The New Northwest.

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

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

The New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

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The New Northwest.

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[For the New Northwest.]

March.

'Tis March. We all are marching,
Some fast and others slow;
But every one is marching,
For so the world must go.

'Tis March. All things are marching.
The flower, with silent tread,
Slow-moving, lifts the grave-stone
Which shields its tender head.

The silver clouds are marching
Beneath the azure dome,
As o'er their airy pathway
With noiseless feet they roam.

The winds are making music,
While earth's millions march along,
And nature's no more merciful
When we march right than wrong.

A mighty host of heroes
Are marching on to war,
Armed with no bloody weapons,
For these their souls abhor.

No glittering sword or helmet,
Nor warrior's plumes they wear;
No foul-mouthed cannon's thunder
Contaminates the air.

God taught of old to mortals
That there were mighty words
Which proved to men more fateful
Than double-edged swords.

Theirs is no war with matter,
Whence desolation springs,
But words—the wondrous weapons
That conquer baser things.

They've sounded freedom's trumpet,
With zeal their bosoms beat,
And lo! the heathen nations
Have heard their tramping feet.

The harem of the Sultan,
The slave on India's strand,
Have caught the inspiration
That moves the conquering band.

Each time-worn superstition,
The bigot's barbarous creeds,
Are being superceded
By faith in human deeds.

Mid dwellings of the lowly
Oppression's given birth
To souls of grandest stature
Who will redeem the earth.

CONSTANCE.

SALEM, March 5, 1872.

[Written for the New Northwest.]

The Old Home.

Dear home of my youth, what fond recollections
Are thronging around the old homestead to-night!
O, the dear hopes that sprang to life in thy bosom
Are withered and fallen by the frost's bitter blight.
The world is so wide, so cold and unfeeling,
And hearts are so weak when drifting alone!
Few indeed are the hands extended to aid us
When we leave thee behind us, blessed old home.

All o'er this wide world a stranger I've wandered,
Yet never one ray on my pathway hath shone—
Not a star has the brightness, not a sunbeam the glory—
Like that which gleamed 'round us in our childhood's old home.
There the flowers bloomed the brightest in the hush of the morning,
Ere the birds woke the echoes that slept in the hills;
Like a necklace of diamonds, the sparkle of dewdrops,
Their brightness reflected in the heart of the rills.
But the bright chain that bound us to thee now is severed,
The dear links all broken and scattered to-day;
And the sweet buds of promise that slept in thy bosom
Like a garland of flowers have withered away.
Though palseless and still are the hands that caressed me,
And mute are the lips of the loved in the tomb,
On that beautiful shore they are waiting to greet me,
To welcome the weary worn wanderer home.

BEE.

ELLEN DOWD, THE FARMER'S WIFE.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER XI.

Lightly as Ellen had appeared to treat the proposition of her tutor during her grandmother's visit to her chamber, it had in reality thoroughly alarmed her. Her communion with Nature had been so unbounded, her love of the unrestrained freedom of her country retreat so deep, and her appreciation of books and music so satisfactory, that ideas of marriage had not entered her brain; and to you, friendly reader, I really feel ashamed to acknowledge that this idea is and has been often prematurely thrust upon the minds of children, whose future mighty work of wifehood and maternity needs the added strength of half a score of years to properly prepare the soul and body for the most important functions of earthly existence.

Through the long hours of that never-to-be-forgotten night the poor child tossed and moaned. A suspicion that her tutor had in some way been connected with the band of gipsies who had committed the raid upon the kitchen, and thus spoiled her first great party, stole into her senses.

"Auntie Harris told me that he had invited the gipsies. But what he meant by getting them into the kitchen I cannot imagine. My wondrous wise grandfather thinks that Killingsworth would make a grand match for Ellen Dowd, does he? Indeed I think I'd hardly be 'worth' 'killing' after becoming Mrs. Killingsworth. The old ghoul told that old gipsey to repeat that doggerel. I *know* he did. How tiresome it is to have a throng of company! How I wish I could have dear old Bouncer back once more! I'd start with him to-morrow for the country bounded by the setting sun. O, sister Sarah, do you live, or are you dead? Would you not open your dear heart to your sad darling and let her nestle there?"

Thus the poor child soliloquized till the small hours of the summer morning, and when at last, from sheer exhaustion, she fell asleep, her dreams were of rugged mountains, up whose steep ascents she sought to climb, while her weary shoulders supported a burden that weighed her to the earth.

Mrs. Brandon met her in the morning on the stairway landing, and, leaning over the balustrade, besought her to stop and talk with her.

"Are you, too, in league against me?" asked Ellen, fiercely; "and do you want me to stultify my honor, forfeit my love of truth and make of myself a horrible sacrifice, to please my childish grandfather, and thereby bring some worldly property into the possession of that singing, grinning ghoul? I never *could* endure him!"

"My dear Miss D'Arcy, I beg you to listen to me. You are in a frenzy. Calm your nerves, I pray you."

"It is very easy for a spectator to sit idly by and beg a screaming child, enveloped in flames, to calm her nerves and bear the pain with fortitude, but it's quite a different matter when the flames envelope yourself."

"Don't be excited, darling; don't."

"Mrs. Brandon, if I believed that you were really in league with that old ghoul in trying to ensnare me thus, I'd pitch you headlong down this stairway. I'm half afraid you're guilty!" and Ellen clutched her fiercely by the arm.

"No, child, I am not guilty; but if you would only listen to reason, I want to talk to you awhile."

"Let's go down into the parlor, then. I don't want to kill you, but the temptation is great to hurl you down these stairs! If you should attempt to persuade me into such an alliance I *might!*"

The two entered the parlor, where evidences of the last night's party were everywhere abundant. Faded boquets lay scattered around; stray handkerchiefs lay upon the chairs and sofas; a white glove hung across the harp; and the old gipsey's gay waist ribbon, soiled with grease and dirt, lay on the carpet.

"Mercy!" said Ellen. "Let us not stay here. That gipsey's presence haunts this room."

"She gave *me* a message, too, if you recollect, my dear. And her admonition was that I should warn my lady. I now warn you to do nothing rashly. You are but a child. Humor your grandfather's whims for the present. Your old tutor will, I trust, be dead before you are old enough to become a wife. Don't precipitate matters by haste and anger."

The grandparents and the tutor met them at the breakfast table. With the exception of a brighter gleam in his eyes, the music teacher betrayed no sign of his anticipated conquest. His long, shining fingers as usual dextrously wielded his knife and fork and rapidly conveyed his food through the rotten rows of teeth that kept guard at the entrance to his cavernous mouth. His hump back and remarkable nose as usual balanced each other, and his snow-white side locks edged and fringed his polished, shining pate.

Ellen always sat opposite him at the table, and this morning, deeply as she had been disturbed by the awful fate marked out for her, the ludicrous phase of the subject was presented as she sat there gazing at him furtively, and while ready to burst into tears, she could also with difficulty repress her merriment.

"Ellen D'Arcy, I want to see you in the library after breakfast," said her grandfather.

"Shall you want to see me *alone*, sir?"

"Wait and see."

Ellen left the table and, passing out into the yard, found Auntie Harris busy with her morning dairy work.

"Auntie, I have come to talk to you about something that would be horrible if it wasn't so ridiculous and laughable."

"What do you mean, child?" pausing in her efforts with the heavy churn dash and gazing kindly into her eyes.

"I mean that grandfather has made up his mind to marry me to that old ghoul that taught me music. What shall I do?"

"Why, tell him you don't love him, child. That's easily enough said."

"But grandfather knows that already. He's haunted by an insane fear that I will run away some day and marry somebody that will never let me live with him any more. That's nonsense, I am sure, for I've never thought of marrying anybody. My sisters' experience was a great lesson for me; and I think the old gentleman's effort to hint marriage to me at all is perfectly absurd, especially when I think about the wonderful object of his choice. Don't you believe that that grinning old ghoul brought those gipsies here?"

"O, no; I guess not. But I never, in all my days, saw anything to match their impudence! Just think of all the work and worry that splendid supper cost me! I want the men to pursue the wretches, but I can't get them at it," twirling her churn dash to gather the accumulating butter in a compact mass of golden globules. "I'm sure that if the men that potter around this house had done half the work that I did on that supper, they'd catch them thieving wretches! There! the butter is done. If you want fine, solid, yellow butter, always churn it in the morning."

"I don't care a fig about your yellow butter, Aunty Harris. I want your advice about getting rid of old Killingsworth."

"Better turn your attention to housework, honey. You'll see the time, maybe, when you'll be glad to make butter to earn money to buy bread."

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. I'll learn when that time comes. I want now to know what I must say to grandfather. He's waiting for me in the library; and I feel, when I think of appearing in his presence to talk on such a subject, just as if I were going out to steal sheep, knowing that I would be caught and condemned for the crime."

"Miss D'Arcy," said the good old housekeeper, pausing with the large butter tray in her brawny hands, and affectionately patting the golden produce of her skillful toil with a wooden ladle, well worn by years of usage, "if you want to be independent you must learn to work. Give up your elegant dresses and hoity-toity style and learn to be housekeeper in some such home as this. Then you will be in a position where nobody *can* become your dictator."

"Thank you, Aunty. I'll do it!" and the child gleefully clapped her plump, white hands.

Despite her determination her heart stood still for several seconds after she had gained her grandfather's presence; but when her would-be suitor entered the room its sudden, heaving thuds almost stifled her.

"I came here expecting to see you alone, sir," said Ellen, fiercely, turning from her revolting suitor to where Mr. D'Arcy sat, with a strange gleam in his eyes and angry determination stamped upon his face. "I'll not talk with you while in the presence of this beast, either!" waving her hand with an air of unconscious majesty, as though by such imperious motion she would drive the suitor from her presence.

Her grandfather arose and coolly locked the door.

"Business is business, little one," he said. "Here is a gentleman in every way worthy to care for and command you. I shall not live much longer, and before I die I shall want to know that Ellen D'Arcy will be properly settled for life. No woman is safe in this world unless she has some good man to rule over her."

"The man who undertakes to rule over Ellen Dowd will earn all the authority he uses! I can assure him of that!" said the child, defiantly.

"Softly, softly, Miss D'Arcy," urged her tutor, with a meaning smile. "Your diminuendos and cresendos were not well heeded in the closing strain. When you pitch your voice in that falsetto key it does not make the 'music of the spheres' by any means," and he shrugged his crooked shoulders and twitched his crooked nose.

"I won't take any more criticisms from you, sir. You're a beast of burden, or rather a beast of burdens. One upon your shoulders, one upon your back and the heaviest of all upon your heart. You ghoul! you villain! you white-livered beggar! You care nothing for me! You want my duped old grandfather's money!"

The old gentleman sprang upon her with the agility of a cat, and, pinioning her arms, laughed like a maniac.

"Don't you see, old ghoul, that the old man is crazy?" said the child, defiantly.

"Crazy or not crazy, he'll bring you speedily to terms, my dear," was the reply of the suitor, but, despite his sinister expression, there lurked a gleam of pity in his face, which, but for the fierce spirit of determination manifested by the grandfather, might have awakened him into a renunciation of his own selfish interests. "Don't be stern with her, old man. Gentle treatment will bring her round all right. You'll ruin everything by this spirit of coercion."

"Admit me, please," begged Mrs. D'Arcy at the door.

"Stay away, woman!" shouted her husband. "Women are always interfering with business that doesn't concern them."

"Grandmother, come," pleaded Ellen. "Call Harris. Call anybody. Murder! Help!"

"Unlock the door, old man, or give me the key," said the hunchback. "Don't you see that this won't do?"

The old gentleman reluctantly relinquished the key and relaxed his fierce hold upon Ellen.

"Grandmother, will you not protect me?" she urged.

"Don't be frightened, dearie," was the timid response. "You shall not be hurt. I came here to effect a compromise. Of course, father, you don't expect Ellen to marry for several years to come. You only want to set your mind at rest by feeling that it is settled as to whom she shall marry, so that you may have no further anxiety on that score. Isn't that it?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, I can manage the matter easily enough," giving Ellen a meaning look. "Darling, will you promise to marry Mr. Killingsworth in four years from this day, provided he and your grandfather remain determined to consummate the union up to that time?"

"I will, upon one condition."

"Name it!" exclaimed the hunchback, holding his breath in intense excitement.

"That from this time henceforth, until the four years are past, you will never let me see or hear of you. I'll hang myself before I'll submit to the compact on any other terms."

"That's it, exactly!" said the old gentleman, rubbing his hands. "Let a woman alone for managing a difficult case. No man could have engineered us half so deftly through this sea of difficulties."

"You said awhile ago, sir, that all women were meddlers," interrupted Ellen, with a bitter smile.

"*S'hush!* Don't anger him, dear," said the grandmother, under her breath. Then, aloud, "You see, father, during the coming four years our child will be all our own. Of course she won't have other suitors when it's known that she's engaged. Her freedom will be dear to all of us."

"You must go now, or I will break my troth, old ghoul!" exclaimed Ellen.

"'Was ever woman in this manner wooed?
Was ever woman in this manner won?'"

said the accepted suitor. "Must I go," continued he, "without one farewell kiss, one sweet, private interview, one short season of billing and cooing with my future wife?"

"Dare to touch me, sir, and by the Fates and Furies, I will kill you! Yesterday I was a child, to-day I am a woman! And remember, all of you, that if that old ghoul shall dare to speak to me just once before the four years of my remaining freedom are over, my plighted troth will be broken forever. You have fair warning now, sir. Go, and do not waste my precious time."

Mrs. Brandon and Aunty Harris stood outside, listening at the key-hole.

"Brandon, a word in your ear," said the hunchback, as he emerged from the library, and, leaving Mrs. Harris at the door, they retreated together to the farther end of the hall, where for some time they were earnestly engaged in whispered conversation.

"I don't like such work as this at all," soliloquized the faithful housekeeper. "It looks to me like plots and counterplots."

Preparations for the departure of Ellen's affianced husband were speedily completed, and the hired man drove him over to the village, where he was to take the steamer for New York. Mrs. Brandon remained a day or two, and during her stay was Ellen's hourly companion. She constantly sought, by delicate hints and gentle allusions to her coming responsibilities as the mistress of the D'Arcy mansion, to imbue her with a love of wealth, power and position. But her admonitions were lost. Ellen scorned to reply to any of her suggestions.

"Thank God, I'll get a free breath now!" she exclaimed to her grandmother, as she watched the carriage roll away at last with her governess, whom she had learned to both love and hate.

"Grandfather, I want you to buy me a large New Foundland dog and a rifle."

"Are you crazy, child?"

"I guess so."

"What do you want with a dog and gun?"

"I want to protect myself."

"What nonsense!"

"I'd humor her, father," pleaded the grandmother.

So the purchases were made, and every day for weeks the child-woman roamed for hours through the enclosures of her prospective estate, gaining such control over her canine companion as to make her feel almost as though good Bouncer was once more her guide.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

This department of the NEW NORTHWEST is to be a general vehicle for exchange of ideas concerning any and all matters that may be legitimately discussed in our columns. Finding it practically impossible to answer each correspondent by private letter, we adopt this mode of communication to save our friends the disappointment that would otherwise accrue from our inability to answer their queries. We cordially invite everybody that has a question to ask, a suggestion to make, or a scolding to give to contribute to the Correspondents' Column.

Mary E.: No. Never marry for support. Beg or steal first. The curse of the marriage system to-day is that so many women, situated like yourself, are almost compelled to marry for support in consequence of the unjust man-made laws of our chivalrous protectors (?). Learn some trade or profession, or engage in some suitable business occupation. Become *independent*.

G. T.: MS. prepared for the press should be as correct as the author can possibly make it before it is forwarded for publication. Many articles of real merit go into the "waste basket" because of the trouble it would take to fix them up. "A hint to the wise is sufficient."

A. L.: "Willamette" is the way we spell the name of our beautiful river. Not knowing anything of the merits of the controversy, we give preference to the more euphonious pronunciation.

M. W.: Rejected MS. will not be returned unless postage is enclosed for that purpose.

Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

Two brown hands with tossing curls,
Red lips pouting over pearls,
Bare feet white and red with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue—
Little boy and little girl were they—
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shpeherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of green willow lined its banks,
Half in sport and half in play—
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like berries red;
He was taller—'most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro,
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering to Willie Grey.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said,
And then came a blush of red
Through the brownness to his cheek—
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I will carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;"
And then, pushing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall—
Hearts don't change much, after all.
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,

Is it strange that Willie said—
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep
Hung with shadows cold and deep;

Will you trust me, Katie dear,
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered, with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half!"

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing, with its silver hands,
All day long the pearly sands,
Is a cottage where to-day
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

West Side of Willamete.

At five A. M., in a fog so thick it was oppressive, we took stage at Portland. For sleepy passengers, and passengers who must have their morning nip of bitters, we were delayed until the town clock tolled six; then the mail was to be packed away, Wells, Fargo's box taken up. Finally, at a crack of the whip and the cry of "*Now* we're off," the horses sprung to the work.

Three miles out, at the mouth of the canyon, the

FOREST HOUSE

looked inviting as a summer boarding-place. At the foot of the mountain, in the shadow of pine, and fir, and rustling maples, wild berries and roses, rippling waters, singing birds, with the liberty of the shady forest for musing or meditation, must make it a very attractive place by-and-by. The cañon road seemed to us very long and crooked, but it had charms. Finally, the mountain-top was gained, and we came into clear, crisp, frost and ice. The fir trees were tasseled and sparkling with diamonds; from sunny nooks, in sheltered places, the meadow lark and robin piped their sweetest notes; smoke, from cabin chimneys, curled gracefully away over the tree-tops; we heard the sound of coffee mills, and once caught the odor of the fragrant beverage; women were out milking, and children feeding chickens; frowsy, half-dressed men were lazily hacking wood from resinous fir logs; others, a little earlier, were lazily swinging the axe on the edge of the clearing, or slowly repairing fences; there, a woman turning cows out to browse—a man leading a horse to water.

We passed cleared patches, green with wheat; young orchards, among tree-stumps and fenced with brush. A passenger pointed out a clearing and snug log house, by a purling little spring, where, ten years ago, he first cut a tree on Government land, bought for $1.25 an acre. He had sold for $10 an acre, and, again, it had just changed hands at $30.

Looking back, the valley below Portland, and the beautiful river, were obscured by a

SEA OF FOG.

It rolled and shifted, descended and ascended, in a thousand fantastic shapes; never revealing, always concealing, the sea of busy life beneath. It was fleecy white—sea foam, tempest-tossed, with the sunshine glinting through it, was not whiter or more beautiful—continually reaching up, and stretching out its long arms, hugging the forest, chasing the sunshine, swallowing out of sight the rugged landscape. On it came, with streamers and banners flying, silently, a great host in full chase; no tap of drum or voice of trumpet to break the spell; closer it gains upon us, we shall surely be overtaken by the fog. The driver put whip to horses. Hurrah! A chase for sunshine! On and on, until we were spattered with mud and the horses fleeced with foam; but the grand armies from cloudland had marshled all their forces, and, borne on the breath of "Hood" and "Jefferson," were surely gaining on us; the frost-work vanished in trees and shrub and fir-tassel. Titania, and all her jeweled hosts, sadly departed. The fairy cavaliers, with nodding plumes, and silver lances, and spears, disappeared from the roadsides and fence-corners. Oh, for wings, to fly away from the fog, to the land of oranges and pomegranates! Soul and body, we loved and longed for the sunshine. In vain our prayers, in vain all our love. The silent, yet swift-footed, conquering hosts passed far to the right and left of us; obscured the sun, closed ranks, wheeled, turned back, covered the trees, occupied all the fields, and forests, and meadows, filled the coach and clung to our garments.

We heard the lowing of cattle and could not see them; the voices of human beings about the near cabins, and could only guess their distance. It was desolate, uncertain, and misty to eye and ear—as if the ocean had suddenly swallow-up the land and and all its beauty. We heard the swoop of wings in the viewless air around us, and, closing our eyes, could easily imagine the sound of near-flowing waters coming from the ripples around the prow of a boat. Suddenly, as if content with the victory and touched by remorse, it began to dissolve in tears of rain.

We were not at sea, but on the land; damp, chilled to the bones, cold, hungry. Oh, how the rain pelted us! At first quietly, then in gusts. It beat in our faces; it soaked our wraps; it dripped down our necks; it wet our feet; it whisked, and danced, and poured, in showers and torrents.

Thanks to the rain gods, they subdued the fog.—*Mrs. Carrie F. Young.*

Scene in a Pawnbroker's Shop.

The following scene in a New York pawnbroker's shop is described by an eye-witness:

"I had scarcely made my business known at the first of 'my uncle's' establishments (No. — —— street) to which I had been directed, when a middle-aged man entered with a bundle, on which he asked a small advance, and which, on being opened, was found to contain a shawl and two or three other articles of female apparel. The man was stout and sturdy, and, as I judged from his appearance, a mechanic, but the mark of the destroyer was on his bloated countenance. The pawnbroker was examining the offered pledge when a woman, with pale face and attenuated form, came hastily into the shop, and with the simple exclamation, 'O Robert!' darted rather than ran to that part of the counter where the man was standing. Her miserable husband, not satisfied with wasting his own earnings and leaving her to starve with her children, had plundered even her scanty wardrobe, and the pittance received was to be squandered at the rum-shop. A blush of shame arose even upon his degraded face, but it quickly passed away; the brutal appetite prevailed. 'Go home!' was his barsh exclamation; 'what brings you here, running after me with your everlasting scolding? Go home and mind your own business.' 'Oh Robert, dear Robert,' answered the unhappy wife, 'don't pawn my shawl. Our children are crying for bread, and I have none to give them; or let me have the money. Give me the money, Robert, and don't leave us to perish!' I watched the face of the pawn-broker. 'Twelve shillings on these things,' he said, tossing them back to the drunkard, with a look of perfect indifference. 'Only twelve shillings!' murmured the heart-broken wife, in a tone of despair; 'O Robert, don't let them go for twelve shillings. Let me try somewhere else?' 'Nonsense,' answered the brute, 'it's as much as they are worth, I suppose. Here, Mr. ——, give us the change.' The money was placed before him, and the bundle consigned to a drawer. The poor creature reached forth her hands toward the money, but the movement was anticipated by her husband. 'There, Mary,' giving her half a dollar, 'there, go home now, and don't make a fuss. I'm going a little way up the street, and perhaps I'll bring you something from market when I come home.' The hopeless look of the poor woman as she meekly turned to the door told plainly enough how little she trusted the promise. They went on their way—she to her children and he to the next 'corner grocery.'"

Women at the Washington Convention.

Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, writing from Washington to the *Independent* of some of the women who were conspicuous at the recent Convention there, says of Lucy Stone:

"I notice that all men, no matter what their opinions, meet her as an antagonist with smiling equanimity. A woman with the most motherly of faces, who demands her rights in a tone sweet as a silver flute, has wonderfully the advantage over the gruffest male tyrant in creation." Julia Ward Howe is "a woman of ideals; all her life she has striven to draw the ugly facts of every day into the halo surrounding her own mount of vision. She is a scholar, a metaphysican and a poet; she is in no sense a popular speaker, and never can be. Her thoughts are too involved, her words too rapt. Her sentences, golden arrows, diamond-tipped, glance above men's heads and are lost among the stars. Like Emerson, she may speak to many; but only a few hear her and fewer still understand. They who do meet her soul to soul, know her, and receive her priestess and woman." "Celia Burleigh is a stately lily of a woman, pure and tender. Time can never obliterate the beauty of her face, and there is a pathetic vibration in her voice, a thrill in her speech, which stirs one's heart. She is set apart and consecrated by love and sorrow, and the spirit of God's Annointed, for her work." There was "Elizabeth Churchill, of Rhode Island, on whose sensitive and delicate face still lingers the shadow of griefs gone by." And there was "Mary Livermore in repose, looking like a grand bronzen statue, every line full of power and majesty. When she rose, what vitality, what magnetic currents rushed from her deep heart and brain into her speech, from her speech into the nerves and hearts of those who listened, of whatsoever name or creed, till communication and sympathy became perfect, and she felt and held the vast audiences like a single pulse. In this moment she was a pure electrical, mental and emotional force, and as such should be judged. The audience, which was at least two-thirds men, wept, laughed and listened as she willed. Without his infinite sweetness and subtlety of speech, she has all of Henry Ward Beecher's humor, dramatic fervor and irrestible eloquence. No women and very few men ever carried a vast audience before them in Washington as did Mrs. Livermore. Such a woman in any community, or committed to any cause, is a power with it and in it which no words can measure."

"THEY WHO VOTE MUST FIGHT."—So says the shallow-pated *Chronicle*. They must fight, must they? Then it follows that none should vote who cannot fight. That would "let out" all old men and cripples. But what would you do with the women who *can* fight? The history of the Paris Commune, and in fact of the world, shows that women can fight. We have no doubt that if women were trained to the use of arms they would make as good soldiers as men. But we do not believe that either the man or woman of the future will have to do much fighting. With the wisdom and love elements united in the guidance of national affairs, there would be better ways devised for the settling of national difficulties than the shedding of human blood, and the reckless destruction of property. It would seem that the wretched botch that man has made of civil government would convince the most skeptical anti-suffragist that almost any change would be for the better. —*San Jose Mercury.*

If you take a great deal of pains to serve the world and to benefit your fellow creatures, and if, after all, the world scarcely thanks you for the trouble you have taken, do not be angry and make a loud talking about the world's ingratitude, for then it will seem that you cared more about the blessings which you professed to bestow.

The Stag.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

[The following gem is the best thing we have seen from the pen of "Joaquin" Miller, and atones for a vast amount of fustian and moonshine.]

And then from out the shadowed wood,
The antlered deer came stalking down
In half a shot of where I stood;
Then stopped and stamped impatiently,
Then shook his head and antlers high,
And then his keen horns backward threw,
Upon his shoulders broad and brown,
And thrust his muzle in the air,
Snuffed proudly, then a blast he blew,
As if to say the coast is clear.
And then from out the sable wood
His mate, and two sweet dapple fawns
Stole forth, and by the monarch stood;
She timid, while the little ones
Did start like aspens in a gale.
Then he, as if to reassure
The trembling and demure,
Again his antlers backward threw,
Again a blast defiant blew,
Then led them proudly down the vale.

Wedded Love.

And if the husband or the wife
In home's strong light discovers
Such slight defaults as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers,

Why need we care to ask? Who dreams
Without their thorns of roses,
Or wonders that the finest steel
The readiest spark discloses?

For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living:
Love seeree is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

Type-Setting by Ladies in California.

The first employment of female type-setters in California is credited to the office of the *Pacific Monthly*, published in San Francisco, several years ago, by Lisle Lester. The press generally, in company with the voice of the Printer's Union, assailed this innovation with attacks at once discreditable and unworthy, with a persistency of purpose that threatened to overthrow the enterprise and prevent its adoption by any other party or firm. At the present day, in San Francisco, we find a practical illustration of the fact that the effort was fruitless. Ladies are employed to-day on many of the newspapers of this city: the *Morning Call*, the *Pioneer*, the *Spirit of the Times*, the *Evangelist*, the *Christian Advocate*, the *Farmer*, and probably others we do not know of, give employment to female compositors. The firm of H. S. Crocker & Co. and the Co-operative also employ women. In the interior we know of several offices where ladies are at work at the case; of these we mention the *San Jose Mercury*, the *Napa Register*, the *Alpine Chronicle* and *Marin Journal*. So far as we know, female labor in this branch of business is just as satisfactory to the employer as that of men, and we know no reasonable excuse to be given why a female compositor is not entitled to the regular rates of composition when she performs her work as well. The Napa *Register* makes mention of a lady in their office as follows: "The *Register* has in its office a young lady compositor, 16 years of age, who has been at the case only about six weeks, and now sets one and a half columns of brevier per day, from either re-printed or manuscript copy, besides assisting largely in household duties, making up her piano practice, etc. If any brainless spooney bleats about the superiority of his sex, give him this fact as an antidote to his silly conceit."

In the *Farmer* office of this city there is a little girl about nine years old at the case, who sets a galley a day from re-print copy; for a year she has set up "her galley" regularly.

There is now in this city a Boston lady, a superior and rapid compositor, who is out of business. It is to be regretted that there are not more opportunities in San Francisco for female labor in printing offices. The presence of a lady in any branch of trade can have no other than a good and beneficial effect, and it seems only justice to both sexes that she should be so employed as well as men.—*Pacific Journal of Health.*

Recipes.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful soda and two cups flour; grate one-half a cake chocolate and mix one-half cup milk and the yolk of one egg, sweeten to taste, and add one teaspoonful vanilla; boil till soft, and then mix together; bake three-quarters of an hour. This will make one very large cake. Or bake the first mixture in sheets, and after baking the chocolate spread it between, and it will make a delicious chocolate jelly cake.

SMOKY LAMPS.—Coal oil lamps that are subject to smoking may be improved by putting from two to three tablespoons of coarse salt in them. It will make the lights more brilliant and clear, and keep the wick clean, besides the prevention of smoke.

TO CLEANSE THE INSIDE OF JARS.—Fill them with hot water and stir in a spoonful or more of pearlash; empty them in an hour, and if not perfectly clean, fill again and let them stand a few hours. For large vessels lye may be used.

RIBBONS RENEWED.—Wash in cool soap suds and iron while damp. Cover the ribbon with a clean cloth and pass an iron over it. If you wish to stiffen the ribbon, dip it while drying into gum arabic water.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM FLOORS.—Apply a paste of wood ashes; keep it on several days and then wash off.

Tilton, with all his idiosyncracies, cannot be accused of having the least particle of sympathy for that tyrrany of public opinion which is intolerant and dogmatic, whether in religion or politics, or literature, or art. A man has not only the right to change his views (as all will admit) but to change them without penalty of taunts, flings and inuendoes. In religion, Tilton says a man should be subject to no bondage which he cannot shake off in each day's sunshine, and obedient to no other authority in the church save only its Divine Head. If he chooses to leave the church, he has the right to do it, and the only missile that any one should care to fling at him, is a "God bless you!"

Jenny Goldschmidt, with her family, are spending the winter at Florence. An entertainment was recently given at the house of Mr. Graham, the American consul, in her honor. She sang several selections with much sweetness and clearness, but showing that time has dealt harshly with her magnificent voice. Madame Goldschmidt has a daughter, aged fourteen, who promises, it is said, to surpass her mother in quantity and quality of voice.