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.

VOLUME II. PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1872. NUMBER 11.

The New Northwest.

MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY, Editor and Proprietor

OFFICE—Cor. Third and Washington Sts

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

One year	$3 00
Six months	1 75
Three months	1 00

ADVERTISEMENTS Inserted on Reasonable Terms.

SONORA HEWITT.

BY MRS. SUSIE WITHEREL.

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

CHAPTER XIV.

A VISIT SOUTH, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"Take good care of the girls, and bring the Summers home with you, if possible, were the farewell words of Col. Hewitt, as the carriage drove off from the door, bearing his darling ones, with Blanche, from his sight.

Mrs. Hewitt waved her handkerchief till they were lost from view, when, turning to enter the house, she beheld Rissey in close conversation with an old woman, whose face was nearly covered by an old black hood.

"Who is that?" she asked of Rissey as soon as she came in.

"Dat be de same ole creetur dat wuz here de oder night. Pore ole soul, she 'peared mouty anxious 'bout sumfin'. She wanted to know de wust kind if dis wuz Col. Hewitt's, and where Miss Nora wuz gone, and if Massa Norman wuz gone, too, an' lots more tings dat I don't nuffin' 'bout."

"Very strange that she should take such an interest in our affairs!" thought Mrs. Hewitt. But it's some of Carrie Vernon's proceedings, I'll venture to say. She is just like the 'dog in the manger.' Then turning to Rissey, who stood rolling up her eyes in great perplexity, she said: "If that woman comes her again just tell her that Mrs. Hewitt wishes her to come *no more*, and also that she need not trouble herself about our affairs."

"Yes, marm, an' I won't tell her nuffin' 'bout Miss Nora likin' Massa Pierpont best, nor 'bout goin' to be married to somebody, nor nuffin'?" replied the cute little darkey as she closed the door, leaving Mrs. Hewitt standing in the middle of the room, perfectly astonished at her precocity.

"How came she to know anything about Clarence, I wonder?" said Mrs. Hewitt to herself. "But I suppose she must have overheard us talking. I will go and inform the Colonel of Carrie Vernon's work, for I am sure it is hers," and opening the door she proceeded toward the library. Leaving them to comment and wonder upon it, we will follow our travelers.

They proceeded first to Philadelphia, where they remained a few days, visiting everything of any note. From there they went to Washington, intending to remain a week or two before proceeding farther. One evening they were sitting in the parlor, looking at the various guests who had assembled at the W—— House, when Sonora, turning to Blanche, said: "How natural that voice at the piano sounds. Let us go into the other room and see who it is, for I believe I have heard it before."

"She has finished and is coming this way," said Harry.

"Adele Summers!"

"Sonora Hewitt!"

And the two friends were locked in each other's arms.

"Why, how long have you been here, and where are you going?" were Adele's first questions.

"Only a few days," replied Sonora. Then introducing her brother and Blanche, she informed Adele that they had started for Louisiana to pay her and her mother a visit.

"We will return immediately. Come into the other room. Mamma is there, and I know she will insist upon your paying that long-promised visit."

Our friends were soon ushered into the presence of the elegant and accomplished Mrs. Summers, who seemed more like a sister than a mother to her beautiful daughter.

Adele was indeed a beauty, and realized fully all Harry's ideas of the beautiful and refined. She was about the medium hight, with a complexion as fair as an infant's, a rare thing for a Southerner. Her cheeks, lips and chin were of the deepest vermillion, and her large brown eyes were full of fun and mirth, and when they peeped from beneath the long, drooping lashes were sure to bring a smile to the lips of the beholder, so mischievious did they look. She wore her hair combed back from her forehead and banded round her head, in massive braids, which gave her an almost regal appearance. And such a hand and foot! Harry thought, as he gazed upon her, that he had never seen any one half so beautiful. "And now if she is only as good as handsome," he soliloquized, "why, she will be worth winning."

Mrs. Summers insisted upon returning home, and nothing would do but they must submit, which our party did after obtaining her and her daughter's consent to accompany them back to New York and make a good visit in November.

We will not follow them in all their wanderings about the gay capital, which occupied them about two weeks, but we will meet them now in the house of Mrs. Summers—and a magnificent one it was, too. Situated in the southwestern part of Louisiana was their plantation of four hundred acres of well cultivated land, which had once been the pride of the fond husband and father. A neat row of comfortable cabins occupied one part of the grounds, a short distance from the house, and here lived their much loved and loving slaves, who would have thought it a hardship next to death to part with their good, kind mistress. Apart from all the rest stood one little cabin alone. Around its doorway was twined the wild eglantine, and its whole appearance betokened comfort and happiness. Here lived old Bertie and her husband. She had been nurse to Mrs. Summers when an infant, and had also nursed Adele, the child of her old age, as she called her. Eglantine Nook was indeed a lovely place. The spacious two-story cottage was covered with the fragrant sweet briar, and made the air redolent with perfume. It was built in the true Southern style, with everything around it betokening ease and comfort. It was just twilight when our travelers alighted. The warm autumn sun was just setting, tinting everything with a rich golden hue. The place seemed like some fairy spot, as the sun's last rays glimmered through the trees, and Sonora thought, as she glanced around, that it even excelled her own lovely home at Bridgeport.

The negroes, many of them, were assembled upon the green lawn at the back of the house. Two or three were playing the banjo and tambourine, while the rest were indulging in their favorite amusement, a dance at sunset. Old Bertie was the first one to come and welcome them home. Arrayed in a neat white apron and turban to match, she seemed the very personification of good humor.

"Why, de Lord bress you, am you back so soon?" said she, as she took the various packages and small baskets from our lady friends. "Nuthin' serus happened I hope, has dere, dear Missus?"

"Oh, no, nothing of that kind, Bertie, but something very agreeable," replied Adele. "We have brought three young friends to spend a few weeks with us."

"Is dat gentleman one?" she asked, looking at Harry, who was talking with Mrs. Summers.

"Yes; and that smallest lady is his sister, and the other her friend—Mr. Hewitt, Miss Hewitt and Miss Levere."

"All right, Missy. Young Massa would make a fine overseer for dis place." Then she added playfully, "Miss Dell must not be 'fronted at Ole Bertie."

"Oh, never fear, Bertie. I know you too well," answered Dell, a name by which she was always called.

"Well, I will hurry 'long an' see dat supper am ready, for I know you must be hungry. Bertie will make some corn bread. Dat will make young Massa stare," and she ran into the house to deposit her bundles. Hastily throwing open the windows and drawing forth the easy chair for her old mistress, she soon gave the room an appearance of cheerfulness and comfort. Then, throwing open the front door for them to enter, she descended to the kitchen to superintend preparations for an excellent supper.

"You have a perfect paradise here!" exclaimed Blanche and Sonora in a breath, as they looked from the back windows and saw the negroes dancing.

"How happy the slaves appear to be!" said Sonora. I always had an idea they were kept in perfect bondage."

"Quite the contrary with us," replied Mrs. Summers, laughing, "for they have perfect liberty to do as they wish, providing it is reasonable, and we do all in our power to make them happy."

"Come, Dell, ring for Maria to show the young ladies their apartments, and I will wait upon Harry, for such I must call you," turning to him. "I intend giving you the best room in the house, as you are the only gentleman here at present, and shall therefore feel ourselves highly honored by your presence."

"Thank you, dear Madam, I fully appreciate the compliment," replied Harry, as he followed his hostess to his room, when, seeing that everything was arranged for his comfort, Mrs. Summers retired to her own room to rest until supper was announced.

The next morning Sonora and Blanche were awakened at sunrise by the low voice of Dell at the door, asking them if they would like to take a walk before breakfast, as it was her usual custom. Both girls were very glad of an opportunity, and, hastily dressing themselves, the three were soon on their way to the cabin of Old Bertie. Crossing the lawn, whom should they see but Harry, walking along slowly and looking about as if he would drink in every object.

"Why, Mr. Hewitt, are you up before us? I thought I was first to scan the morning beauties. I have always arisen at sunrise from my earliest childhood," said Dell.

"Which accounts for your blooming complexion," answered Harry.

"Thank you for your discernment," laughingly answered Dell, and the cheeks, already crimson, were dyed a shade deeper; "but I think my two friends here can boast of complexion full as rosy," continued she.

"Oh, well, you must remember that we are rustic belles as well as yourself," replied Sonora, laughing.

"Very rustic," said Harry. "Three months in the country each year—eh, Sis?" and he tapped his sister upon the cheek.

"Come, Miss Summers"—

"Miss Summers!" laughed Adele. "Now call me Dell and I will answer. Miss always sounds so formal from a friend."

"Well, Dell then, since you are chaperone, where do you propose leading us this morning?"

"First let us stop at Old Bertie's, for I must wish her good morning or she would never forget the slight. Then we will just peep in at the other cabins, for it makes the poor creatures feel so proud to be taken notice of, and then we will take a walk if you'll agree. About a mile from here there is a little brook containing the most delicious fish. I will introduce you to it, Mr. Hewitt"—

"Harry, if you please," said he, interrupting her.

"Well, Harry, I will introduce you where you can amuse yourself fishing sometimes while we are having private *tet-a-tetes*."

"Exactly," said Harry, looking very demurely and offering his arm to Dell, while Sonora and Blanche, with arms entwined around each other's waists, followed behind, now and then stopping to pick up a flower in their pathway.

That morning sailing parties were planned, horseback rides talked over, and sevelal other amusements proposed for the entertainment of our young friends. Mrs. Summers did her best to make their visit an agreeable one. The two months which followed were one continual round of pleasure. Several parties were given in their honor. Two evenings before their return to New York, as all their friends assembled at Mrs. Summers in return, to bid them farewell, they could scarcely realize that they had been gone so long, so pleasant had their visit been. Mrs. Summers and her daughter were true to their promise, and were now ready to return with them to New York, to spend the winter months in that gay city.

And was the promise their only object in going? No, for the roguish, good-natured and noble Harry had found the way to the heart of the beautiful and amiable Adele. Yes, the jest had indeed turned to a reality, and he now only wished to obtain the consent of his parents to their union.

Mrs. Summers had already given hers, for though she had known him but two months, yet in his frank, open countenance she read true worth, and hesitated not in bestowing the hand of her lovely daughter upon a man whose generous, noble soul shone forth in every action.

It was the latter part of November when they arrived home. A bright fire burned in the grate, and the Colonel and his lady had drawn their comfortable chairs up to it to enjoy a cozy chat, when Rissey, opening the door without even knocking, exclaimed:

"Dey hab come! dey hab come! Oh, Rissey am so glad!" and springing down the front steps, was the first to greet Sonora as she alighted.

"That is a specimen of my own sunny home," said Mrs. Summers, eyeing Rissey. "I did not think you had anything quite so original in that line here."

"Though she is free as ourselves, still she consider herself Sonora's property, and would not leave her on any account. She is a droll little darkey, sure enough," said Harry, as he helped the ladies from the carriage.

Mrs. Summers and daughter were soon introduced to the Colonel and his lady, while the girls repaired to Sonora's little boudoir, where we first met her, to dispense with their traveling habiliments and rest themselves before going down to the parlor.

The bell soon sounded for supper, when, with keen appetites, they hastened to the table without much formality, where, for the present, we will leave them.

The N. Y. *Independent* says: A noteworthy resolution in the Philadelphia platform is the first recognition that the cause of Woman Suffrage has had in American national politics; and, though very discreetly worded so as to suggest a great deal and say nothing at all, is enthusiastically received by the suffragists. And here we would warn the London *Spectator* that it was *not* from any fear that the Woodhull ticket would draw off a hundred votes that the Republicans were induced to adopt this resolution. While considerably gratified that the Convention at Philadelphia was willing to utter even an ambiguous word of cheer to the friends of the movement, we trust that within the next four years the party may be able to come up to the position on the subject which Abraham Lincoln took in the first political manifesto which we have from his pen, addressed to the people of Sangamon county, when he was a candidate for the Illinois legislature. We quote the first two paragraphs! "*To the Editor of The Journal:* In your paper of last Saturday I see a communication over the signature of 'Many Voters' in which the candidates who are announced in the *Journal* are called upon to 'show their hands.' Agreed. Here's mine. I go for all sharing the privilege of the government who assist in bearing its burdens. Consequently, I go for admitting all *whites* to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms (*by no means excluding females.*)

NEW SALEM, June 13, 1836."

The italics are Mr. Lincoln's.

A blacksmith, having been slandered, was advised to apply to the courts for redress. He replied, with true wisdom, "I shall never sue anybody for slander. I can go into my shop and work out a better character in six months than I could get in a court house in a whole year."

The Woman Movement in Wyoming.

Shortly after the bill granting suffrage to women went into operation, women were summoned to serve as grand and petit jurors in the several courts of record, and in this particular field their participation in public affairs has been especially successful. Acting with men in the capacity of grand jurors, they secured the presentation of indictments that could not otherwise have been obtained; serving as petit jurors, they paid strict attention to testimony and argument, profoundly impressed with the new and important responsibilities that had been thrust upon them.

The circumstances of the first case tried by a jury, impanelled regardless of sex, were as follows: A young blade, who had imbibed the then prevalent notion that he could not hope to attain the full stature of manhood without killing somebody, participated unnecessarily in a bar-room brawl, and accomplished the object of his ambition. Having been indicted for murder, he sought to show a justifiable homicide, claiming that the act was done in self-defence. A jury, composed of equal parts male and female, was impanelled to try the case, and after three days and nights of deliberation, at last agreed upon a verdict of manslaughter, and the culprit is now in the penitentiary meditating upon the swiftness and certainty of female justice. The male jurors were in favor of acquittal, but the ladies, believing that human life ought not to be held by any such unsafe and flimsy tenure, voted during three days and nights for conviction, until at last a verdict of manslaughter was agreed upon.

The Court, unlike some of its Eastern compeers, would not permit the jurors to separate until after their final agreement and discharge. At nightfall, after the day's deliberation, adjacent rooms, communicating by a door, of which the Sheriff held the key, were provided, and the women, attended by female constables, occupied one apartment, while the men disposed themselves in the other. When morning dawned the two sexes met for deliberation, and so on from day to day until a final verdict was reached. It is alleged that the women passed a considerable portion of the night season in prayerful contemplation of the grave responsibilities resting upon them, while the men indulged in a peaceful game of draw-poker.

Some of the ladies were matrons whose domestic arrangements might have been temporarily in a chaotic state, while the spinsters enjoying their season of "maiden meditation fancy free," were not annoyed by any harrowing reflections concerning domestic eclipses. If *paterfamilias* was domestically disturbed and obliged to practice culinary arts, he had the consolation of knowing that his other physical half was administering stern and impartial justice for the benefit of society.

A lady with infant in arms appeared in obedience to a summons; and while the jury was being impanelled the child addressed the Court with impassioned though unintelligible eloquence, filling the entire court-room with volumes of incoherent sound, and effectually drowning all other attempts to be heard. Whether the young pilgrim was entering solemn protest against the new departure, or singing the praises of political equality, must always remain a mystery; but the Court promptly excused both mother and child from further attendance at that time. In all cases where husband and wife happened to be summoned upon the same jury, one or the other was invariably excused on the ground of public or private policy; and in the case of women, the present or prospective possession of very young children is regarded as a sufficient cause for excuse, whether pleaded or not, and the Court is expected to take judicial notice of fact. No divorces, or elopements, or other domestic calamities have been known to result from woman's introduction to the jury box.

During a period of more than two years women have served as jurors in civil and criminal cases at nearly every term of the various courts of record; and their influence, thus practically manifested on behalf of law and order, has been noticeably beneficial. This is especially true with reference to criminal trials. In border precincts at the West, the legal doctrine of excusable or justifiable homicide is carried far beyond its proper limits. For example, a couple of bellicose sovereigns indulge in wordy warfare, and after having exhausted the vernacular of billingsgate, exchange shots, resulting perhaps fatally to one, but not to the other. The survivor is indicted for murder—claims the act was done in self-defence, and in a majority of cases would be acquitted by a jury composed exclusively of males; but woman jurors, unless satisfied that the deceased was beyond question an aggressor, with murderous intent, are quite apt to find a totally different verdict. The women of Wyoming, regardless of race or previous condition of servitude, adhere to good government, see to the enforcement of wholesome laws, and while bravely performing the onerous though unsought duties pertaining to their new condition, manifest no unwomanly ambition for place, emolument or power.—*Gen. E. M. Lee, in June Galaxy.*

Of all the dreary places, deliver us from the dreary farm houses which so many people call home. Bars for a front gate; pig-pens elbowing the house in the rear; scraggy trees never cared for, or no trees at all; no flowering shrubs; no neatness, no trimness. And yet a lawn, and trees, and a neat wall, and a pleasant porch, and a plain fence all around—all do not cost a great deal. They can be secured little by little, at odd times, and the expense hardly felt. And if ever the time comes when it is best to sell the farm, fifty dollars so invested will bring back five hundred. For a man is a brute who will not insensibly yield to a higher price for such a farm, when he thinks of the pleasant surroundings it offers his wife and children.

Lawyer C. (entering the office of his friend, Dr. M., and speaking in a hoarse whisper)—"Fred, I've got such a cold this morning that I cannot speak the truth." Dr. M.—"Well, I am glad that it is nothing that will interfere with your business."

A Yankee, on being told that a person to whom he was introduced was "a self-made man," said he was glad to hear it. On being asked why, he answered, "Wall, I reckon it relieves the Creator from a pile of responsibility."

[From Scribner's Monthly.]

The Loneliness of Farming Life in America.

An American traveler in the Old World notices, among the multitude of things that are new to his eye, the gatherings of agricultural populations into villages. He has been accustomed in his own country to see them distributed upon the farms they cultivate. The isolated farm life, so universal here, either does not exist at all in the greater part of continental Europe, or it exists as a comparatively modern institution. The old populations, of all callings and professions, clustered together for self-defence, and built walls around themselves. Out from these walls, for miles around, went the tillers of the soil in the morning, and back into the gates they thronged at night. Cottages were clustered around feudal castles, and grew into towns; and so Europe for many centuries was cultivated mainly by people who lived in villages and cities, many of which were walled, and all of which possessed appointments for defense. The early settlers in our own country took the same means to defend themselves from the treacherous Indian. The towns of Hadley, Hatfield, Northfield and Deerfield, on the Connecticut river, are notable examples of this kind of building; and to this day they remain villages of agriculturists. That is the way in which farmers ought to have no question, and we wish to say a few words about it.

There is some reason for the general disposition of American men and women to shun agricultural pursuits which the observers and philosophers have been slow to find. We see young men pushing everywhere into trade, into mechanical pursuits, into the learned professions, into insignificant clerkships, into salaried positions of every sort that will take them into towns and support and hold them there. We find it impossible to drive poor people from the cities with the threat of starvation, or to coax them with the promise of better pay and cheaper fare. There they stay, and starve, and sicken, and sink. Young women resort to the shops and factories rather than take service in farmers' houses, where they are received as members of the family; and when they marry, they seek an alliance, when practicable, with mechanics and tradesmen who live in villages and large towns. The daughters of the farmer fly the farm the first opportunity. The towns grow larger all the time, and in New England at least, the farms are becoming wider and longer, and the farming population are diminished in numbers, and in some localities degraded in quality and character.

Any farmer who plants himself and his family alone—far from possible neighbors—takes upon himself a terrible responsibility. It is impossible that he and his should be well developed and thoroughly happy there. He will be forsaken in his old age by the very children for whom he has made his great sacrifice. They will fly to the towns for the social food and stimulants for which they have starved. We never hear of a colony settling on a Western prairie without a thrill of pleasure. It is in colonies that all ought to settle, and in villages rather than on separate farms.

The meeting and lecture, the public amusement, the social assembly, should be things easily reached. There is no such damper upon free social life as distance. A long road is the surest bar to neighborly intercourse. If the social life of the farmer were richer, his life would by that measure be more attractive.

After all, there are farmers who will read this article with a sense of affront or injury, as if by doubting or disputing the sufficiency of the social opportunities we insult them with a sort of contempt. We assure them that they cannot afford to treat thoroughly sympathetic counsel in this way. We know that their wives and daughters and sons are on our side, quarrel with us as they may; and the women and children are right. The old man, who rides to market and the post office, and mingles more or less in business with the world, get along tolerably well; but it is the stayers at home who suffer. Instead of growing wiser and better as they grow older, they lose all the graces of life in unmeaning drudgery, and instead of ripening in mind and heart, they simply dry up of decay. We are satisfied that the great curse of farming life in America is its isolation. It is useless to say that men shun the farm because they are lazy.

The American is not a lazy man anywhere; but he is social, and he will fly from a life that is not social to one that is. If we are to have a larger and better population devoted to agriculture, isolation must be shunned, and the whole policy of settlement hereafter must be controlled or greatly modified by social considerations.—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

AN EXTENSIVE WHEAT FIELD.—On one side of the San Joaquin river in this valley there is a grain field which extends for thirty-five miles and is of an average width of eight miles, thus covering an area of 179,200 acres. Persons who have lately traveled through this immense grain field estimate the total average yield at sixteen bushels to the acre, which will give a total yield of 2,867,200 bushels, or 85,015 tons. This amount of grain would load 8,501 cars, which, if made up in one train, would reach for over eighty miles, or from Bantas to the Oakland wharf. There is, however, a much larger area cultivated in grain on the east side of the San Joaquin than on the west side. From Lathrop to Merced, a distance of over fifty miles, the railroad runs through an almost unbroken grain field, extending as far as the eye can see on either side. The product of this whole valley will be much greater than ever before, and the railroad company will find it very difficult to move the immense amount to market before the commencement of the rainy season.—*Stockton Independent.*

Sheridan one day, when coming back from shooting with an empty bag, did not like to go home entirely empty, and seeing a number of ducks in a pond, and a man or farmer leaning on a hoe watching them, said: "What will you take for a shot at the ducks?" "Well," he said, "I will take half a sovereign." "Done," said Sheridan, and he fired into the midst of them, killing a dozen. "I'm afraid you have made a bad bargain," said Sheridan. "Well, I don't know," said the man, "they weren't mine."

A costly habit—dressing in fashion.

Romance in the House—Antique Relief Bill Passed.

Among the Senate bills taken from the Speaker's table lately was one for the relief of Miss Sarah S. Stafford. The bill was to pay her for the services of her father, Lieut. James Bayard Stafford, an officer of the navy of the Revolution. Miss Stafford, who is seventy-one years of age, resides at Trenton, N. J. Her memorial was presented to the Senate, and on May 1, 1872, Mr. Pool submitted a report on the case, which fully set forth the valuable services performed by Lieut. Stafford in the war of the Revolution. Among other things, he was the secret messenger from the American Government to Col. Laurens, Embassador to Holland, who had been taken prisoner and confined in the Tower of London. He performed this duty faithfully, but never received any pay for the service. He was a volunteer officer on the Bon Homme and Richard and was severely wounded in an engagement with a British cruiser. As he was a volunteer officer, his name was not on the rolls, and his daughter would receive no pay for that service.

Miss Stafford first presented her claim twenty-five years ago. A bill for her relief would pass one House and then another, but concurrent action could never be obtained. A few days ago the bill passed the Senate and was sent to the House, where it was taken up to-day as above stated. As soon as the reading of the bill and report was commenced this afternoon, Miss Stafford, who occupied a front seat in the ladies' gallery, could not restrain her excitement, and showed such signs of emotion that a door-keeper was obliged to stand by her side to keep her quiet. The old lady would rise upon her feet, and, through her tears would look imploringly upon the members below, and then would sit down, and laying her head upon her hands would for a moment weep most bitterly. She had spoken to many members of the House about her claim, and the fact of her presence in the gallery no doubt aided in leading to the final result, the almost unanimous passage of the bill. Miss Stafford could not at first realize her success, until Mr. Buffinton, Mr. Hill, and other gentlemen, by a waive of the hand, reassured her; whereupon the old lady waved her handkerchief in acknowledgment. The members could not resist this demonstration, and they responded by loud applause and clapping of hands. Miss Stafford could contain herself no longer, and falling upon her knees in the gallery, she offered up a fervent prayer of thankfulness and gratitude. She was so much excited that she could only move with assistance; and one of the door-keepers led her to a committee-room, where she was enabled to compose herself. The bill now only requires the President's signature to become a law. The amount of money the petitioner will receive is eight thousand dollars, and she says it is a perfect God-send to her, as, unless the bill had passed, she would have been compelled to go to the poor-house. She was visited in the committee-room by several members of Congress, who congratulated her on her good fortune. The old lady was formerly in good circumstances, but a few years ago she was robbed of twelve thousand dollars. The incident was a novel one in the House, and the old lady's impressive manner and excitement will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it.—*Woman's Journal.*

The Falsehood about Emily Pitts Stevens and her Pistol.

The occurrence at Platt's Hall on Monday night, so falsely reported by the press of this city, with the exception of the *Alta* and *Examiner*, does Mrs. Stevens great injustice. The facts in brief are, that the parties favoring woman suffrage applauded at such times as the sentiments coincided with their own views. Ex-Assemblyman Meeker assumed to play the *role* of pedagogue, and reprimanded, openly and without just cause, those who so applauded, even forgetting himself so far as to call by name Mrs. Pitts Stevens, simply because he happened to know *her* by name. Had Mr. Meeker offered this insult to a *man*, he would, no doubt, have had personal chastisement before leaving the hall. This brave legislator, voting for laws to govern women, probably felt secure in playing the part of dictator to a "weak woman." Even one of the reporters said to Mrs. Stevens that he considered it an insult of the grossest kind.

At the close of the meeting the lady wantonly and maliciously outraged, accosted Mr. Meeker and justly demanded an apology for his rudeness. Supported by the brute instincts which prompted this boorishness, he refused to grant an apology. A small derringer was placed into the hands of Mrs. Pitts Stevens by one of the party, and in her excitement it was received and placed in *her pocket*. The simple fact that a reporter saw it passed, gave rise to the sensational articles appearing the following morning. At no time was it taken out and pointed at Mr. Meeker or any one else, and the statement that a reporter struck down the pistol, or seizing it wrenched it from the grasp of the holder, is emphatically false and without foundation. The error committed was in receiving this weapon, which was as harmless in the *hand* as in the *pocket* of Mrs. Stevens, she having never discharged one in her life, or had one in her possession. And furthermore, she is decidedly opposed the use of firearms at any time or place.

Had not every womanly sense of justice and decency been so terribly outraged and insulted as to produce an over-excited mind, the derringer would not have been received at all, and the flash reports, with innendo and falsehood pointing from every sentence, would have been a thing unknown—and the stab thrust at the advocates of woman suffrage, prompted by bitter hate, would have fallen paralyzed before the attempt was made.—*S. F. Pioneer.*

A Texan tells this story of lost opportunities: "Now, you see land was cheap enough at one time in Texas. I have seen the day when I could have bought a square league of land, covered with fine grass and timber, for a pair of boots." "Why didn't you buy it?" asked his companion. "Didn't have the boots," said the Texan.

"We will meet in Heaven, husband, dear," is the affectionate epitaph which an Ohio woman had inscribed upon the tomb-stones of each of three departed husbands. Trouble ahead in that family, certain.

That Waltz of Von Weber's.

Gayly and gayly rang the gay music,
The blithe, merry music, of harp and of horn,
The mad, merry music, that set us a dancing,
Till o'er the midnight came stealing the morn.

Down the great hall went waving the banners,
Waving and waving their red, white and blue,
As the sweet summer wind came blowing and blowing
From the city's great gardens asleep in the dew.

Under the flags, as they floated and floated,
Under the arches and arches of flowers,
We two and we two floated and floated
Into the mystical midnight hours.

And just as the dawn came stealing and stealing,
The last of those wild Weber waltzes began;
I can hear the soft notes now appealing and pleading,
And I catch the faint scent of the sandal-wood fan

That lay in your hand, your hand on my shoulder,
As down the great hall, away and away,
All under the flags and under the arches,
We danced and we danced till the dawn of the day.

But why should I dream over this dreary old ledger,
In this counting-room down in this dingy old street,
Of that night or that morning, just there at the dawning,
When our hearts beat in time to our fast-flying feet?

What is it that brings me that scent of enchantment,
So fragrant and fresh from out the dead years,
That just for a moment I'd swear that the music
Of Weber's wild waltzes was still in my ears?

What is it, indeed, in this dusty old alley,
That brings me that night or that morning in June?
What is it, indeed?—I laugh to confess it—
A hand-organ grinding a creaking old tune!

But somewhere or other I caught in the measure
That waltz of Von Weber's, and back it all came,
That night or that morning, just there at the dawning,
When I danced the last dance with my first and last flame.

My first and my last! but who would believe me
It, down in this dusty old alley to-day
'Twixt the talk about cotton, the markets and money,
I should suddenly turn to some moment and say

That one memory only had left me a lonely
A gray-bearded bachelor dreaming of Junes,
Where the night and the mornings, from the dusk to the dawnings,
Seemed to be set to the music of Weber's wild tunes!

—Nora Perry in the June Galaxy.

American Wonders.

Silver Spring, Florida, is one of the greatest curiosities in the South. It bursts forth in the midst of the most fertile country in the State. It bubbles up in a basin near one hundred feet deep and about an acre in extent, sending from it a deep stream from sixty to one hundred feet wide, and extending six or eight miles to the Oklawaka river. In the spring itself fifty boats may lie at anchor—quite a fleet. The spring thus forms a natural inland port, to which three steamers now run regularly to the St. John's, making close connections with the ocean steamers at Pilatka. The clearness of the water is truly wonderful. It seems even more transparent than air; you see the bottom eighty feet below the bottom of your boat, the exact form of the smallest pebble, the outline and color of the leaf that has sunk, and all the prismatic colors of the rainbow are reflected. Large fish swim in it, every scale visible, and every movement distinctly seen. If you go over the spring in a boat you will see the fissure in the rocks from which the river pours up like an inverted cataract.

Another wonder is that "Stone Mountain," of Georgia, which was rendered famous during the late war, has not been more written about, talked about and traveled about, and indicates a want of admiration for the wonders of the South. Were it across the waters it would be in song, in sermon, and in lecture, and travelers by scores would go as they now go to the Pyramids.

"These the work of man,
That the work of an Almighty hand."

Imagine a mountain of solid granite, towering two thousand feet, with scarcely a shrub on its defiant, bald face. In its solitude it is alone; no kindred nigh! Not even the faint outline of a mountain is discernible in the distance; and as we turn our gaze upward to its perpendicular height, the classic Palisades seem tame, and we can but wonder if it be a boulder from some distant sphere, suddenly by some freak of nature ejected to our planet; or may it not have been that during the great primeval ocean, which once overspread the earth, matter abstracted matter until the mighty pile arose, and will stand until the final consummation of all things here?

MASTER AND MAN IN JAPAN.—No feature in Japanese society is more curious than the relations between master and man. The master admits his servant (provided of course that he be of the military class) to his intimate society; but the servant never assumes a liberty. He takes his place at the table with the utmost humility, and having done so, bears his share of the conversation, addressing freely his master, as if he were an honored guest, and for a while they would appear to any one not acquainted with a language most fertile in subtle distinctions to be on perfectly equal terms. Yet the moment the feast is over the man retires with the same profound obeisance and marks of deference with which he entered, and immediately relapses into the servitor; nor will he in any way presume upon the familiarity which, having lasted its hour, disappears until occasion calls it forth again. Feudalism strips service of servility, and although the feudal system is a thing of the past, its traces must long remain.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

As a rill from a fountain increases as it flows, rises into a stream, swells into a river, so symbolically are the origin and course of a good name. At first its beginning is small; it takes its rise from home, its natural source, extends to the neighborhood, stretches through the community, and finally takes a range proportioned to the qualities by which it is supported; its talents, virtue and usefulness the surest basis of an honorable reputation.

The city of Rome is said to be honeycombed with about nine hundred miles of subterranean passage ways, cut through the solid rock, and that these contain the bodies of from six to seven millions of human beings, entombed there since the city was built.

Newly married daughter—"How long does the honey-moon last, mamma?" Practical parent—"Until you ask your husband for money, my dear."