little lady I was. When I was older, I believed I had talent as an artist. But, if I painted portraits, I might have to paint some of the male sex. My mother did not approve of it; so I gave up the thought, and have since contented myself with embroidering flowers and drawing pictures on the slate for my children.

What's that? Now, Fogy, that's a vile slander! I *never* painted. I'm sure I always had natural color enough and to spare. Because you found a pink saucer which I used for painting roses, you must twit me of it, '*What was it in my dressing bureau for?*" Where else should it be, pray? You've that prying, insinuating disposition, I declare I feel like driving you out of my house a dozen times a day. "*Not my house?*" Did I ever! I guess you're mistaken there! Thank the Lord, a woman *can* hold property in her own right, nowadays. If you say that again, it will be a good while before *you* set foot in it. *My* house, indeed! Don't you see I'm waiting for you to serve the custard? I've a mind not to give you another drop of tea this night. *Your* house, indeed!

If you hadn't interrupted, I'd been through with what I wished to say by this time. But men's tongues are hung in the middle, and go at both ends.

As I was saying, I was high-strung in my young days, but, in the desire always to be the pink of propriety, I've pretty well overcome my natural temper. I may scold you and browbeat you, Fogy, but I don't let anybody know it. If you was to ask my dearest friend, now, which was the master of this house, she'd say *you* were. I've always allowed the world to suppose that my very thoughts were regulated by your opinion, while the truth is, as you know too well, that I don't care a fig for it.

You needn't groan, unless you've eaten too much of that cold stuffing. I've made you a good wife, of the orthodox kind. There isn't a hole as big as an eyelet in any one of your stockings, nor a cobweb in this house from garret to cellar, nor a better lace shawl than mine in our church. I never soap you up before people; all my lectures are curtain lectures. I don't countenance Women's Rights; I wouldn't vote if the ballot-box was on the lamp-post in front of *my* house. I've got all the rights I want, so long as I can shake you till your teeth chatter, and you daren't say your soul's your own, unless I give you permission.

What? "Dress you up in my clothes, and give you my card, and let you go in my place!" Well, if there's anything on earth that's truly pitiable it's the base curiosity of the male sex! Ever since Adam teased Eve to give him the apple-core, he's been tagging around after her, trying to find out what she's about. You'd look well trying to manage a train, wouldn't you? "On a train?" Yes, and have everybody else on it. But I wouldn't care so much for the ruin of my dress as I would for the ruin of my reputation, if you should try to speak for me, which you'd be just foolish enough to attempt. I don't believe in women speaking in public; but I should hate to employ you to take my place. You'd go to flattering up every pretty member of that Sorosis, and you'd become one of 'em the first chance they gave you, instead of setting them down as they deserve. No, thank you, Fogy, I don't choose to be represented by *you*.

A woman's Club. Well! well! well! As if the Sewing Society had outlived its day of usefulness, and the female sex must go to investing some other medium of communication. Meet for "mutual improvement!" Doesn't the Sewing Society meet for mutual improvement? I should like to be told if any one of its members ever did anything she hadn't ought to that it was not discussed and—what did you say?—"*cussed?*" Oh, you wicked, wicked man! "*Only echoed my word?*"

It's no use reasoning with you, Fogy, only please don't interrupt so often. Men should be seen and not heard, especially at table. Yes, we enjoyed the benefits of mutual communion in those good old days. We told all the stories we heard about each other, we criticized each other's clothes, and passed judgment on each other's conduct, and thus kept society in order, and made women look sharp to what they did, while, at the same time, we made up flannels for those poor little heathen, who were all, as the missionaries told us, *in statu quo*, or something to that effect—it's rather indelicate for a woman to understand Latin, so I'm not certain I've got it right. I suppose it means like statues, which usually have not so many garments as they ought to have. Yes, we didn't sew with our tongues idle, I assure you—I mean we didn't talk with our fingers idle, and I don't know what can be desired more improving. And we didn't go to a hotel for our suppers. We had tea and biscuits and lady-cake, and the gentlemen to join us in the evening and see us home. If that Sorosis expects to get along without the gentlemen to see it home, it won't live long, that's my opinion, so long as human nature *is* human nature, and women are what they are.

"You should not think there would be any temptation to extravagance in dress at the Club, since gentlemen are excluded." Then you never made a greater mistake in your life, Fogy. It's a fallacious notion, that women dress to please the men. They do no such thing! They dress *to spite each other*. The only jealousy they are ever guilty of, is jealousy of each other's clothes. Laws! if they dressed to please the gentlemen, don't they know they'd be just as charming in a pink lawn as in a pink silk, only so that the stuff was soft and pretty in color, and set well to their nice figures. A girl can break a young fellow's heart with a two dollar muslin rightly made up, but she can't break the hearts of the other girls in her set with anything less than a two hundred dollar satin! And *that's* the way it, will be at that Sorosis, mind my word.

A Woman's CLUB! Well, well, well, well! You suppose they consider that a knock-down argument in favor of their rights? Fogy, how often have I told you that punning has been pronounced the very lowest species of wit? It never ran in *our* family, thank goodness! We consider it as improper to be funny as to be radical. I was never funny in my life. "*Except the time of that alarm of fire next door, when you threw our infant out of the window, but stopped to take your hair out of papers before you could make your appearance to see what had become of it. If the firemen had not caught our little Olla, we'd have been*"—Come, come, Fogy, that's staler than last week's bread. If a woman can't do as she pleases with her own curl-papers, things have come to a pretty pass! If you ever refer to that again, Oliver Fogy, I don't know but I shall be furious enough to—"join the Club!"

THE GRAND CANAL IN CHINA.

About 100 miles south of Shanghai is the great city of Hang-chow-foo, on a large stream which comes down from the hills of the eastern provinces of the Empire. At that city the Great or Imperial Canal commences, running across the meadows in a northwesterly direction to Soochow, a city which is about 70 miles west of Shanghai, one of the ancient cities of the Empire. Before the rebellion it had a population estimated at 2,000,000, but it is much less than that now. From Soochow the Grand Canal runs in still the same direction, and communicates with the Yang-te-ze at the city of Chin Kiang, near the northern bend. We shall reach this city by and by, but for the present we will think of the Yang-te-ze and its connections. There are no obstacles on the north bank, no need of locks, and so the grand artificial water way—the noble monument of the ancient civilization—continues on an hundred miles further to the Whang-ho, or Yellow River, and then on to Pekin. I have said that it goes to the Yellow River, a statement which needs a little elaboration. The map which lies before me gives the the Yellow river as emptying into the Yellow Sea, and I suppose that all of the school atlases give that as the outlet; but I am informed that the larger volume of the water of that river empties into the Gulf of Pechill, through hundreds of creeks and sluice ways.

We might step on board one of these queer river craft, spread the latten sails, turn up the grand canal at the northern bend of the Yang-te-ze and come out at Pekin, or at fifty outlets along the coast, or, gaining the main channel of the Yellow river, work our way one thousand miles due west from the sea, then turning north four hundred miles, we should pass the great wall, enter Mongolia, sail three or four hundred miles in that country and re-enter China and traverse the northwest provinces of the Empire.

As yet nothing is known as to the practicability of navigating these northern streams by steam, but here are junks loaded with salt for the Manchus of Tartary, junks bound for Pekin. During the war between the Allies and China the city of Ching Kiang was taken by the naval forces, and the whole northern provinces felt the blow at once, for it stopped all trade between the north and south.

But turning once more to the Yang te-ze we see it running through the heart of the Empire. We may steam from the city of Ching Kiang with a southwest general course almost to the boundary of Burman. It has been explored by Capt. Blakstone, of the royal navy, 1,782 miles from Shanghai. It is navigable for sea-going steamers for 1,110 miles. No one knows how far beyond that steamers like those of the Mississippi might penetrate, but probably to Thibet, perhaps to Turkestan. The entire length of the stream is not far from 3,000 miles.

We meet great rafts of bamboo and timber with houses upon them which have floated down from the western provinces of the Empire. The raftsmen, till reaching Hankow, never saw a steamboat, and they can do nothing but stare wondering and amazed at the apparition of a boat rolling on wheels up stream 12 miles an hour. They will have marvelous stories to tell when they get back to their far distant homes.

Looking at this great river, and its branches—the Han, Ming and Liog on the north, the Kiang on the south, with their branches—it is plain that these water ways are to play a very important part in the progress of civilization. In this respect the Yang-te-ze will surpass all other rivers upon the globe. The tides of civilization—of trade and commerce—set directly across the Mississippi, but the Yan-te-ze is the great artery of this Empire, with a course directly along the lines of latitude. As yet modern civilization has barely obtained a foothold in the Empire—five ports opened to trade—permission to go up to Hankow with steamers. Missionaries may go where they please, for they are looked upon as inoffensive persons. The Chinese Government has been wise enough to take foreigners into its customs service, and to require some Chinese to acquire foreign languages, and has further exhibited its wisdom by appointing Mr. Burlingame as Envoy to Western nations.

We are going towards the heart of the empire to-day, in a steamer built on the Hudson, propelled by an engine from the hands of New York mechanics, our captain a clear-headed Yankee from Cape Ann, and we are brought face to face with questions of the future. What part is America to play on this continent? San Francisco and the valley of the Columbia—*which is to be the New England of the Pacific coast*—are twenty-five days distant. Next year New York will be one month from Shanghai. What is to be the measure of influence of American ideas—political, social, moral and religious—in this land? More important—what measure of influence is China to have upon America? Sixty to eighty thousand Chinamen already in California and Oregon, one thousand Americans, perhaps, in all China. The steamers of the Pacific Mail are crowded with Chinamen. Every sailing ship bound to San Francisco carries a full complement of Chinese passengers. Four hundred sailed from Hong Kong in one vessel. America has 35,000,000 inhabitants, China 400,000,000. In China every inch of land is occupied; here, *millions of acres* are waiting for the coming of the cultivator.

We call Astor, Vanderbilt and Belmont money kings, but there are merchants in China rich enough to buy up a half dozen of the wealthiest men of the United States, whose money bags are heavier than those of the Rothschilds! As yet the West is tributary to the East. China compels us to bring our silver to her coffers. She is powerful enough to keep the balance of trade against us.

Is there power and vitality enough in the United States to affect this inert mass? Is there not reason to fear that the emigration of Chinamen to America will serve as a drag upon our own progress? Is there power enough in the great democratic mill to grind up the odds and ends of all lands—to reduce Ireland, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, England, Scotland, Italy, Africa, Mexico and China to common pulp? Shall we have at the last broadcloth or shoddy?

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