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FACT, FATE AND FANCY:

More Ways of Living than One.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNSTON. AUTHOR OF "MIDNIGHT REID," "KELLEN DOWN," "AND ANOTHER YEAR," "THE HAPPY HOME," "THE WOMAN'S SORROW," "MAYNARD MORGAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

"I wish I could feel that everything was right—confound it all!" exclaimed Captain Emerson through his set teeth, as the steamer bore him away toward his distant fields of duty. "But, somehow I'm not satisfied, and I really hardly know why."

But matters had progressed too far for him to see his way clear for honorable retraction now. He well knew that his wife and daughters were already busy to the eyes in preparations for the double wedding, so there remained little else that he could do but to quietly await the event. His efforts to discover the real condition of the finances of the Snowden firm had so signally failed, and he was so thoroughly suspicious that he had not discovered the whole truth, that he had no heart to further pursue the possible fortunes of Lillie's husband elect, so he bided his time until his real or imaginary duties after his return from the city till the morning of the very day when he was to give away his daughters in marriage.

Mrs. Emerson, poor thing, grieved sorely over her husband's neglect of his duties at home. She felt an almost uncontrollable longing for his presence and counsel. And she was so utterly lonely. At this particular crisis in her life it was indeed a pity that her husband could not see and realize how desolate she was.

The double wedding created a nine days' wonder in all the country round about. The hidden guests were numbered by scores, and nobody who had been invited to partake of the feast harbored a thought of remaining away. Whole families came in wagons, some drawn by horses and some by oxen. Others came afoot, and young men and maidens, the former greatly predominating, came on horseback.

Lillie and Grace were certainly beautiful specimens of rustic maidenhood in their pretty-fashioned attire of simple white. The apple-faced mother of John Anders was among the guests, her radiant face beaming with happiness.

Mrs. Snowden more was also present, her face more elaborately dressed in showy attire, and her frost-bitten hair surrounded by a white cap, set off with artificial roses. The senior Snowden, as well as the senior Anders, was also present, but if there is a time when gentlemen's noses are more entirely out of joint than all others, it is at a wedding where the decisions of the feminine portions of the household are always considered as final.

Mrs. Emerson, good soul, bustled about the kitchen, the perspiration standing in great beads on her oily features, and her red hands busy everywhere.

"Oh, wonder if your pap ain't got to get here in time to see you married?" she said to her daughters, who had been ready for an hour for the expected advent of the husbands-to-be, and who had been waiting long in the stifling heat of their low, unfurnished chamber for the appearance of their paternal head.

"He needn't come if he doesn't want to," said Lillie; "marriage is nothing but a hollow mockery, anyhow," and she gazed dreamily through her little window and across the lawn, with the air of one who sees nothing.

"Ah, child, if that's the way you feel about it, you'd better say 'no,' when the parson puts the solemn question for final answer. Don't go into marriage with your soul perjured. You'll have plenty of trouble on your heart before you get through with life without having anything on your conscience to load it down, till you'll feel so wretched and golly like, you can't hide from us!" said her mother reproachfully.

"If I didn't intend to be happier than I ever have been, I wouldn't get married," exclaimed Grace.

"I was a thousand times happier before I ever thought of marrying than I ever expect to be again," was Lillie's sad reply.

"Why?" asked Grace, her great eyes shining. "One would think you were not going to secure your true-love for a husband, from the way you talk. And to be honest with you, I don't believe you care one whit more for John than you do for Alonzo. You don't act like an expectant bride who is in love with her affianced ought to act. Though for that matter, I've been happier myself than I now am."

"Hush!" cried Lillie, stamping her foot in a rage. "You'll make me hate you if you talk like that."

"For mercy's sake, don't quarrel, gals," the mother exclaimed in affright. "The folks down stairs will hear you, and a pretty scandal they'll make of it. But there comes your pap, at last. It's better late than never, but I do wish he

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OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

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MT. BLANC.

"Lake Lemane wooed me with its crystal face," Sang Byron, in the wanderings of Childe Harold, and it has charmed and fascinated every one who has seen it from great Caesar to the traveler of the present time. Any one who has gone by rail from Friberg can never forget the first sight of Lake Geneva, as coming through a tunnel, the train turns suddenly to the right, and the whole magnificent panorama of the broad expanse of water with its surrounding mountains bursts suddenly and unexpectedly upon him.

Taking the morning boat from Lausanne up the lake, in an hour we are landed at a station a mile from the castle of Chillon, whose white walls, rising apparently from the very water, had been in sight for some time. A pleasant walk along a well-made carriage-way at the foot of the vine-clad hills brings us to the bridge which crosses the moat. Over the entrance to the castle we see, engraved in German, the strange motto for a prison, "May God bless all who come in and go out." As soon as we are within the walls, we seek the dungeons which have been clothed with such a melancholy interest by Byron's poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon."

Two or three underground rooms must be passed through before reaching the main dungeon. In one of these is a blackened beam on which prisoners were sometimes executed; another has a narrow, obscure stairway which communicates with the council chamber above, and in a third is a huge flat rock on which the condemned were said to pass their last night. Going through a low double doorway, with the remnant of a great iron door yet hanging by its rusty hinges, we come into a large, dimly-lighted dungeon where,

"There are seven pillars of grottoe light," "And in each pillar there is a ring," "And in each ring there is a chain."

The column to which Bonivard is said to have been chained yet has a massive, rusted, iron ring fastened to it. The deep, circular paths, worn in the rocks around each of these pillars, tell of the years of anguish which have rolled over the unhappy prisoners who have been here confined. The surroundings are literally as Byron gives them, and we can almost see the wild-eyed prisoner toting to break his chain that he may reach the body of his dying brother.

Among the hundreds of names inscribed on the pillars, we find Byron, Sue, George Sand and Victor Hugo. With an involuntary shudder we leave the dungeons which are so suggestive of sufferings and death, and go through the apartments above. In the center of one is a great wooden pillar to which the victims were fastened and tortured, and marks of the fire are in it yet. Not far from here is a deep, dark well or pit opening into the waters of the lake, down which the executed were thrown, and where the condemned were frequently cast alive. The whole place seemed reeking with murder, and we were glad to get out of it where we could look over the battlements into the deep water beneath.

Looking out over the lake, we see the little island with the three trees which Byron mentioned.

"And then there was a little lake, Which in my very face did smile, The only one in view."

The castle of Chillon in itself considered is worthy but little attention, and were it not that it has been immortalized by the genius of Byron, it would be comparatively unknown to English speaking people. It is a mistake to think that Byron's "Prisoner" is the Bonivard who was so long imprisoned here by the Duke of Savoy, and yet we can but say:

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place, And thy old door an altar—'twere true, Until his very steps had left a trace."

Were, as if thy old pavement were dead, By Bonivard! May none those marks efface, For they appeal from tyranny to God."

If in this connection the reader will turn to the third canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," he will find abundant description of all this Lake Geneva region.

Going by train up the Rhone Valley, we soon came to the Gorge of the Trient, where this stream cuts through the base of a mountain range and makes its way into the Rhone. In some places the chasm is more than four hundred feet high, and the perpendicular sides almost meet at the top. A broad footpath has been made up it, which, suspended from the rock, crosses from side to side, giving many fine views. Europe has but one finer gorge. Martigny, at the angle of the Rhone, is the intersection of three great mountain passes, the Simplon to Lago Maggiore in Italy, the Great St. Bernard to Turin, and the Tete-Noire to the valley of Chamouny, the very foot of Mt. Blanc.

Leaving Martigny by carriage early in the morning, we zigzag up the side of the mountain for two or three hours, until the valley of the Rhone for a long distance lies below us, and what seemed mountains to us when we started, became little hills far below us. Much of the way the road is along the side of the mountain, swept by avalanches in early spring, but these are very rare in summer, although at long intervals a traveler loses his life by one. We go up and up until the summit, six thousand six hundred feet above the sea level, is reached. From this point the descent into the valley on the opposite side is very steep and sudden. Then a ride of three or four hours down the winding, dashing stream, at the foot of grand snow-capped mountains, and nearly all the time in sight of glaciers, brings us to the beautiful green valley of Chamouny, right at the base of Mt. Blanc, amid the grandest scenery which the Alps and all Europe can furnish.

After a good night's rest, we are up early and ready for the ascent of the Montanvert, a spur from which there is a fine view of the Mer de Glace and the glaciers from it. We climb slowly up by a winding path cut in the side of the mountain, and after a hard walk of two hours are at the little restaurant at the summit, six thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The ascent of this mountain is made solely from the fine view it affords of the immense sea of ice which fills all the high-er gorges of the Alps, and particularly the Mt. Blanc range. If the reader can imagine a section of a vast river from ten to fifteen miles in length, and from one and a half to four and a half miles wide, and of unknown depth, tossed up into waves and then instantly frozen, he

can get some idea of this great glacier. For ages it has ground its way along this gorge, pushing the debris farther down into the valley until it looks as if a company of giants had been at work carrying the dirt and rocks down from the mountains. At the lower end of the glaciers, the edges for several hundred feet from the shore are so covered with dirt and rocks that it is often difficult to tell, with any certainty, where the edge of the chasm is. As it advances slowly over the irregularities of the bottom of the gorge, the glacier is broken up by crevasses, which generally extend across it. Many of these are shallow, while others are hundreds of feet deep, and a stone dropped down one of them crashes from side to side until it seems to be lost in the vast depth, and the sound of the fall is no longer heard. On the top the glacier looks like snow ice, and is honey-combed by the action of the sun, but a little way down it is solid and very blue. Higher up, the glacier seems whiter and more firm, and still higher it is of a dazzling brilliancy, while there are many considerable-sized hills of ice, where two glacier streams join. With a guide there is very little danger in crossing the glacier, as steps are cut in the worst places, and the iron-pointed Alpenstock prevents one from slipping. Only a few days before our visit, a German professor from Berlin slipped into an opening and was fatally injured. Crossing, we clamber over many rods of ground-up rock, which formed the edge of the glacier when it was larger and filled up more of the gorge, and up the sides of the mountain on the opposite side. We follow this down toward the valley at a considerable height above the glacier, and have constantly changing views of the frozen billows and icy-walled chasms below us. In half an hour we came to what used to be the terrible Mauvais Pas, a path cut in the almost perpendicular sides of the mountain, but now so well protected by iron railings that there is no danger unless one is dizzy when at great heights. Most of the way the outer edge of the path is unprotected, and it gives one far from a pleasant feeling to look over the jagged edge, and see the certain death on the sharp rocks hundreds of feet below which await the poor unfortunate who makes only one misstep. A little further on we come to the Chapeau, a small house hidden behind the projecting rocks so as to be out of the way of danger from avalanches which sweep down the mountain sides in winter and early in spring. This is situated upon a precipitous cliff, and from it is obtained a fine view up the glacier, and at right angles to this the whole valley of Chamouny seems to be sunk deep down between the mountains, while the impetuous little stream, the Arve, for a little way seems to forget its haste, and winds lovingly through the green meadows of the valley. Almost at a glance we have the lofty, snow-covered mountain tops, the frozen river with its sluggish but powerful current, and nearly two thousand feet below us the loveliest of green valleys, which looks like a mighty picture by some giant artist, set in a frame of great mountains. The view from the Chapeau is one of those which only the Alps can give, and which will linger forever in the memory.

Descending a steep path through the wooded hills, we soon came to a little hut from which a short excursion can be made to the end of the glacier and the ice grotto from which the stream under it flows. This has been enlarged by the guides so that it can be ascended by some two hundred feet, and here one is within the very glacier itself. As we had been in the grotto of the Grindewald glacier on our former trip, we had no curiosity to again enter one of Nature's vast ice-houses.

Coming down to the level of the valley, we cross it and begin to follow the winding path which leads up the steep mountain on the opposite side. After three hours of hard climbing, we had reached the little hotel on Mt. Flegere, which is also six thousand feet above the sea, from which, if we are favored with a clear day, we can see the entire Mt. Blanc range and Mt. Blanc itself, with its vast snow fields from base to summit. All the morning the greater part of the mountain tops had been covered with clouds, but by the time we reached the hotel of Mt. Flegere late in the afternoon, the clouds had broken away, and we had an unobstructed view of the lofty, snow-white dome of Mt. Blanc, glittering in the full rays of the setting sun. Before us was a view which the wildest flights of our imagination had never conceived. Within sight were literally "Alps piled upon Alps," for we could see at once thirteen mountain peaks, the lowest of which is two miles high, and in the midst, reaching up in the heavens until we can hardly distinguish it from the clouds, towers Mt. Blanc, the monarch of European mountains, three miles high. These mountains are mostly of granite, and several of the peaks run up almost as pointed as cathedral spires, so much so that they are called needles. We could almost look down upon the Mer de Glace opposite us, and within sight we could count nine great glaciers which reached down into the valley, and as many smaller ones, which came from only part way down the mountain slopes. In the foreground and more than a half a mile below us lies the

green valley of Chamouny and its little village, with the road and the stream winding through the green fields so far away that they look almost like ribbons. At times parts of the mountain range, or the summits of the mountains, would be covered by clouds, and occasionally the dome of Mt. Blanc, bright with sunlight, would appear above the clouds. After enjoying the wonderful view for more than an hour, we descend and reach our hotel at six o'clock.

During the day we have made, on foot, twenty-one miles of mountain traveling, having climbed two peaks, each six thousand feet high. The reader can get some idea of what it is to lift one's body up these two mountains, by thinking of going up a pair of stairs fifteen thousand steps high, or going up and down a pair of ordinary house stairs about eight hundred times in one day. It was the hardest day's work I had done in many a year.

There are six compelling lines of stages from Chamouny to Geneva, a distance of fifty miles, and so sharp is the competition between them that the fare to Geneva had fallen from twenty-five to three francs. These great coaches are each drawn by from three to six horses, and make the distance down in six hours. Much of the way the road is cut through solid rocks, and walled up at the side. I think I never saw so fine a carriage road, or one with such a good road-bed and grade. And indeed the fine roads over nearly all Europe are a wonder to Americans. Most of them are graded almost as carefully as railroads, and the wagon track is covered with broken stone. The upper part of the road is through a rough country, but the ten miles nearest Geneva is a rich and well-cultivated region. I should remember this ride as one of the pleasantest of my trip if it were not that a "native," smoking a "long pipe" made of the most villainous tobacco which ever grew, sat on the seat in front of me and gave me most of the way this wretched second-hand tobacco smoke. All over the continent almost every man smokes and drinks beer or wine, and the presence of ladies is not considered a restraint to either.

Geneva, which is beautifully situated at the foot of the lake, is one of the most important cities in Switzerland, and contains more foreign residents than any other. It is mentioned by Caesar in the first book of his Gallic War, and from that time has been a place of importance. It has a large number of watch and jewelry establishments, and extensively manufactures music boxes and carved work. On a clear day one can get a fine view of Mt. Blanc from the quay in front of the Hotel de Russie. In Geneva and along the lake there are a large number of English hotels and ladies' boarding schools. On our former visit we attended Pierre Hyacinth's church, but some one else conducted the service. We, however saw him and his American wife as they left the church.

While in Geneva we were awakened very early one morning by an unearthly noise under our window. Our first impression was that half a dozen full brass bands had come to give us a serenade, but on looking out we could see only a market woman with a little wagon and a donkey about the size of a four-week-old calf. The woman seemed to be reasoning with the animal and enforcing her arguments with frequent slaps on his long ears. He was sustaining his side of the discussion in that way which only a donkey can, and which cannot be equaled or imitated by anything in this world, and it was his vigorous presentation of his view of the question which awakened me. When I looked at the insignificant little animal and heard the fearful noise he made, which seemed to fill the air for miles around, it seemed astonishing that such wonderful vocal power could be wrapped up in so small a brown skin, and the longer his powerful argument continued the more my wonder grew, and to this day I cannot bear a donkey address an audience or speak to a friend a couple of miles away, without being filled with awe at the wonderful manner in which he seems to be constructed. Until I heard this Geneva donkey I never half realized what must have been the interview between Baalam and the beast on which he rode, or was signified when "the ass opened his mouth and spake."

We will bring this long letter to a close by asking our readers to get a closer view of Mt. Blanc through ticket via Mt. Cenis tunnel for Naples, eight hundred miles away, where we hope they will be sufficiently recovered from the long ride of two days and nights without the comforts of a sleeping car, to go with us to the buried city of Pompeii, and make the ascent of Vesuvius.

O. R. BURCHARD.

The organization of society will never be perfect so long as some persons have more than enough to make them happy as property can make them, while others, by their best exertions, cannot obtain enough for this purpose. Property, of itself considered, is nothing; but taken in connection with what it brings, it is of much importance to happiness, as furnishing the means of protecting ourselves from those outward things which excite disagreeable sensations, and of gratifying those senses which nature has given us, as the eye, the ear, etc.

"Somehow or other," said Frederick the Great, "Providence seems to do the most for New York and other our midst for New York and other places east. That he may remain there, is the earnest wish of every lover of peace."

FELIX.

Washington, D. C., October 25, 1878.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: The telegraph brings us the welcome news that the yellow fever is waning at Memphis, and soon will have disappeared under the chilling touches of Jack Frost. We know by personal experience and observation in 1873, the horrors of a Memphis epidemic, and for the few who remained there this season to lead a forlorn hope against the King of Terrors in that horrible struggle for life given by the yellow fever, we have had most earnest sympathy and follow feeling. Many friends have succumbed. One, Dr. Wm. R. Lowry, a physician who began the treatment of yellow fever during the Mexican War, and since has been in more or less annual contact with it, to our intense surprise and pain was not proof against the disease, and his name, too, is inscribed in the roll of the dead. Mr. Tomony, a lawyer, who in the past made Washington his home during the sitting of Congress, with all his family, is also among the dead. To the few who survive is due the greatest praise for their courage. One of these, J. M. Keating, editor of the Appeal, seems to bear a charmed life. In 1867 he was in daily contact with cholera and yellow fever, the same in 1873, and this year was at times the only one of a force at work in the office. Acting as editor, compositor, clerk, etc., he labored incessantly upon his paper and among the sick and afflicted, and we are thankful indeed that such a brave, loyal spirit has been spared by the destroyer. Memphis seems a doomed city. Plague has swiftly followed plague, sweeping thousands out of existence, and crushing out and paralyzing all trade and business, and though revival has followed, yet it has not been of that permanent type which begets improvement in values and increase of population. In 1866 the Gayoso House was the largest hotel in Memphis, in 1873 it was given up to squatters. Other hotels were abandoned, and on every hand were other indications of decay and abandonment. How can it recover from the fearful blow of 1878? We fear it is impossible.

Ford's Theater, in which Mr. Lincoln was killed, and which has since been used by the government as an army medical museum, was found this summer to be in a most unsafe condition. It was a mere shell, erected on the weakest of foundation walls, and there is every reason to suppose that had it been continued in use as a theater, some terrible accident would have occurred through the breaking or collapsing of its walls under the pressure given by some large or unusual audience. In view of its insecurity, the wonder is that it already has not fallen down. Through repairs have been made, and the building is now regarded as safe for the purposes of the surgeon general.

The new State House is being slowly finished, and by March next the War and Navy Departments can be removed to it. Congress is to blame for the slow progress made toward completion of this magnificent, as well as essential building, for instead of appropriating enough to finish in one year, the funds requisite have been doled out in such manner as to stop all work one-half of each year. How not to do it is somewhat the rule governing appropriations, unless votes are to be gained. Then, as with the river and harbor bill, the mereest schoolboy fishing stream, where a pin hook suffices to catch the largest minnow therein, can secure a slice of plunder if some member demands it. Dean Stanley when visiting here, said he regarded this new state building as the finest official structure he had ever seen, and it was one of which Americans had cause to be proud.

The Capitol begins to show signs of life as the workmen are busied making the usual repairs and preparations for Congress. Proper ventilation of the House of Representatives is the most difficult problem in the whole matter of repairs at the Capitol. Every year some new scheme is devised, only to be abandoned, and there is constant complaint by members at the impure air which fills the chamber during the daily sessions. We fear that bad air is the scapegoat for every ill afflicting our solons. The more dissipated the member, the greater his indulgence in liquor and tobacco in and out of the hall, the greater his condemnation of the imperfectness of ventilation. A member whose dietary at home is of plainer food, and whose regularity of habits is precisely what is needed to give him rugged health, enters our hotels, feasts at all hours of the day and night upon the richest of viands, and abandons all exercise and regularity. Ill health necessarily follows, but of course bad air alone is chargeable with his afflictions.

Miss Eva Mills, our leading soprano singer, has entered into an engagement with Max Maretzek, of New York, to sing in his operatic troupe this winter. She has a magnificent voice, and we feel assured will make her mark in her profession. Our citizens gave her a farewell benefit recently at Lincoln Hall, and the crowded house testified to the warm regard felt for her in her native home.

Cohen, the labor agitator, has shaken the dust of the Federal Capital from his No. 11 brogans, and has departed from our midst for New York and other places east. That he may remain there, is the earnest wish of every lover of peace.

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