The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....SEPTEMBER 29, 1871.

A VIGOROUS GROWL AT TRANSGRESSING POSTMASTERS.

Postmasters along the Columbia river, look here! We have that to say to you, from the profound depths of our virtuous indignation, which ought to make you quake in your boots. Ourself and husband, in company with Miss Anthony, recently made a lecturing tour up the Columbia river as far as Walla Walla. As we have been absent from Portland most of the time for several weeks past, it has been our custom to write manuscript copy on our journeyings and send it from various points along the route. Well, on Tuesday, Sept. 19th, we mailed at The Dalles the manuscript of the chapter of "Judith Reid" which *should* have appeared in this issue. The compositors kept waiting and waiting, and finally were obliged to put the "outside" of the paper to press without it, intending to insert on the "inside," although that would be a decided innovation upon our usual custom. Well, we went up to Walla Walla and came back, stopped again at The Dalles, and reached Portland last Wednesday the 27th, and on the same day the manuscript copy of "Judith Reid," which was mailed strictly according to the requirements of the law for such matter, came to hand. Eight days from The Dalles to Portland is decidedly fast time. The copy had been mailed in two envelopes, each having one of the ends slightly clipped, which, as we understand it, is required by law. On reaching our office the envelopes had every evidence of having been opened and the copy read. It was too late, by any possible means, to secure the insertion of the story in this week's issue, and that accounts for "Judith's" loquaciousness being interrupted for the time being.

Now, gentle reader, we would like to say something terrible about the pusillanimous scamp of a postmaster, whoever he is, who is responsible for this, but the English language contains no words sufficiently strong to adequately express our feelings. If the poor fellow will give us his name we will send him the NEW NORTHWEST *free* and a blessing besides.

THE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.

In response to a little notice we gave regarding Mrs. Money's views of Miss Anthony's lectures last week, the Kalama *Beacon* publishes a rejoinder of something over a column of non-committal generalities in reply. In regard to women voting or not voting Mrs. Money appears to be like the girl who had two lovers between whom she could not decide. When one was present she loved him the best of all in the world; when the other was with her her heart was wholly and unalterably his, and when both were absent she was in a delightful state of "neutrality."

Mrs. Money objects to our mode of treating the suffrage question. We suppose that if we were to publish a half-and-half, milk-and-water, non-committal concern, always afraid to express our opinion lest somebody shouldn't like it—a paper, for instance, like the *Beacon*—Mrs. Money would think it was just the thing. Most people, however, fail to see the influence such a journal exerts. As to the influence of the NEW NORTHWEST under its present "tactics" we refer our contemporary to an article in the last issue of this paper entitled "Woman's Rights Feeling in Portland," first published in the Oregon *Herald*, in which is depicted the progress of the cause of Woman Suffrage in this city since the establishment of this paper.

Mrs. Money promises more on this subject. We respectfully ask her to answer in her future literary coruscations on this subject the question appended: "Are you in favor of Woman Suffrage as a principle or not?" An understanding arrived at, there will be some show for a discussion.

MEAT AND WATER SUPPLY.

The Portland Water Company intend supplying their patrons with meat hereafter, as well as water, in evidence of which they generously sent us two half-grown, slimy, crawling, squirming snails the other morning, through the medium of our water hydrant. We don't know, however, but that the Company will demand pay for them, as charging seems to be its particular forte. We should judge by their looks that the meat of these snails is very tender, juicy, easy of digestion, and particularly adapted to the tender stomachs of convalescing invalids. Families desiring this article of food left at their residences had better send in their orders at an early day, as we apprehend there will be a lively demand for snail meat when it is generally known that it can be obtained so readily. The Company, however, is prepared to supply quite a demand, as there seems to be at present a very large stock on hand in its snail fisheries in this city. We did not have these snails served up on the table, by-the-way, and cannot therefore vouch for the deliciousness of their esculent qualities. They were handed over to the tender mercies of our obtuse Chinaman, who turned up his nose and rolled his moon eyes as only a Chinaman can, and exclaimed, giving his head a vigorous shake of disgust, "Weh! him vellee muchee no good; him heap nasty. You makee me cookee him, me leave!" And so, to keep on the good side of our Chinaman we had to forego the pleasure of a dish of snail. Oh, dear! these Chinamen are so fastidious!

From the favorable notice given Miss Susan B. Anthony, by Bro. Upton of the *Mercury*, and his easy going relative to Sister Duniway, in his last issue, we take it for granted that he is a convert to woman suffrage. "While the lamp holds out," etc.—*Corvallis Gazette.*

Yes, come along, Bro. Carter.

THE BULLETIN TO THE RESCUE.

The *Bulletin* is worried. It sometimes seems almost inclined to favor Woman Suffrage, but the next day or two takes a scare and backslides, and so, like the pendulum of a clock—or, to use a more pertinent illustration, like Mrs. Money of the *Beacon*—vibrates back and forth. Its last scare was occasioned by its contemporary of the *Oregonian* coming out boldly and above board, with no "ifs" or "ands," in favor of the ballot for woman. It comes to the rescue of failing man's rights cause and details what it thinks must inevitably happen to women when they hold the ballot in the following frantic style:

For women to vote it will be necessary for them to begin at the beginning of campaigns, as men do. They must attend the primaries, sit in conventions, take part in caucuses, and join in all the various phases and machinery of our political system. Everybody knows that to ensure the nomination of good men for office the primary elections must be managed to that end. They are the roots from which spring the campaign trees that bear the fruit of election. And the voter on election day has simply to vote for whichever of the competing candidates he prefers—he cannot, in the broad sense of the term, vote for whom he pleases—at least with any efficacy to his vote, unless he casts it for one or other of the "regular nominees."

Now, if all these things necessarily attend the possession of the ballot, and are degrading in their influence, why not disarm man of the ballot as well as woman?

To any who are conversant with the manner in which our system of politics is conducted the idea of the presence and participation of women therein will be distasteful and abhorrent—out of pure respect for the sex.

Oh! spirit of chivalry, that takest off thy hat to woman with the most deferential bow, that doth most gallantly make haste across the street to pick up her handkerchief, and then payeth her half wages for work, how consistent art thou! Thou that pervadest the church, the social gathering, the theater and the ball-room, that permeatest everywhere in the society of woman, how hath thy glory departed when we come to the polls!

Woman not welcome at the polls? We warrant that the pure and good men of our country would attend the polls thrice as punctually and willingly as they now do were their noble wives, sisters and daughters there.

At such scenes the bold or the bad would attend, perhaps; but we imagine few of the good or the gentle and modest could be brought to engage in the "filthy pool."

Already the influence of bad women is felt in our elections almost as much as if they had the right to vote, while that of good women is not. Would the pure and virtuous women of Portland, were they allowed the right to vote, stay at home and let their soiled and fallen sisters elect a city government that would license debauchery and intemperance?

They must attend at the polls; they must run for and hold office and sit in Legislatures and in Congress; they must serve on juries, practice law, take their place upon the Bench, and do all else in public life that men do.

Hold on, Mr. *Bulletin;* not so fast. Surely you would not *compel* women to do all these things. They might be required to serve on juries, but you would not absolutely thrust office upon woman if she did not want it, would you? That would be almost as bad as depriving her of any chance to vote or hold office at all. No wonder the *Bulletin* is opposed to giving the ballot to woman, if, as he seems to think, every woman *must*, in order to vote, necessarily perform some public duty or hold some office of public trust. Why, there would have to be new offices without number created, and the poor men would have to stand aside altogether!

Women do not want office thrust upon them, but if a woman chooses to present her name before the public for a certain office within their gift, and she be elected and duly qualified, she most certainly ought to have the right to exercise the functions of that office.

We do not propose to touch upon the *Bulletin's* article further at this time. Its editor devotes over a column of small type to the question, without in the least touching upon its real merits, which in itself shows how desperately scant for something to bolster up their sinking cause our editorial man's rights brethren are, for (no flattery now) upon almost any other subject the *Bulletin* is able to present plain, logical, straightforward, plausible arguments.

MISS ANTHONY.

Miss Anthony is now at Albany. She lectured at that place Wednesday evening on the "Power of the Ballot." She has an appointment to speak at Corvallis the 2d of October. Of her further appointments we are not at present advised.

Her Walla Walla trip was in every sense of the word a success. Miss Anthony is doing a great work wherever she goes, and crowded houses greet her everywhere.

We intend next week publishing a somewhat more extended account of our Walla Walla trip, in which we shall speak of the Walla Walla Fair, which was a very creditable though not full exhibit.

The subscription lists of the NEW NORTHWEST, we are happy to say, were very materially increased during our visit up the Columbia.

LEGISLATION AGAINST BILKS.

The *Herald* is in a stew because Miss Anthony is making money in her lecture business, and remarks in connection that legislation is needed providing against persons being "bilked." We heartily concur. And, of all the men in the State of Oregon, the *Herald* proprietors need the protection of such a law the worst, for they have been most unmercifully "bilked" in their recent editorial importation from Missouri.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND ITS ADVOCATES.

A contributor to the *Oregonian*, over the signature of "T.," has an article in that paper of a recent date full of the most outrageous misrepresentations. Many opponents of the Woman Suffrage movement, failing to find any reasonable argument against it, resort to the cry of "Free Love! Free love!" The contributor to the *Oregonian* is one of the worst type of this class. Hear him:

In this State, as well as almost every State of our Republic, the question of **Woman Suffrage is being agitated, and** with arguments the merits of which cannot be gainsayed. Every man of reason admits that woman in her present state is in a condition of practical servitude, and while many, almost all, oppose granting the ballot to her, some being ruled by one reason and as many by another, they see no feasible plan by which justice can be done to the purest and noblest half of mankind. The strongest argument we know against the Woman Suffrage movement is in the principles put forward and advocated by prominent woman suffragists of the United States. We have been permitted to read the *Revolution, Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly, The Golden Age, The Christian Union,* THE NEW NORTHWEST, *The Pioneer,* and other periodicals advocating this political change. Almost all of these papers hold forth the most corrupting and anti-religious social ideas possible to be advocated.

That is a pretty good mixture, to be sure! Coupling the *Christian Union* and *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* together! Phœbus, what a mess of fish! The next thing this verdant speciment of obsolete antiquity will do will be to charge (reader, we intend no blasphemy, but cannot spare the comparison) that Jesus Christ and his Satanic Majesty are going about together seeking whom they may devour.

He also gravely informs us that Theodore Tilton is a Congregational minister—"one who has as great an influence in the Church as it is possible for one man to exert," etc. Now won't it be news to our Unatarian Bro. Tilton that he is a minister, and a Congregationalist at that? Indeed, Mr. T.'s ideas about the identity of men seem about as obscure as his ideas on Woman Suffrage.

He then proceeds to give some garbled extracts from various sources which we do not propose to consider, for the simple fact that the great army of noble men and women who have espoused our cause are not responsible for the peculiarities or idiosyncracies of a few of their co-laborers. We suppose this correspondent is a member of either the Republican or Democratic party. Would he deem it fair play for us to quote the views and opinions of a few ultra, obnoxious politicians of the party to which he belongs, and then insist that he and every other member of his party necessarily indorse those views and opinions, and that his party's success would eventuate in their permanent establishment and incorporation into the institutions of the country?

In closing, however, he threatens to show from our columns that we advocate what he calls "Freeloveism." Exactly what he means by this term we do not know. It is used with different interpretations by different authors. It is not in the dictionary, and we can only arrive at its meaning by taking the definitions of the two words "free" and "love" and putting them together. If by it is meant the free and unrestrained intermingling of men and women without regard to law, order or decency, then does this correspondent utter a slander upon the fair repute of the Woman Suffragists of America which can emanate only from an ignorant brain or corrupted heart. We DARE him to produce anything from our columns in the slightest favoring any such odious doctrine. This charge of "Free Love" is a "stop thief" cry uttered almost universally by those who know that their propensity to indulge their unbridled passions would be summarily destroyed when women hold the ballot. Does woman only remain pure and virtuous because man makes the laws? Not so. She stays pure and virtuous in spite of it. This fact is attested by the thousands of struggling women who every day wend their way to and fro from cheerless toil, rewarded by pay so scant as to be hardly sufficient to last from one day to another, past palatial dens of infamy which are licensed and protected by the legislation of men. When these women have the right to vote and thereby protect themselves—when the terrible temptations which cause a very few to fall from the pinnacle of virtue shall be removed by a chance for a fair race in life—when they can command in the world's market of labor equal pay for equal work—will these women, we repeat, *then* consent to institute and make world-wide the very sin whose attractive and delusive fascinations, flaunted in their faces every day of their lives, they have successfully resisted when stared in the face by poverty, hunger and often death?

Our views upon the marriage and divorce question have been so clearly and distinctly given in these columns that the "wayfaring man, though a fool," need not misinterpret them. There should be no such thing as divorce. The marriage state should be indissoluble. That is the ideal. But, as there is nothing perfect on earth, ideals are not what we have to deal with, but with practical realities. It is too sweeping to say that there should be no divorce, but on the other hand it can only be justified by the most aggravating circumstances.

HOW DOCTORS DIFFER.

We this week present our readers with "Greeley on the Woman Question" and "Mr. Tilton's Reply."

We cannot but accuse Mr. Tilton of using *soft sawder* in patching up his extreme good opinions of the hero of "Recollections," etc. There is much of the "I pat-you-on-the-back-because-I-hope-to-use-you" style in his "reply."

The new editor of the *Herald* is improving.—*Walla Walla Statesman.*

Plenty of chance for it.

WOMEN ALREADY VOTERS.

Judge Underwood, U. S. District Court Judge for Virginia, has given his written opinion that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the United States Constitution, together with the enforcement act of May 31st, 1871, have secured to the women of the State of Virginia the right to vote. Huzza! The light begins to beam along the horizon of woman's fast-coming era of political freedom. This opinion, if correct, will apply full as well to all the other States in the Union as Virginia. Now let a test case go to the Supreme Court of the United States. We have every reason to believe that that tribunal will render a favorable decision—and then good-bye to the "whisky rings."

WOMEN MAY VOTE IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

The Walla Walla *Union* says:

If Miss Susan B. Anthony or any other woman will refer to page 24, Statutes of Washington Territory for 1865—6, she will find that the first clause of the election law of this Territory allows woman suffrage here. The opening words of the first section of the Act are: "*Be it enacted,*" etc., "that all white American citizens above the age of twenty-one years," etc., "shall be entitled to hold office or vote at any election in this Territory." Under the provisions of this section eminent lawyers hold that women are as much entitled to vote and hold office as are the men.

Women of Washington Territory! see that you assert your right to the ballot.

THE EFFECT OF "SCATTERING" SHOT.

Our friend of the Walla Walla *Union* thinks Miss Anthony is very "scattering" in her suffrage shots. When a woman suffragist levels a well-loaded political argument at a bevy of man's rights game, she is especially delighted to find that the scattering shots have *hit* somebody. A wounded bird is sure to flutter.

Articles from the *Beacon* have been copied largely by the best journals in the whole country; for already the infant city is attracting attention abroad, and we may, with propriety, say—envy near home.—*Mrs. Money, in Kalama Beacon.*

We believe we have noticed an advertisement or two in some of our exchanges that were copied, evidently by order, from the Kalama *Beacon.*

SOME GOSSIP ABOUT MISS ANTHONY.

EDITOR NEW NORTHWEST:

In one of our late Oregon papers I noticed a short article stating that Miss Anthony's campaign had already cost Oregon five thousand dollars, and bemoaning the great waste thereby incurred. Now, in the first place, permit me to state it as my opinion that *if that sum has been expended,* it is very small pay for the amount of light received and delight experienced; and, in comparison with the cost of any political campaign heretofore conducted, I presume it to be very insignificant. To those who would weep over the great loss, however, I would say the expenses of the "woman's campaign" are not yet computed or paid.

Furthermore, I would ask: How many papers in Oregon have ever been sufficiently exorcised over the vast expenditures of the country on traveling circuses, negro minstrels, low theaters and the like, to bewail the lavish extravagance in ever so mild a way?

They have permitted Plummer and "Jeems Pipes" to have crowded houses and carry off an unreported and uncalculated sum of Oregon's wealth, and taken their second-hand wit and sentiment as an equivalent beyond question. But they were men.

One thing I would like to say about Miss Anthony's private lecture, as I heard it. It gave more valuable information and more reasonable theories for the advancement and perfection of the human race than I ever heard in any political speech in my life; and I have heard several eminent politicians. As for improbable and low anecdotes, I heard none to which these adjectives would apply. The speaker said nothing that was not either useful in sustaining her noble theories or that failed to correspond in any particular with known and universally acknowledged facts. On the question of the proportion of objectionable stories usually introduced in political speeches (where women are not admitted), I have no idea Miss Anthony ever intends to compete, and I doubt her capacity to do so successfully if men are correct reporters of political lectures.

And she "abused the men?" What a pity! They never abuse each other, especially in political speeches! Well, I will admit that she failed to awaken much sympathy in my mind for the class of men to whose wiles and sins she alluded. But she surely told nothing at all that was new about them. As for the number of "unfaithful husbands," I am as much at a loss to give Miss A's views of their *proportion* as I should have been before I ever saw or heard of her. This much I have felt was due to Miss Anthony and the public, in order that wrong impressions of her lectures might not be disseminated.

BELLE W. COOKE.

Madame Schwartz, the Swedish novelist, whose books are coming into favor in this country, is fifty-two years old, and was born in a country town where her father was a merchant, but died when she was a child. She was well instructed, and in her teens went to Stockholm to devote herself to the art of painting, where she married, in 1839, the celebrated physiologist, Professor Schwartz. He was opposed to every artistic occupation, and long refused to allow his wife to come before the public as an author. Thus her first novel, the "Preface," appeared in Stockholm, 1854, under the initials, "M. S. S." After the death of her husband (1858) she devoted her time entirely to literary productions, and has shown since that period a truly amazing productiveness. Her novels have been published simultaneously in several German translations. Since 1867, her works appear first in German, in the library of modern romances of foreign countries (Berlin), and two years later in Swedish.

Women Journalists.

Gail Hamilton appears to have degenerated into a feeble scold. She has just now fallen foul of lady correspondents and journalists, and the inference to be drawn from her jeramiads, is that women have injured journalism and had better quit it altogether. In such a case Gail would find her occupant gone, and one benefit would accrue, for the world would be spared a good deal of twaddle. She says, "I do not hesitate to affirm, as the most painful and unexpected result of my own observation, that the grossest violations of courtesy, modesty, delicacy, and decency, attributable to correspondents, have been perpetrated by women."

This is a pretty broad assertion, and we hardly think it can be supported by facts. The most shameless interviewing is done by men. We do not hesitate to admit that very gross breaches of good taste and intrusion upon personal and domestic privacy have marred the columns filled by lady correspondents; but instead of proving that women are not needed in journalism, it simply proves that a higher order of women are needed than some of those who have taken up corresponding and reporting for a livelihood. The same can be said, with far greater emphasis, relative to men penny-a-liners. The press can never be elevated until the lewd fellows of baser sort, who throng most newspapers offices and ply their trade of picking up carrion bits of news, and pushing into places where their presence is an insult, are either whipped into good manners and decency, or superceded by an entirely different order of men.

There are certain departments of journalism that are pretty low down, and the methods they oblige to use are certainly not elevating. Women who engage in this work, do not, in the larger number of cases, choose it because it is pleasant or to their taste; they engage in it to get their bread, and if they refuse to adopt the sensational and offensive tricks which men have invented, they are denied employment. Moreover, we know of cases where the reports of women have time and again been so mangled, marred, cut, and interpolated by men editors, that when sent out to the world under their name, they could scarcely recognize what purported to be their work. Sentiments and prejudices, oftentimes scurrility and abuse which they never dreamed of indulging in, were skillfully twined through the original article, and they were obliged to bear the odium of this private overflow of editorial bile, or else lose a good paying position.

There are women, and we know some of them who detest the kind of work they are obliged to do for bread. They work under inexorable task-masters, who will take only what they fancy the public demands, and these task-masters are all men. Let Gail apply the lash where it belongs. It is all very fine to talk about elevating journalism and frowning down personality. The truth is that a great deal of writing women do is mere piece-work, done to order like shirt or vest-making. The woman who applies at the door of the newspaper office must furnish what the editor wants, or she may starve.

Women have not been able to stem the tide, and in many cases they are not to blame. They have done, and can yet do valuable work in journalism. They have obtained a foothold in the profession from which they never can be expelled, and their influence through the press will be felt more and powerfully each year. The fault lies at the door of those who cater to a depraved public appetite, and with the public that bankers for unhealthy mental food. To fetter a woman's brain, and then upbraid her for not elevating journalism, illustrates the spirit in which the Egyptians persecuted their Israelitish serfs for not making bricks without straw.—*Revolution.*

The Art of Snubbing.

Some people marry with a foregone conclusion, as to the necessity of snubbing on one side or the other; and so, to make sure of not being the victim, are careful to take the initative and be the executioner. They live in the perpetual exercise of the art, and by practice obtain a cunning equal to that which enables the marksman to split a bullet on a pen-knife. Sometimes it is the wife who is snubbed out of all chance of the most elementary self-assertion—sometimes it is the husband, for the good of whose soul the wife undertakes the task of his personal humiliation. Like the venom of certain reptiles, continuous snubbing has a curiously benumbing effect on the moral system, and after a time produces a paralysis of the self-respecting faculties both odd and painful to witness. People unused to snubbing, who go where the art is practiced, are amazed at the quietness with which the patient receives impertinences which thrill them with indignation to hear. They expect some kind of protest, if only of the mildest kind, when the wife, looking across the table, says in a clear voice, audible to the whole company, "John, you have told that story so often, you seem to imagine it true; you know it never happened;" or when the husband cuts his wife short in her narration by setting her to rights, altering her dates, re-arranging her facts, paring off her details, and so on, giving you to understand by the manner of the snub that she is a fool and he is the possessor of a superior wisdom, which makes you long to kick him on the spot. But the husband accepts the rebuke with the patience of a parchyderm tickled by a straw, and the wife subsides into her assigned position of insignificance and inaccuracy; and both display a sweetness under discipline, saintly if you will, but surely, to the deeper insight, tragic on the one hand, slavish on the other.

Late Telegraphic News.

An active and closely contested campaign in the Republican ranks in Massachusettes is going on for and against the nomination of Gen. Ben. F. Butler for Governor of that State. The Democrats have refused to incorporate a Woman Suffrage plank into their platform. Let the Republicans now improve the golden opportunity presented to enlist the sympathy of the Woman Suffrage advocates.

The New York *Tribune* publishes an expose of frauds alleged to have been committed by Collector Murphy, which excites great attention.

The Tammany exposures of fraud still continue to grow more accumulative. Wm. M. Tweed, one of the Tammany Ring, has been nominated for State Senator.

An exchange tells us of a remarkable woman living in Detroit, who recently celebrated her one hundredth birthday, and who "can knit socks in four land and who "can repeat the commandments gunges, and repeat behind her back." Truly with one hand behind her back." Truly a wonderful woman, or the exchange referred to has a treasure of a type-setter.

Two country attorneys overtaking a wagoner on the road, and thinking to be witty upon him, asked why his fore horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? The wagoner knowing them, answered, "that his fore horse was a lawyer and the rest were his clients."

What it is to be a Woman.

BY HON. M. T. PIERCE.

It must be a big thing to be a woman. Women have such nice times, and never any trouble. Why, there are women in this city who get *ten cents* for making an unbasted linen coat, and if they are smart, with long experience, they can turn off nine a day, thus receiving from their philanthropic employers the munificient sum of ninety cents a day. Ninety cents a day is better than nothing; and if the woman is healthy and can work six days every week, and can always get all the work she can do, she is sure of an income of five dollars and forty cents a week. If she is single, and can afford to live on little better than swill food, she can board for $3 50a week, and have $1 90 left for clothes, shoes, car-fare and pleasure. But work can't always be had, nor is it reasonable to suppose that women are always well. Occasionally snow is on the ground; now and then excessive heat blinds the strongest; once in a while clothes need washing; sometimes a piercing headache lays one up; now and then a violent cold lays another down; and strange to relate, some of these creatures actually get married, and when their husbands die they are widows, just the same as any other woman, and if they chance to have two or three little ones, which they generally do, then, indeed, they are to be envied. I think the happiest person in the round world must be a widow with three babies, without money, lodging in a tenement house, and dependent on A. T. Stewart or some other philanthropist for three dollars a week, or at the outside five, to keep the wolf, not only from the door, but from her very heart of hearts. It must be jolly to be such a woman, particularly if the eldest child is four, the next two, and the baby a baby. These children, you know, have such a pretty knack of getting the measles, falling on the stove, upsetting hot water on their bodies, falling down stairs, catching cold, having diarhœa, and all sorts of ridiculous things, and beyond all, with an aptitude that is positively alarming, they cry with hunger, literally crying great, big, genuine crys for something to eat. Merry! Why, it seems to me a woman who can't be merry under such circumstances must be a lunatic! To see a two-year-old child, thin with hunger and exhausted by crying, is a great stimulant. Why, any one would work for such a child! What's easier? All the mother has to do is to tie the baby in the cradle, tie the sick one on the cot, and tie the four-year-older to a chair. They may cry their eyes out while she's gone, but that's nothing. Their little heads may grow dizzy with weary wonderings about their mamma, and the thousand and one accidents to which all children are liable may come along—but this the mother knows as wells as we; so after she has locked the door, she hurries to the shop and to work. She works all day long, never stopping to eat, drink, or be merry. Why should she? She makes one dozen shirts, and is credited with either five or ten shillings—either sixty-three cents or a dollar, according to the price of the shirts. She gets no money, but at six o'clock hurries home. Perhaps all is well, and the three hungry little chaps have cried themselves to sleep; but hungry chicks don't sleep very well, and they all wake but one. The baby died about noon, having cried itself into fits, and then struggled into gloom alone.

On the whole, I'll drop this curtain; but while imagination pictures what follows, and reflection reveals that such incidents are the every-day life of our overworked and under-paid masses, I'm quite sure everybody will agree with me, that it must be a rip-staving, high-junks thing to be a woman.—*N. Y. Star.*

Who were the First Advocates of Woman's Rights?

The question, I believe, has never been satisfactorily settled. Some claim the honor for this, some for that individual, while an English advocate has referred it to Plato, two thousand years ago, thus claiming for the cause high antiquity. But it seems to me that it has a greater antiquity by ten centuries than the age of Plato, and a greater veneration attached to it, at least by Bible readers, from the fact that it is mentioned in sacred writings.

In Numbers 27, it is recorded that five sisters in the Hebrew nation, whose father had died without male heirs, claimed their right to a division of the land the same as the male representatives of the family, although such a claim had never before been made and was decidedly an innovation.

The manner in which they presented their claim deserves notice. It was not by petition through some members of the Hebrew Legislative Assembly, but it was in person, in the presence of the lawgiver, and leader of the nation, the High Priest, the princes and the whole congregation, by the door of the tabernacle. The text has it, "They stood up," and spoke for themselves. Here is an example of women, the women of the Bible, too, speaking in a public assembly, on the subject of Women's Rights.

There might have been conservatives in that assembly, for aught we know, and there might have been some of the priests who believed the sacredness of the family institution in danger; some Mrs. Gen. Eliab, or the wife of some prince Nathaniel, might have said, "These women are out of their proper sphere," but as there was no Chicago *Advance* or New York *Tribune* to represent the opposition, we fail to profit by argument.

How was the demand of the daughters of Zelophehad regarded by the illustrious Hebrew lawgiver? Did he give them "leave to withdraw?" Such discourtesy belongs to the chivalrous nineteenth century. He did not consider himself sufficiently wise to decide a question affecting the interests of a whole class, but referred the matter to the Supreme Ruler, whose decision it would be well for some of those who profess to know the divine purpose in the creation of women to remember.

The names of the five women were Mahlan, Noah, Hoglah, Milcah and Tirzah.

The text reads:

"And Moses brought their causes before the Lord.

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying:

The daughters of Zelophehad speak right. Thou shalt surely give them a possession of an inheritance among their fathers' brethren; and thou shalt cause the inheritance of their fathers to pass unto them.—*Woman's Journal.*"

A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose of our life into poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are traveling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is the image of death, but gemmed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

A lady in Mobile is now confined to her bed from the effects of poison, manifesting itself in sores about her mouth, caused by biting green sewing silk, while working with it.

Stewart's Hotel for Women.

Stewart's Hotel for Women, at the corner of 4th and 32d streets, New York city, is lifting its broad sides up into the elevated regions where they command general observation, and its fine proportions challenge admiration. In less than another year the building will be completed. Already two millions of dollars have been expended, and another million will be required to give it the finishing touches. It occurs to us that erecting separate hotels, schools, colleges, hospitals and prisons for women exclusively, is likely to be carried too far. Men and women should be trained up together, and not separately as though they were two different and distinct species; as though they were natural enemies; as though demoralization, degradation and degeneration would surely follow friendly and intimate association. We have already, in our estimation, too many of these separate institutions. Those persons in the possession of material wealth, who wish to employ it for the benefit of women, may promote her interest better by donating their gifts to institutions where women are excluded, on condition that they shall be admitted on equal footing with men.

We have but little faith in these expensive piles of brick and stone and mortar and mahogany and rosewood and crystal and paint and varnish, for ameliorating or reforming the condition of those whom the outhay was designed to improve. The millions expended upon the building of the Girard College, and the enormous outlay to keep up that institution, for the education of a few orphan boys, in a land of free schools, may be an efficient means for keeping the name of its founder green in the memory of the public, and it may also minister largely to the pride of the citizens of the city of brotherly love, but we are unable to perceive that the institution has done anything towards improving the general condition of the people in the diminution of poverty, crime and the long train of evils which flow therefrom. Odd-Fellows, Good Templars, Masons and other beneficient institutions are laboring to colonize their widows and orphans into separate groups, outside of and beyond the life and stir, the bustle and responsibilities, the joys and sorrows growing out of general social contact.

The annual interest on the amount invested in the grounds, building and furniture of Stewart's Hotel for Women would go far to board and lodge all the isolated inmates. There are hundreds of hotels and boarding-houses in New York, which would gladly contract, at low figures, with Mr. Stewart or his executors, to board and lodge sewing and other women, where the recipients of his bounty would enjoy the advantages of mixed society and who would not be likely to be warped into timid, suspicious and one-sided beings.—*S. F. Pioneer.*

Prevention and Cure.

FLUSHING.—The new Excise law gives the wives of men addicted to drinking, the right to warn liquor dealers not to sell liquor to their husbands under penalty of $50fine. Another of this kind, signed by Judge Lawrence, was served on sixteen saloon keepers yesterday.—(N. Y. Tribune.

These sixteen Flushing saloon-keepers might, perhaps, be excused if, on the serving of these notices, they mentally remark; "Why not let us finish the job we have commenced? We have made these men brutes, not fit to live as husbands, fathers of families; why interfere with us—why not let us make short work of them, and summon the Coroner to take inquest in a drunken brawl, and save these protesting wives from further wretchedness, more innocent children from a drunken paternity?"

Start a loaded truck down a steep grade and try to stop it near its end. You men legislators start it, watch its progress, and then call out a woman to place her person in its way and check its course! Put yourself in her place for a moment, and consider if you have not meanly shifted on her shoulders the results of the curse you have permitted to rest upon its reeling victim.

Watch him enter his abode, smarting with the rebuff of his loved haunt, and furious at the wife who has dared gainsay the will of him whom she has promised to *obey.* Our daily journals tell the story, photograph the scene, kicks, blows, mutilations—death even—from him, her sworn protector.

Kind law, ever ready with helping hand, binds him to keep the peace. Does this heal wounds of heart and limb; does it prevent renewed abuse; does it make him less a tyrant or her less a slave?

Could our sagacious legislators *personally* take the experience of a wife and mother tied to a drunken brute, words would fail to express the horrors of the situation—heaven and earth would be searched for a remedy, and it would be found. But the protection of women will never be accomplished until putting their hands to the plough, they declare their right and determination to protect themselves.

We have invited tyranny by our submission; we must make a new departure, armed with a noble *esprit de corps,* we must stand united, boldly battling for our rights till success crowns our efforts. Looking back across the war gulf, we see clearly how white supremacy protected black subjection; in '76 how loyal England guarded our colonial rights; further back, how king, noble, and middle-classes, always refrained from oppressing those beneath in social grade; lastly, how, in all age, men have grandly stood aside, yielding life's choice places of ease, distinction, and emolument to weaker womanhood.—*Revolution.*

KITCHEN UTENSILS.—That duties of the cook may be properly performed, there must be suitable apparatus to work with. All other trades require nice tools suited to the business to be done, and why should not the claims of this important functionary be admitted. In many kitchens—perhaps the majority—an insufficient number of utensils is furnished, and these without any regard to adaption, with the unreasonable expectation that, whatever the variety to be saved up, all shall be performed in a skillful manner. A liberal supply of cooking utensils is good economy; it saves both time and labor. It is wise management to curtail expenses in fitting up the kitchen. An old English writer upon the subject has humanely observed: "There is a real enjoyment in a well cooked meal; and as the practice of cooking is attended with so many disgusting and disagreeable circumstances, we ought to have some regard for those who encounter them to procure us pleasure, and to reward their services by rendering their situation in every way as comfortable and agreeable as possible."

"Carrie Weed" in a letter to a Boston paper, says: "Two months in the Treasury Department have made me feel proud that I hold a position there. I know whereof I affirm when I say that no better, more intelligent or refined class of women can be found in any circle of life."

"Through tickets to go around the world" are for sale in London for $1,250.

The much worn spotted veils are very injurious to the sight.