

# THE EVENING NEWS.

Tuesday. December 12, 1871.

## THAT EVIL.

Remarks of Mr. Riddle, to the Full Mass Meeting of the Woman's Club, at Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C. Sep. 22, 1871.

## [CONCLUDED.]

When the child girl raises her weak face and lifts wide hands for help and sustenance, and with mute tears appeals, she is thrust into the gutter; and when starved and broken, cradled in the brook under only shelter, the world sends an armed hand of police "to raid," as it is so sententiously called, her only retreat.

Some imprudent, not impure woman, becomes the theme of gossip; her name is lightly pitched from tongue to tongue, till she is certainly and surely forced into the public gaze to infamy.

The world dooms women—the whole sex—to widowhood and motherhood, and if through no matter what perfidy of man she is betrayed to the last with the first, no angel can save her and mortals scarcely weep for her.

Who can speak of the victims of seduction—and they appear on both sides.

The world wants churches and it builds them.

It also wants these numberless places of sin and it builds them, and men declare that they are necessary. If it would be rid of them, let it extinguish this wantonness this generation shall not pass away, ladies, until all you labor for shall be fulfilled.

But what can we do? Who shall do it? Where shall we commence? Who will help; who will give money and sympathy; who will dare to oppose?

It is said that our municipal authorities have decreed that the haunts of this sin, the only refuge of these banned and exiled outlaws, shall be set upon by the armed police. I shrink from this. It used to be said by the apostles of slavery that separation from it did not strengthen, but only diffuse it. I am not afraid of the diffusion of slavery, and I am opposed to the diffusion of this thing.

So cruel and cowardly does this, "raiding," seem to me, that were I an officer and received an order to set upon the miseries and abodes of these helpless creatures, and to bring in upon them and seize them and hurry them to noisome station-houses, and then in the morning to parade them through the streets to the police court, and there present them in the presence of the railed, blasphemous, reeking throng that crowd that strew, to receive justice—as we call it—I would resign.

"Regulate this thing regulate it," exclaim voices never heard in opposition to any wrong. You regulate it, and then, and then regulate the regulators, mayhap. "License these places," men say. No doubt a revenue could be raised from them, but what could be done with such money? We are pointed to St. Louis and told to copy the example, borrowed from Europe.

Oh, this is a dreadful subject, requiring a few direct words, that must be spoken even here. It has in it the bitterness of death and the mockery of the grave; and ribald scoffing may not compare silence, or squeamishness forbid utterance. Things must to be spoken of goods are unfit to be. —Washington Chronicle.

## A YANKEE CAPTAIN'S ADVENTURE.

There lived many years ago, on the eastern shore of Mount Desert, a large island off the coast of Maine—a now fashionable summer resort—and of fishermen by the name of Jedediah Spinnet, who owned a schooner of some hundred tons burthen, in which he, together with four stout crew, would go about once a year to the Grand Bank for the purpose of catching codfish. The old man had five things about which he loved to boast—his schooner "Betsey Jenkins" and his four sons.

The four sons were all that their father represented them to be, and no one ever doubted his word when he said that their like was not to be found for fifty miles around. The oldest was twenty-two, while the youngest had reached his sixteenth year, and they answered to the names of Seth, Andrew, John and Samuel. One morning a stranger called upon Jedediah, to entreat him to take to Havana, on the frontier of New England, to steam engines for sugar plantations; the terms were soon agreed upon, and the old man and his sons immediately set about putting the machinery on board; that accomplished, they set sail for Havana, with a fair wind, and for several days proceeded on their course without an adventure of any kind. On returning, however, a vessel was descried on the starboard quarter, which, with some hesitation, the old man pronounced to be a pirate. There was not much time allowed them for doubting, for the vessel soon saluted them with the not very agreeable whizzing of an eighteen pound shot just under their stern.

"That's bad for us to have to," remarked the old man.

"Then I guess we had better do it, hadn't we?" said Seth.

"Of course."

Accordingly the "Betsey Jenkins" was brought up into the wind, and her main boom hauled over to the windward.

"Now boys," said the old man, as soon as the schooner came to a stand, "all we can do is to be as cool as possible, and trust to fortune. There is no way to escape that I can see now, but perhaps if we are civil, they will let us have such stuff as they want, and then let go. At any rate there is no use crying about it, for it can't be helped. Now get your pistols and see that they are surely loaded, and have your rifles ready, but be still and hide them, so that they will not be no signal for assistance." In a few moments all the arms which the schooner afforded, with the exception of one or two old muskets, were secured about the persons of our Down Easterns, and they quietly awaited the coming of the schooner.

"One word more," said the old man, just as the pirates came round under the schooner. "We have every motion I make, and be ready to jump the moment I speak."

As Captain Spinnet ceased speaking the pirates ruffed up under the fisherman's lee quarter, and in a moment more the latter's deck was grazed by the presence of a dozen as savage looking mortals as eyes ever looked upon.

To be continued.

J. R. MURPHY,  
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