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## THE CHILD AND THE POETS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Still linger in our noon of time
And in our Saxon tongue
The echoes of the home-born hymns
The Aryan mothers sung.

And childhood hath its litanies
In every age and clime;
The earliest cradles of the race
Were rocked to poets' rhyme.

Nor sky, nor wave, nor tree, nor flower,
Nor green earth's virgin sod,
So moved the singer's heart of old
As these small ones of God.

The mystery of unfolding life
Was more than morning's dawn,
Than opening flower or crescent moon
The human soul new-born!

And still to childhood's sweet appeal
The heart of genius turns,
And more than all the sages teach
From lisping voices learns.

The voices loved of him who sang
Where Tweed and Teviot glide
That sound to-day in all the winds
That blow from Rydal's side,—

Heard in the Teuton's household songs
And folk-lore of the Finn,
Where'er to holy Christmas hearths
The Christ-child enters in!

Before life's sweetest mystery still
The heart in reverence kneels;
The wonder of the primal birth
The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can;
God hath his small interpreters;
The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim;
But he is freshest from His hands
And nearest unto Him.

And haply, pleading long with Him
For sin-sick hearts and cold
The angels of our childhood still
The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom! Teach Thou us,
O, Master, most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of Thine!

The haughty feet of power shall fail
Where meekness surely goes;
No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gates unclose.

Alone to guilelessness and love
Those gates shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The child-like heart is all.

## WASHEE-WASHEE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Two days after the widow had arrived in this mining camp, Washee-Washee, as the "boys" had named him, stood out on the steps of his cabin all the afternoon, looking up the forks and down the forks, and wondering what in the world was the reason the "boys" did not come creaking along and screeching their great gum boots together, with their extra shirt for wash waddled down in one of the spacious legs.

Three days after the widow had arrived she had absorbed all the business. Four days after she had arrived she absorbed Washee-Washee. And now it was the brown hand of little moon-eyed Washee-Washee that reached through the door, took the clothes, and handed them out again—or at least such portion as he chose to hand out—to the bearded giants standing there in line, patiently waiting at the door of the widow's cabin.

The face of the widow was now almost entirely invisible. It was as if there was no sun at the forks, and all the sky was in a perpetual eclipse of clouds.

Soon there was trouble. Clothes began to disappear. One bearded sawyer, a gallant man, who refused to complain because there was a woman in the case, was observed to wear his coat buttoned very closely up to his chin, and that, too, in midday in summer. This good man had at first lost only his extra shirt. He did not complain. He simply went to bed on Sunday, and sent his shirt early to the wash, expecting to rise in the afternoon, "dress," and go to town. A week went by. The man could not stay in bed till the day of judgment. So he rose up, buttoned up to the throat, and went down to buy another supply.

Other circumstances not dissimilar in result began to question whether or not, after all, the camp had been greatly the gainer by this new element in its population.

One afternoon there was a commotion at the door of the widow's cabin. Sandy was in trouble with Washee-Washee. The moon-eyed little man tried to get back into the house, but the great big giant had been too long a patient and uncomplaining sufferer to let him escape now, and he reached for his queue and drew him forth, as a showman does a black snake from a cage.

The widow saw the great hairy face of this grizzly giant, and retreated far back into the cabin. She was perfectly certain she was terribly afraid of this great big awkward, half-clad, exasperated man, and therefore, with a woman's consistency, she came to the door, and in a voice softer than running water to Sandy's ears, asked what could be the matter.

Sandy was taken by surprise and could not say a word. He only rolled his great head from one shoulder to the other, got his hands lashed up somehow in his leathern belt and great gum boots, and stood there like a born idiot.

But whoever saw an embarrassed Chinaman? The innocent little fellow, turning his soft, brown almond eyes up to the window, told her, as poor Sandy started on down the hill like an awkward bull, that this dreadful "Amelican" wanted him to leave her, to go home with him to be his wife.

When Sandy heard this last he disappeared, crestfallen and utterly crushed. He went home, but not to rest. He told Limber Tim all about what had happened. How he stood it all in silence till it came to the last shirt. How the Chinaman had lied, and how he was now certain that it was this same little Celestial who was boning all the tackle. Limber Tim raised himself on his elbow, where he lay in his bunk, and, looking at Sandy, struck out emphatically with his hand and said:

"Lay fur him!"

Sandy drew on his great gum boots again. Limber Tim rose up, and then the two men kept creaking and seething and whetting their great boots together as they went silently and in single file down the hill toward the town.

There was an expression of ineffable peace and tranquillity upon the face of Washee-Washee that twilight as he wended his way from the widow's cabin to his own. His day's work was done, and the little man's face looked the soul of repose. Possibly he was saying, with the great, good poet, whose lines you hear at evening time on the lips of nearly every English artisan:

> "Something attempted, something done,
> Has earned a night's repose."

Washee-Washee looked strangely fat for a Chinaman, as he peacefully toddled down the trail, still wearing, as he neared his cabin, that look of calm delight and perfect innocence, such only as the pure in heart are supposed to wear. His hands were drawn up and folded calmly across his obtruding stomach, as if he feared he might possibly burst open, and waited to be ready to hold himself together.

In the great little republic there, where all had begun an even and equal race in the battle of life, where all had begun as beggars, this tawny little man from the far off flowery kingdom was alone; he was the only representative of his innumerable millions in all that camp. And he did seem so fat, so perfectly full of satisfaction. Perhaps he smiled to think how fat he was, and, too, how he had flourished in the little democracy.

He was making a short turn in the trail, still holding his clasped hands over his extended stomach, still smiling peacefully out of his half-shut eyes.

"Washee! Washee!"

A double bolt of thunder was in his ears. A tremendous hand reached out from behind a pine, and when the fat little Chinaman squatted down and began to wilt and melt beneath it—

"Washee-Washee, come!"

Washee-Washee was not at all willing to come; but that made not the slightest difference in the world to Sandy. The little almond-eyed man was not at all heavy. Old flannel shirts, cotton overalls, stockings, cotton drawers and cambric handkerchiefs never are heavy, no matter how well they may be wadded in, and padded away, and tucked up, and twisted under an outer garment, and so, before he had time to say a word, he was on his way to the widow's with Sandy, while Limber Tim, with his mouth half-open, came crawling up the trail and grinding and whetting his screechy gum boots together after them.

There is a fine marble statue in the great garden at Naples, near the massive head of Virgil, which represents some great giant as striding along with some pigmy thrown over his shoulder, which he is carelessly holding on by the heel. Sandy looked not wholly unlike that statue as he strode up the trail with Washee-Washee.

He reached the door of the widow's cabin, knocked with the knuckles of his left hand, while his right hand held on to an ankle that hung down over his left shoulder, and calmly waited an answer.

The door half-way opened.

"Beg pardon, mum."

He bowed stiffly as he said this, and then, shifting Washee-Washee round, quietly took his other heel in his other hand, and proceeded to shake him up and down and dance him and stand him gently on his head, until the clothes began to burst out from under his blue seamless garment, and to peep through his pockets, and to reach down around his throat and dangle about his face, till the little man was nearly smothered.

Then Sandy set him down a moment to rest, and looked in his face as he sat there, and it had the same peaceful smile, the same calm satisfaction as before. The little man now put his head to one side, shut his pretty brown eyes a little tighter at the corners, and opened his mouth the least bit in the world, and put out his tongue as if he was about to sing a hymn.

Then Sandy took him up. He smiled again, sweeter than before. Sandy tilted him sidewise and shook him again. Then there fell a spoon, then a pepper-box, and then a small brass candlestick; and at last, as he rolled him over and shook the other side, there came out a machine strangely and wonderfully made of whalebone and brass and stays and hooks and eyes, that Sandy had never seen before and did not all understand, but supposed was either a fish trap or some new invention for washing gold.

Then Limber Tim, who had screwed his back up against the palings and watched all this with his mouth open, came down, and reaching out with his thumb and finger as if they had been a pair of tongs, took the garments, one by one, named them, for he knew them and their owners well, and laid them silently aside. Then he took Washee-Washee from the hands of Sandy, and stood him up or tried to stand him up alone. He looked like a flagstaff with the banner falling loosely around it in an indolent wind. He held him by the queue awhile, but he wilted and sank down gently at his feet, all the time smiling sweetly as before, all the time looking up with a half-closed eye and half-parted lips, as though he was enjoying himself perfectly and would like to laugh, only that he had too much respect for the present company.

"If I could only shake the lies out of him, mum, as easily as I did this 'ere spoon, and this 'ere candlestick, and this 'ere—this 'ere"—Sandy had stooped and picked up the articles as he spoke, and now was handing them to the widow in triumph.

"Poor little, helpless, harmless fellow!"

The widow was looking straight at the Celestial, who sat there piled up in a little bit of a heap, the limpiest thing in all the forks party, save Limber Tim.

"Let him go, please; let him go. Bring the things and come in."

"You can go now, John; but don't do so any more. It is not right." The widow smiled in pity as she said this to Washee-Washee. The Chinaman understood the first proposition perfectly, but not the last at all. To him this was simply a bad investment. To him it was only a little shipwreck, and having been taught by the philosophers of his country to prepare for adversity in the hour of prosperity, he was not at all lacking in resignation now. He rose up, smiled that musical and peaceful smile of his, and wended his way to his home.

Sandy looked a moment at the retreating, hungry-looking little Chinaman, and then thrust his two great hands into his two great pockets, and, tilting his head first on the left shoulder and then on the right, tried hard to look the widow in the face, but found himself contemplating the toes of his great gunboats in a second.

"Will you not come in?"

The man rolled forward. He sat down in the widow's cabin in a perfect glow of excitement and delight.

I am bound to admit that, upright and great as Sandy was, he kept thinking to himself: "What will the judge and the boys say to this?" He was even glad in his heart that Limber Tim stood with his back glued up against the palings on the outside, and his hands reached back and wound in and around the rails, so that he could testify to the boys—tell it, in fact, to the world—that he had entered in and sat down in the widow's cabin.

It was not an easy work for Sandy sitting there. He soon began to suffer. He hitched about and twisted around on the broad wooden stool as if he had sat down on a very hot stove.

The widow sat a little way back across the cabin, a bit of work in her lap, looking up at Sandy now, and now dropping her half-sad blue eyes down to her work, and all the time in a low, sweet way, doing every word of the talking.

Sand'ys hot stove kept getting hotter and hotter. He began to wish he was down with the boys at the Howling Wilderness, consulting the oracle of cocktails. All at once he seemed to discern his great long legs. They seemed to him as if they reached almost clean across the cabin, like two great anacondas, going to swallow up the widow. He fished them up, curved them, threw his two great hands across them, nursed them affectionately; but they seemed more in the way and uglier than ever before. Then he thrust them out again, but jerked them back instantly and drove them back under his bench, as if they had been two big and unruly bull-dogs—and he nearly upset himself in doing it. They had nearly frightened him, they were surely never half so, long before. It seemed to him as though they would reach across the room and through the wall, and even down to the Howling Wilderness. He twisted them up under the bench and got them fast there, and was glad of it; for now they would not and could not run out and rush across the room at the widow.

But now poor Sandy saw another skeleton. His eyes came upon them suddenly, in a sort of discovery. It seemed as if he had just found them out for the first time, and knew them for mortal enemies, and determined to do away with them at once, and at any sacrifice. Such hands! Had the widow really been looking at them all this time? The back of that hand was big and rough as the bark of a tree. That finger nail had a white rim of dough around it; that thumb nail was as big and about as dirty as a crevicing spoon! He picked up that hand, thrust it under him, sat firmly over on that side, and held it down and out of sight with all his might. The other one lay there, still in the way. It was uglier than the one he had just slain and hidden away in the bush. There was dirt enough about the nails to make a small mining claim. He rolled the hand over and over on his lap, as if it had been somebody's baby, and a baby with the colic. At last, in a state of desperation, he rolled it off and let it fall and take care of itself. It hung down at his side like a great big felon from the scaffold. It twisted and swung around there as if it had just been hung up by the neck in the expiation of some awful crime. It felt to Sandy as if it weighed a ton. He tried to lift it up again, to take care of it, to nurse it, to turn it over on its stomach, to stroke it and talk to it and pity it and soothe away its colic; but lo! he could not lift it. He began to perspire, he was so very warm. It was the warmest time that Sandy had ever seen. All this time Sandy had sat close by the door and not one word had he uttered.

The widow rose up, laid her work on the table, all the time smiling sweetly, half sadly, and, going up to the fireplace, took from the box in the corner pine-knot after pine-knot, and laid them on the blazing fire.

"Come—the evening is chilly—will you not sit closer to the fire!"

Sandy sat still as the statue of Moses in the Vatican; but that abominable felon hanging by the neck at his side kept twisting around and around, as if he never would die or be still. The widow sat down with her work, as before, and this time she began to talk about the weather, trusting through this subject, at least, her great good friend could open his lips and speak.

"How very cold it is this evening. The chill of the snow is in the air. It blows down from the banks of snow on the mountain, and I fancy it must be cold here in this rickety cabin the summer through."

Still the ugly convict that now began to grow black in the face swung and twisted at his side; but he did not speak.

"Do you not feel cold?"

"Yes, 'um."

Then two words came out like the bark of a bull-dog, as if one of the brutes he had drawn back under his bench had stuck out his nose and yelped in the face of the widow, and Sandy was frightened nearly to death. The perspiration dropped from his brow to his hand, and he knew that things could not last in this way much longer. The bull-dogs would be out, and he knew it; the dead man that he was sitting down upon would rise up to judgment; and the felon at his side was only swinging and turning and twisting more than before.

Sandy shut his eyes and attempted to rise. His gum boots screeched, the bench creaked as he began to undouble himself, and turned up and hung on behind as if it had been a lobster. He shook it off, and began to tower up like a pine. He feared he would pierce through the roof, and began to look out through the half-open door and to stretch out the prostrate hand. Then he stood still, and was more bewildered than before. The widow was looking straight at him and expecting him to speak. He wished he had not got up at all. If he was only back on that overthrown bench, with the dead man beneath him, and the bull dogs below, and the felon swinging loosely at his side, how happy he would be. He tried to speak—tried it like a man; but if it had been to save his life, to save her life, the world, he could not find form to shape one word. He backed and blundered and stumbled across the threshold, and drew a breath—such a breath! the first he had drawn for half an hour—as he stood outside, with the widow's little feet following to the threshold, and her pretty miniature face looking up to his, as if looking up to the top of a pine.

"You will come again, will you not? You have been so very kind. Please to call. Step in as you pass and rest. It is so lonesome here, you know; nobody that anybody knows. And then you are such good company."

And then the pretty little widow, with the sad, sweet face, laughed the prettiest little laugh that was ever laughed this side that other Eden, with its one fair woman.

Limber Tim closed his mouth and unscrewed himself from the palings on the fence without as Sandy appeared, and the two took their way to their cabin.

"And you are such good company." That was all Sandy could remember. What could he have said? He tried and tried to recall his observations, whatever they may have been, on the various topics of the day, but in vain. He could only remember driving two ugly bull dogs back under his bench, of slaying and hiding away his mortal enemy, and then hanging a felon for high treason; and then, chiefest of all, "You will come again—it is lonesome here; you are such good company."

"You are such good company." The wind sang it through the trees as he wended his way home. The water away down in the canon below the trail sang it soft and low and sweet, sang it ever and nothing more, and the teakettle that night simmered and sang, and sang this one sweet song for Sandy.

He took the first opportunity after supper to slip out and away from Limber Tim, and there in the dark, with his face to the great black forest, he stood, saying over and over to himself, in his great coarse voice, trying to catch the soft tones of the widow, "You are such good company."

That evening Limber Tim leaned up against the logs of the Howling Wilderness and told all that had happened, and how Sandy had seen the widow, how he had sat in her cabin, how he had called and how she had smiled, and what a very hero his "pardner" had become. He told of Washee-Washee. The story of Washee-Washee went through the forks, and then the next morning the forks rose up and "went through" Washee-Washee.

Perhaps it was what the widow had said about "poor, little, helpless, harmless man" that saved him; but certain it was, for some unknown reason, the miners dealt gently with this strange little stranger. Had this been one or even a dozen of their own kind, some tree in the neighborhood of the forks would have in less than an hour one or even a dozen strange and ugly fruit. They went to Washee-Washee's cabin. He smiled as he saw their approach, half shut his eyes as they entered, laid his head a little to one side as they tore up his bench, and looked perfectly happy and peaceful as a lamb as they pulled out from under it enough old clothes to open a shop in Petticoat lane, or even in Bow street.

They found a rifle-blanket in one of his wooden shoes, and it was heavy with gold dust. Poor Washee-Washee, when called upon to explain, said timidly that he had found it floating up the river past his cabin, and took it in to dry it. He seemed hurt when they refused to believe him. They found a hose coiled up in his great bamboo hat. One of the men took hold of his queue—his beautiful long black queue, that swept the ground with its braided folds and black silk tassels, tipped with red and gold—and found it heavy with nuggets hidden away, for what purpose goodness only knows. It was heavy enough to sink it like a shot were it a fish-line. And all this gold was his!

They threatened hard things to Washee-Washee, these rough, outraged, hairy fellows, who had patronized him and helped him, and tried to get him along in this world; but he was perfectly passive and tranquil. A man who stood there with a bundle of recovered treasure-trove—in the shape of shirts and coats of many colors, because of many patches—took Washee-Washee by the little pink ear and twisted him up and around till he saw his face. Then he let him go, and catching his clothes up under his arm, strode on out of the cabin and on down to his claim and his work. The meekest man that the world has seen since Socrates was Washee-Washee. He sat there with the same semi-grin on his face, the same half-smile in his almond eyes, though a man shook a rope in his face, jerked it up, thrust out his tongue, pointed to a tree, and hung himself in pantomime before this placid Chinaman.

"What will we do with him?" A bearded citizen stood there, with a bundle of clothes under his arm, waiting to be gone.

"Poor, lonesome, harmless little man." Sandy stood there repeating the words of the little widow, without knowing it.

"He does lie so helplessly," said one. "If he could only lie decently, we might bang him decently."

"Tell you what; flog him and send him adrift." The man who proposed this was a stranger, with an anchor and other salt-marks of the sea on his hairy arms.

"Wolves would eat 'im in the bush."

"Wolves eat a Chinaman!" They'd eat a gum boot fust!"

"Tell you what we'll do," growled the gopher. "Reform him."

"Reform hell!" said the sailor to himself.

"Come, let's do a little missionary business and begin at home," urged the gopher.

"Get the judge to reprimand him. Have him talk to him an hour; then let the parson speak to him another hour. If he lives that through he will be an honest man; or if not honest, he will at least be harmless."

Now they had no parson at the forks—not even a semblance for one yet; neither had they a lawyer or doctor. But this parson was a person in the camp. He was perhaps the most popular man there. He was certainly the most influential, for he was a man who could talk. They called him the parson because he was certainly the wickedest man in all the mines.

The idea was novel, and was at once adopted.

Here, at least, was a practical application of the popular feeling in older republics that the officers are the servants of the public.

The little judge here was certainly the people's servant. If he had not been, if he had asserted himself at all and taken up arms and fortified himself behind a barricade of books, they would simply have called a miners' meeting in half an hour, and in half an hour would have had the little man ousted, and another man in his place, and then back to their work as if nothing had happened. Never in the world had men known such absolute liberty as was attained here. There was not even the dominion of woman, and yet they were not happy.

They marched Washee-Washee to the Howling Wilderness, told the sentence and called upon the parson to enforce judgment.

He now took a cordial and began. Washee-Washee sat before him on a bench, leaning against the wall. The little man seemed as if about to go asleep. Possibly his conscience had kept him awake the night before, when he found that all his little investment had been a failure in the forks.

The parson began. Washee-Washee flinched, jerked back, sat bolt upright, and seemed to suffer.

Then the parson shot another oath. This time it came like a cannon ball, and red hot, too, for Washee-Washee was almost lifted out of his seat.

Then the parson took his breath a bit, rolled the quid of tobacco in his mouth from left to right and from right to left, and as he did so he selected the very broadest, knottiest and ugliest oaths that he had found in all his fifty years of life on the border.

Washee-Washee had lost his expression of peace. He had evidently been terribly shaken. The parson had rested a good spell, however, and the little, slim, brown man before him, who had crawled out over the great wall of China, sailed across the sea of seas, climbed the Sierras, and sat down in their midst, to begin the old clothes business, without pay or promise, was again settling back, as if about to surrender to sleep.

Cannon balls! conical shot! chain shot! and shot red hot! Never were such oaths heard in the world before!

The Chinaman fell over.

"Stop!" cried the barkeeper of the Howling Wilderness, who didn't want the expense of the funeral. "Stop! Do you mean to curse him to death?"

The Chinaman was allowed time to recover, and then they sat him again on the bench. A man fanned him with his broad bamboo hat, lest he should faint before the last half sentence was nearly through, and the judge was called upon to enforce the remainder of the sentence.

"Washee-Washee! In this glorious climate of California—how could you!"

Washee-Washee nodded, and the judge broke down, badly embarrassed. At last he recovered himself and began in a deep, earnest and entreating tone:

"Washee-Washee, in this glorious climate of Californy you should remember the seventh commandment, and never, under any circumstances or temptations that beset you, should you covet your neighbor's goods, or his boots, or his shirt, or his socks, or his handkerchief, or anything that is his, or—"

The judge paused, the men giggled, and then they roared and laughed and danced about their little judge, for Washee-Washee had folded his little brown hands in his lap and was sleeping as sweetly as a babe in its cradle.

Poor little Washee-Washee. When the widow got married he had to go. He could not embark in business again, and he would not go away. The widow always gave him all he asked when he came to her, but that was very little. She even tried to persuade him to accept little gifts and to take some delicacies for his stomach's sake; but the little pagan would only shake his head, smile the least bit out of one corner of his mouth, and then go away as if half-offended.

Every five years there is a curious sort of mule caravan seen meandering up and down the mining streams of California where Chinamen are to be found. It is a quiet train, and quite unlike those to be found there driven by Mexicans, and bearing whisky and dry goods. In this train or caravan the drivers do not shout or scream. The mules, it always seemed to me, do not even bray. This caravan travels almost always by night, and it is driven and managed almost altogether by Chinamen. These Chinamen are civil, very respectful, very quiet, very mournful, both in their dress and manner.

These mules, both in coming in and in going out of camp, are loaded with little square beechwood boxes of about three feet in length and one foot square.

When a train arrives in a camp these boxes are taken from off the backs of the mules, stored in some Chinaman's cabin close to the trail, and there they lie, so far as the world knows, undisturbed for two or three days, when, about midnight, the mules are quietly drawn up to the cabin door, the boxes are brought, and the mules are loaded, and the line winds away up the hill and out on the mountain to the sea on wheels.

The only apparent difference in these boxes now is the lead label at either end, which was not there when they entered the camp.

This is the caravan of the dead. No Chinaman will consent to let his bones lie in the land of the barbarian. The bones of every Chinaman, even to the beggar—if there ever was such thing as a Chinese beggar in California—are taken back to the land of his fathers.

Washee-Washee stood watching the train climb the corkscrew trail in the gray dawn one morning, and then, shaking his head, he went to the widow and said:

"By'ee, by'ee. Washee-Washee allee sammee."

And it was so. His first great commercial enterprise had been a disastrous failure, and the brown little fellow never recovered. Other Chinamen poured into camp, and he certainly had friends among them all; but he went to none in his griefs as he did to the widow—she who had been his friend in his first great trouble.

The little brown man took to opium, and gradually grew almost black. His little bright black eyes grew brighter, his thin face grew thinner, and he became a little more than a shadow. Still he would smile a bit out of that corner of his mouth—would smile as if he was smiling at death, and was trying to cheat him into the idea that he felt perfectly well.

The caravan camp in due time. As before, it rested, loaded, climbed the hill, and as the train laid up against the morning star, you might have read on one little box, wherein a skeleton lay doubled up like a jackknife, this name:

"WASHEE-WASHEE."

—*Independent.*

## Suffrage and the Sex.

While in America the prospect for female suffrage at general elections has, since the agitation of the subject, never been more remote, its adoption in a limited form in England has been so nearly achieved as to fill its advocates with renewed energy, and justify their hope that within a few years at most they shall witness the triumph of the measure for which they have fought so gallantly. The bill before Parliament provided that unmarried women, who are householders in boroughs and qualified in counties, shall be entitled to exercise the elective franchise. On a division of the House the measure received 152 votes out of 339, a majority of but thirty-five against it. The bill was introduced by Mr. Forsyth, a tory, and received the votes of Disraeli, Halker, Manners, and others of the government, while Hartington, the liberal leader, John Bright, and others, voted against it.

The debate was instructive, amusing, spirited, boorish, cynical, and abusive, according as the speakers were intelligent, facetious, earnest, or prejudiced. Mr. Forsyth sketched the rapid progress of the movement for the form of suffrage provided by the bill. In 1868, the petitions in favor of the measure were seventy-five, with 50,000 signatures; in 1875, the petition had increased to 1600, with 230,000 names; while not a single remonstrance against it was lying on the table of the House. He was opposed to extending the suffrage to married women, but favored the right on the part of single women, on the principle of the representation of property, for, he contended, when a class is taxed, that class has a right to have a voice in the choice of parliamentary representatives. Mr. Chaplin, though singularly popular with the sex, placed himself squarely in opposition to the bill, the adoption of which would, he maintained, be a complete revolution in the political views by which England and the world had been governed from the earliest ages, and contained a principle opposed to the collective wisdom of ages, the teaching of all religion, and the instinct of the human race. The buffoon of the debate was Mr. Smollett, who is to the English House something of what the unique Flanagan was to the American Senate. Mr. Smollett characterized the supporters of the bill as dilettante statesmen and idle legislators. The measure, he said, was ill-drawn, and, in fact, proclaimed it the duty of married women to bear children, suckle fools, and chronicle small beer. The agitation of the question passed from America, where a number of turbulent women clad themselves in breeches and called themselves Bloomers. "But they soon gave up this attire," said Smollett, "because they found it did not attract the men. They discovered that male attire was not proper, and that the thoracic, abdominal and fundamental development of the sex protested against it." "Sir," said Smollett, in a fine attempt at withering irony, "it is said that woman is the real bread winner, and but for her the husband would go to the jail, and perhaps to the gallows. Notwithstanding, however, that woman is the nobler vessel, she is rifled, robbed and plundered by that wretched fellow, her husband." Byron had said that women set their minds on God knows what; were he living now, he would find that women dreamt of the lodger franchise. Mr. Hope spoke of the measure as a "fantastic bill," and Mr. Newdegate proclaimed that "we need no women to teach us our duties."

It will be observed that the preponderance of arguers, if not of argument, was in opposition to the bill, yet it received the handsome vote mentioned. This was due, undoubtedly, to the thoroughness with which the measure had been canvassed outside the House, and to the social character and intellectual force of the men and women, especially the latter, who had persistently, eloquently, and intelligibly urged it. Unlike the bulk of the people who favor female suffrage in America, the English supporters of the measure are mostly persons of recognized social standing and mental worth. Above all they are moderate in their demand.

There are two prominent reasons why the movement for female suffrage in the United States has lost the slight ground it gained. One was the taint of free-loveism, and, where not so bad as that, the bizarre character of the men and women who were prominent in demanding the measure. The other was the sweeping nature of the demand. The first was enough to condemn any cause. The second arose from the general conviction that already suffrage had been extended beyond the point of safety. This conviction widens and deepens every day. It is especially strong after municipal elections, at which the irresponsible masses, who never pay a cent of tax, outvote the men whose money is to be expended by the million. Who that witnessed the town elections in this city some weeks since would not restrict rather than extend the right to vote? Enfranchise women to the extent that men are enfranchised, and, in Chicago, you necessarily give the ballot to 3000 strumpets. Add them to the turbulent mass at the town gatherings and the scene would be an orgie awful to contemplate, though the result of the election might not be more disgraceful.

The collective wisdom of ages, to which one orator of the House of Commons re-referred as being against granting the right of suffrage to women, is not always the safest guide. At any rate there is a growing sentiment that the principle involved in the proposal to extend suffrage to women, even than in a larger degree than is proposed in England, is one of justice, though its recognition may not be expedient. It is not a difficult proposition to accept, that if woman pays taxes she should have a voice in choosing the body which levies the tax. And if in England a single woman may vote, why, in America, whose laws as to the right of a *femme covert* to hold property in her own name go beyond any English enactments, may not her married sister?

Yet, while the abstract right of woman to control her property, even to the extent of voting upon any public question mediately or immediately affecting it, is admitted on many sides, such is the general and constantly augmenting disgust at the results of a too free suffrage, that it is doubtful if she shall be confirmed in that right until men are similarly restricted. The dawning of such a day might be auspicious for the republic, but ere the sun rises it must set.—*Chicago Times.*

## The Fall Elections.

We have heretofore referred to the elections to be held in the various States this fall, and the important bearing which they will have on the coming contest in 1876. Elections will be held as follows:

Kentucky—Monday, August 2.
California—Wednesday, September 1.
Arkansas—Monday, September 6.
Maine—Monday, September 13.
Iowa—Tuesday, October 12.
Ohio—Tuesday, October 12.
Virginia—Tuesday, November 2.
Kansas—Tuesday, November 2.
Maryland—Tuesday, November 2.
Massachusetts—Tuesday, November 2.
Mississippi—Tuesday, November 2.
Minnesota—Tuesday, November 2.
Missouri—Tuesday, November 2.
New York—Tuesday, November 2.
New Jersey—Tuesday, November 2.
Pennsylvania—Tuesday, November 2.
Wisconsin—Tuesday, November 2.
Texas—Tuesday, December 7.

The present political complexion of the above States is indicated below:

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| Arkansas, Democrat majority (so called) | 19,863 |
| California, Republican State officers, Opposition Legislature. | |
| Maine, Republican majority | 11,397 |
| Iowa, Republican majority | 28,202 |
| Ohio, Democratic majority for Allen in 1873 | 817 |
| Virginia, Democratic majority | 27,239 |
| Kansas, Republican majority | 13,203 |
| Kentucky, Democratic majority | 60,000 |
| Maryland, Democratic majority | 14,120 |
| Massachusetts, (Governor), Democratic majority | 7,032 |
| Mississippi, Republican majority | 21,403 |
| Minnesota, Republican majority | 9,800 |
| Missouri, Democratic majority | 37,452 |
| New York, Democratic majority | 50,317 |
| New Jersey, Democratic majority | 13,233 |
| Pennsylvania, Democratic majority | 4,679 |
| Wisconsin, Democratic Governor elected in 1873, majority | 357 |
| Texas, Democratic majority | 47,631 |

Congressional election last fall resulted in favor of the Republicans.

Most of the above figures give the majorities in 1874, where such peculiar influences combined to throw the elections into the hands of Democrats. The fight was waged by the latter, mainly under the disguise of reformers or independents, and this, combined with the apathy of Republicans, gave those victories which astonished politicians of both parties and encouraged the Democracy to throw off all disguise, and assume their old name and colors. Though the elections to be held this year are in the main unimportant, so far as the officers to be chosen are concerned, the result will no doubt show a vast change from that of a year ago. In Arkansas the Republicans have certainly a majority in a fair vote, but the rascally registration law in force there when manipulated by the present gang at the head of affairs may result in cheating them out of a victory. There is hope, however, that sufficient precautions will be taken to prevent the triumph of fraud. In Kentucky a gallant fight is being made by General Harlan, the Republican candidate for Governor, and the Democratic majority will no doubt be largely reduced, as the management of State affairs by the present Democratic government has been abominable, and produced wide dissatisfaction. California is somewhat divided by local questions, but the State is soundly Republican on a straight political issue, and will so prove. Maine is, of course, Republican; as are Iowa, Wisconsin, Kansas and Minnesota. Virginia, Missouri, Texas and Maryland are Democratic, although the majority in the last named State has been steadily decreasing, and Republicans have hopes of overcoming the comparatively small advantage still retained by the opposition. Mississippi is largely Republican, and will remain so, unless intimidation and murder drive Republicans from the polls. New Jersey will probably continue Democratic, and possibly New York, though the action of the Ohio Democrats may have much influence in changing the present opposition majority in the latter State.

In Massachusetts there can be no doubt that the Republicans will redeem their State from the disgrace which has fallen upon it, and it is entirely likely that Pennsylvania will follow the example. In Ohio the most important campaign of the season is progressing. There are two questions figuring very largely in that State. One of these, and the one attracting most attention outside, is that of the currency. Whatever may be the result of the approaching election, the success or defeat of either party will be largely attributed to its position regarding the finances. Some Republicans may be drawn toward the Democratic platform on this issue, and more would be drawn except for the feeling that it is merely a dishonest device to catch votes; but the other question affecting free schools is figuring also very largely, and we should not be surprised to see the State really won by the Republicans on that issue. The Democratic party, true to its instincts, has espoused the cause of scheming churchmen who seek to overthrow our present system of education, and by so doing have roused the most violent opposition. This feeling extends not only to declared Protestants, but to all who feel a strong repugnance to anything like religious interference in politics, and who consequently look upon the alleged encroachments of the Romish Church with suspicion. To outsiders the currency issue is the transcendent one, but to those familiar with the feeling in this State, there is abundant evidence that this school question is quite as important, and, before the campaign shall be over, may become *the* issue which shall decide the contest. This, coupled with the fact that the Republican nominations are most admirable, gives us confidence that Ohio will be redeemed this fall by a very decided majority. The result in that State, either one way or the other, will have a most important bearing on next year's campaign, and will be watched with the greatest interest. We hope no Republican will be deceived by any of the pretty promises of the Democratic candidates or of their platform, but that all will lend their strength to the success of the whole Republican ticket.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

## A Father Rescues His Child from the Clutches of an Alligator.

Last Saturday about sun-down, four miles east of this place on Biloxi Bay, occurred a scene calculated to send a thrill of horror through every human heart, and to make even the boldest tremble with fear. Two little girls, daughters of Mr. Elam R. Blackwell, living on the back bay of Biloxi, while bathing in the bay immediately in front of his dwelling, were attacked by an enormous alligator. The eldest, a girl about seven years old, holding the youngest, an infant of two years, in her hands, was quietly enjoying her bath, when suddenly her little sister was snatched from her and borne swiftly from the shore. Terrified beyond measure, and unable to render any assistance to her unfortunate sister, the elder girl uttered a scream, which was quickly caught by the ear of her father, who happened, accidentally, to be passing in thirty or forty yards of the spot where his daughters were bathing. Realizing instantly, from the tone of the voice, that his children were in some peril, but unable to conjecture its exact nature Mr. Blackwell, who is an active and athletic man, rushed rapidly to their assistance, and arrived at the spot just in time to discover his little daughter being borne out into the bay by an alligator. Comprehending the scene at once, and nerved to almost superhuman effort by the desperate situation of his child, the agonized father leaped madly into the water in pursuit of the would-be destroyer of his daughter, which was then some twenty-five or thirty yards from shore. The water, for a distance of forty or fifty yards out into the bay from the point where the children were bathing, ranges in depth from one and a half to two feet, and then suddenly attains a depth of forty or fifty feet, and both the animal (which by this time had discovered the pursuit) and the father seemed to realize that the deep water immediately in front of them once reached, pursuit and recovery would be alike impossible; both, therefore, redoubled their efforts, the one to reach the point, the other to prevent it. In this struggle, although sinking to his waist in the soft mud at the bottom at each bound, the father was successful. He succeeded in grasping his child by the arm about ten feet from deep water. The alligator, which all the while held the child's foot in its mouth, perceiving itself overtaken, and alarmed and confused by the boldness of the assault, released its hold and made its way rapidly into the deep water in front of it. The father, completely exhausted, raised his child out of water, and perceiving that it still lived, by desperate effort succeeded in regaining the shore and depositing the child safely in the arms of its mother. The little girl is unhurt with the exception of a couple of bruises on its foot made by the teeth of the monster.

We obtain these facts from Mr. Blackwell himself, who is a truthful and reliable man, and we assure our readers this is no fiction, but that every word is true. Mr. Blackwell says the only way that he can account for his child not being drowned, is that at every thirty or forty feet the alligator would raise itself in the water and allow the child's head to come out. At these intervals it would scream, and evidently breathed enough to maintain life.

Parents had better be cautious with their children and keep them out of the water unless accompanied by some grown person. The bayou in front of this town is every day full of children, and there is hardly a day passes without one of these dangerous animals being seen in the immediate vicinity. It would not surprise us at any time to hear of some child being devoured by one of these ugly creatures.—*Hansboro' Democrat.*

## Political Prognostications.

It is the off year in politics, but there is a deep interest in the movements of parties and the direction the currents of public opinion are taking on account of their probable effect on the presidential election. The year opened with bright prospects for the Democracy. But they have failed to keep the ascendency, and six months have sufficed to completely change the political outlook. The Republican reverses of last fall had the effect of stimulating that party to necessary reforms. The administration has shown its determination by its efforts to break up the whisky ring and rectify abuses in the Indian Bureau. Secretary Bristow has shown admirable executive energy in trying to enforce the revenue laws. Everywhere there is a healthier tone of sentiment respecting the party and a deeper confidence in its measures and its men.

The Democratic victories last fall were won, without any increase of Democratic votes, by the sheer indifference of Republicans, who let the elections go by default. Dissatisfied with some things in their own party, they were willing the Democrats should have a trial. The Democrats have entirely misconceived the nature of their successes, and have disgusted the men to whom they are indebted for them by their follies and corruption. In New Hampshire their proceedings have brought the party into contempt with its own best men. The Legislature of Connecticut has exceeded any of its Republican predecessors in palpable disregard of the interests of the people and the proprieties of politics. In this State the party refused to sustain Governor Tilden in his reform measures, and he would have utterly failed but for the support he received from a Republican Senate; while in this city the policy of the Democracy has not only largely alienated the citizens but has created disaffection in the party. The Ohio Legislature was one of the most inefficient and unfortunate the State ever had, and the Legislature of Missouri was one of its worst as well as the poorest. The people see that however much they may need relief it is hopeless to expect it from that quarter, and thousands who consented to its success last fall will vote against it at the next election.

The manner in which the Democracy have treated the Liberal Republicans is a blunder that will cost them dear. They have voted for the Democratic candidates since 1872, and in most cases where the latter have succeeded it has been through this Liberal vote. But no sooner have the Democracy gained the ascendency than they have ostracised the Liberals by refusing to recognize their really able and eminent leaders. The Democrats of Massachusetts could have sent Adams to the Senate, but threw their votes away on a candidate they knew they could not elect. The Missouri Democrats spurned Carl Schurz, who is really one of the ablest men in the country, and chose a nonentity in his place. Everywhere that they have been successful they have turned their backs against the Republicans who helped them to win their victories, and thus warned all others away. They will get no more Republican or Liberal votes. They have cut off their source of increase by their own blindness and folly. This leaves them in a hopeless minority in the country. This is shown by a review of the votes in any of the new Democratic States. In Ohio, for instance, Allen was elected in 1873 on a Democratic vote of 214,659, while Thurman was defeated in 1867 on a Democratic vote of 240,623. The fact applies to other States. The Democrats seem to have been so intoxicated with their successes that they failed to comprehend the significance and the responsibilities they imposed, and are reaping the consequence in a loss of public confidence.—*New York Graphic.*

## The Lesson of Democratic Blundering.

I have been very much struck, in canvassing with Republican leaders and workers, to find how generally prevailing is the belief that we shall carry the Empire State this fall. Indeed, talk with any one of them and there is the same expression of confidence that we are to recover the State this fall by a rousing majority. This confidence is based upon a variety of reasons.

1. The Democrats last fall promised that they would bring better times. Well, over 100,000 Republicans remained away from the polls, the Democrats elected their candidate by over 50,000 majority, but so far from times becoming better they have grown still worse. Democratic promises of bringing plenty of work and plenty of money have not been fulfilled, and as a consequence there is a most bitter disappointment among the working classes, which will manifest itself in no uncertain manner at the polls.

2. The third term business, which cost us so many votes last year, has ceased to be a bugbear. It is now universally felt and conceded that General Grant is out of the next presidential contest.

3. The Liberal Republicans in this State are coming back to the fold almost in a body. I met their recognized leader, General John Cochrane, a few days since, when he assured me the old party would not leave the Democrats a peg to stand upon this fall. He added that "the Democratic party was the most corrupt that God ever permitted to live. This strong language, of course, indicated much bitterness on the part of the Liberal Republicans toward the Democrats. The truth is they feel that they have not been well treated, but, on the contrary, have been snubbed and humiliated by the Democrats. To the above significant language of General Cochrane may be added a remark made by Senator Fenton when coming to New York a few days since to receive a daughter returning from Europe; viz: "I claim to be and still am a Republican."

4. The inflation platform of the Ohio Democrats has had a most depressing, demoralizing effect upon the Democrats of this State, who are, with but few exceptions, hard-money men. They make no secret of their thorough disgust and of their determination of improving the first opportunity to administer a rebuke at the polls. You may rest assured that this inflation business in Ohio will make a most decided change among the Democrats in New York this fall.

5. There is an irrepressible conflict between Governor Tilden and the Democratic managers and manipulators generally in this State. There is no doubt on that point. The Governor's vigorous war upon the canal and other rings has aroused the most bitter hostility of all the dishonest Democratic politicians, and they are now only waiting for an opportunity to strike at him after he has struck at them such hard blows. They will smite him hip and thigh if they can do it. All this means a bitter strife between the Tildenites and the anti-Tildenites which will accrue to the benefit of the Republican party.

6. There is a bitter war between the Tammany leaders here and the rank and file of the Democratic party which daily grows in virulence. The Fitz John Porters and Baldy Smiths, who have been given the positions of honor and trust by Mayor Wickham, have had little or no experience in politics, and consequently do not know how to manage the Democratic element, which have to be manipulated and placated in order to keep the party as a unit. Take, for example, the management of General Fitz John Porter as Commissioner of Public Works. This is a position of very great power. Porter's predecessor, George Van Nort (Republican), so treated the hundreds of men in his employ that they would vote as he desired them to do, no matter what their politics were. The first thing Fitz John did was to discharge them. This made a compact body of hostile men to the Democratic party. Then the Democratic power in the city proceeded to reduce the wages of the new laborers. This made them in turn the enemies of the party, so that Porter's patronage, instead of being a source of strength to the Democratic party, is proving directly the reverse.

7. The Democratic Legislature last session made a wretched winter's work of it. The leaders quarrelled with Governor Tilden and with themselves, and altogether came far short of the expectations of those who elected him. This has hurt the party, and gives the Republicans decided hopes of carrying both Houses next fall.—*New York Correspondent Chicago Journal.*

## Recognition of Cuba.

It is reported, on very good authority, that the Cabinet at Washington are consulting concerning the propriety of recognizing the Cubans as belligerents, and thus securing a mitigation of the horrors that have desolated that unhappy country for so long. If this is true, it is the best news we have heard on the Cuban question for some time. The spectacle that has been presented to the world in that island has been a disgrace to our boasted civilization for years. About eight years have elapsed since the war broke out; between two and three hundred thousand lives have been wasted, the fairest parts of the island made a desert, plantations destroyed, the crops burned or devoured by one side or the other, and now the Spaniards are no nearer their object than they were at first. Indeed, they are further off, because the islanders are more desperate and more determined now than ever before. After this long war, the Spaniards find themselves holding the towns and no more; the Cubans hold the mountain country, while between the two parties lies a space once fertile—now uninhabited and waste. Neither side has made any important advance, but each has proved its respective ability to hold on to the utmost extent.

Every interest of our country that is concerned at all demands that this war shall cease. If the Cubans are accorded belligerent rights, the Spaniards will be forced by the universal law of nations to deal with them as if they had rights, and when they are obliged to do this the war will soon be at an end. They can make headway against no people in war whom they are compelled to treat with equal rights. They always wage war with brutal violence, disregarding every claim of common humanity, or even of common mercy.

Meantime, we are losing materially by the Cuban war. One after another the sugar plantations are being destroyed, and our supply curtailed by the loss of every plantation. Not more than a week ago five large plantations, comprising thousands of acres, were laid waste by the Cubans, because the owners had aided the Spaniards; a few days before that several others were ruined by the Spanish because the Cubans had received help from them. Thus they go on destroying each other, but every plantation is clear loss to us.

It would have been better if our government had interfered years ago in behalf of the islanders; but as it did not, the best thing is to interfere now, and the quicker and prompter the intervention the better for all parties. Better for the Spaniards, who are ruining themselves in this war, both in reputation and finance; better for the Cubans, because the impossibility of subduing them has been fully shown; better for ourselves, because by the independence of Cuba, and especially an independence secured by our intervention, we will acquire such an influence over her government that she will be practically one of the United States, and Cuban trade will be as nearly free as possible. The nation that has struggled for its liberty for eight years should be rewarded. It has been clearly shown that they can not be conquered by their adversaries; now let the Spaniards step aside and make way for liberty. Their independence, and subsequent annexation are but a question of time; in the past records of Texas we can see prefigured the future history of Cuba.

The cry raised by the opposition press that annexation means a strengthening of the general government and subsequent tyranny is the essence of nonsense and stupidity. Every State, in the past, that has made any mark on history's page, has been aggressive. Every one has encroached on