

The memorial sets forth that up to the breaking out of the rebellion they had made rapid progress in civilized arts and industry. They had been transformed from half-naked nomads to well-clothed, well-fed, intelligent men and women, with many of the comforts and some approach to the luxury and wealth of commercial nations. The war made great changes in their condition; during its progress they had been despoiled of everything save the soil beneath their feet. But they have since traveled the road to prosperity, until now their progress is retarded by evil omen and dark forebodings of the future.

The reasons for these are thus described:

"The charters of certain railroads, projected through the Indian territory, contain provisions for extensive land grants contingent upon the extinction of the Indian title. These grants contemplate the spoliation of the Indians to the extent of some 24,000,000 acres of their best land. They furnish an incentive to wealthy men to combine into corporations to press upon congress the perfecting of their titles to these lands. To this end the Oklahoma, and other bills of similar purport, have been pressed upon congress, under the plea that the Indian stands in the way of advancing civilization."

The memorialists then pray the President to interpose in their behalf, and say:

"The amelioration—the salvation of the Indian race, depends upon the security and progress of the five nations. Our destiny with theirs is one; we are doomed to stand or fall together. The spot we occupy is sacred to us as our home. We have receded before the approach of the white man, until this is the last desirable spot we can occupy. We have spent long years of labor in improving it; it is consecrated to us by years of cruel suffering. We have raised the Indian to his present condition by the example of our industry, and what good we have achieved in reclaiming the wild tribes may be taken as an earnest of the greater good we shall still seek to accomplish. In time we may attain to such skill in commerce and the mechanic arts that we may feel able to cope with our white brother. But to this condition we have not yet arrived. We do not ask for, but on the contrary, we strongly protest against, any measure looking to the extinguishment of our nationalities. The lessons of the past should not be forgotten. A mixed occupancy of our land could but result in white ascendancy, aggrandizement of the stronger race, degradation and ultimate extinction of the weaker. Past experience declares the truth of this. The millions of red men who first peopled this continent are now reduced to a pitiful remnant by contract with a more advanced race."

The memorial concludes with the following language:

"We come to you, Mr. President, as the survivors of a once populous people. We plead with you that you will interpose your official position in our behalf. We entreat you to withhold your sanction from all railroad, territorial or other measures affecting our status as recognized by existing treaties, and that you will approve all measures calculated to inspire a sense of security in the breasts of our people. Of this they stand most in need. With such just and friendly aid their advance will be assured, and their influence for good will reach every red man on the plains. The bugle call will no longer be sounded to assemble your armies for the chastisement of the Indian for his misdeeds; we shall have taught him to live in peace with his race. Humanity, national economy and wise statesmanship, pronounce in favor of justice to the Indian race."

A CHEAP means of getting drunk has been invented in England. The fluid is a mixture of naphtha and ether. Those who drink it think it no less potent than ordinary "red-eye," "Jersey lightning" or "Cincinnati strychnine;" and that it answers tolerably well as a temporary expedient. Its use is becoming very prevalent, and its effects are quite as cheerful as the other drinks for which it is a substitute. This cannot be doubted when it is known that a slight indulgence gives a man an anxious desire to kill his mother or murder his children.

WASHINGTON fashionable society recently was agitated from apex to base with a sensation similar to that which followed the shooting of Key by Sickles. It appears that Wm. L. Davis, a real estate agent of that city, seduced a Miss Hardy, daughter of Mr. Edward Trueblood Hardy, a New York merchant, and then, failing to induce her to submit to abortion, introduced her and managed to have her married to Henry Bradley, a Washington lawyer and son of Joseph H. Bradley, of Montgomery

County, Maryland, formerly a leading lawyer at the Washington bar, and attorney for John H. Surratt.

Five months after marriage Mrs. Bradley had a son, and her husband, who declared he was not responsible for the child, sent her home to her father.

As a matter of course Mr. Hardy was grieved and indignant at the wrong done to his daughter and eventually succeeded in obtaining from her the name of her seducer, sought him out and found him in Georgetown, and shot him in the left hip or side, inflicting a severe but not serious wound.

The New York Standard thus comments upon this affair—

Hardy accuses Davis of seducing his daughter, and therefore being worthy of death. But let us be just. Davis was wrong; he committed a crime which makes us shudder. But what about Mrs. Bradley, nee Miss Hardy? Davis couldn't have seduced her if she had not been willing, and it is just as logical to say that Davis's sister or wife had a right to shoot Miss Hardy, as to say that Mr. Hardy had a right to shoot Davis. She was just as wrong as he was. The gist of crime is intent. Now, Miss Hardy had an intent to allow Davis to take the risk of being the father of her child. Else the crime would have been rape. Nobody accuses Davis of committing rape, but they do accuse him of seduction. Miss Hardy being willing and he being willing, she, too, was a seducer. Put the case before a jury of women and they will say that she committed most crime, because she had most to keep sacred, and didn't. They would add that Davis would have allowed her to remain chaste, if she had been willing to remain chaste.

We do not defend Davis. We feel a sort of satisfaction in knowing that he got a pistol-bullet through him. But don't let anybody get up any particular sentiment about the woman. We may all painfully regret that some women are so, but then, there are plenty of women so. There would be a fine time if the fathers of the thousands of women of the town, in New York for instance, should stand at the doors of certain houses and shoot every man who went up the steps. When a woman falls, we all pity her, but it is her own choice, and some men are so constituted that when a woman makes a choice and shows it, or tells it, they do not hesitate long before letting the woman have her own way. Let us kill the Davises, but let us be just. Women are just.

The Standard is illogical, unjust, and almost brutal in its remarks, betraying little knowledge of human nature. It requires but little experience of man and woman nature to learn that not one woman in a hundred of those who do fall does so from desire, or even from willingness on her part, and especially when she has not been viciously brought up. Almost invariably the man is the original and persistent aggressor and transgressor. It is not in the nature of an uncorrupted woman to make the first motions in the direction of shame. Most seduced women were reduced to that pitiable condition through the entreaties, the urgings, the wiles, the stratagems, frequently the deliberate frauds, and semi forcings, and sometimes the violence of those upon whom they had centered the wealth of their womanly affections, and in many cases the ruin is accomplished upon the most solemn promise of early marriage by those very men who ought to be their trust friends and most valiant and vigilant protectors. Even then, in nearly all cases, the submission to the degradation is marked with the manifest and unfeigned reluctance of the women thus deceived and betrayed.

Therefore we say that the reasoning of the Standard is cruel, illogical, and not in accordance with the perceptions of justice which experience in the ways of the world gives.

In very few cases indeed is the woman equally guilty with the man, although the consequent physical and mental suffering and the social obloquy fall upon her almost entirely and alone.

The suggestion of another exchange, commenting on a similar case, that it is right that the seducer or adulterer be killed, but that his injured slayer should also suffer death, is weak and foolish to an extreme degree. The seducer has committed a crime that is worthy of death, but that is no reason why his executioner should also be put to death. Much more reasonable is the proposal of the New York Herald, that if there are certain heinous crimes for which the law provides no adequate remedy, but for which the general sentiment of humanity excuses the wronged for inflicting death upon the wronger, then either the law should be made consonant with the public sentiment, or such offences should be authoritatively acknowledged as subject to extreme

personal punishment at the hands of those who have been wronged, and no taint of reputation shall accrue to those who thus inflict punishment in such cases.

An interesting monthly publication, the *American Historical Record*, has put forth some correspondence on the subject of the birthplace of George Washington. An attempt is therein made to prove that the "Father of his Country"—a title of honor first bestowed upon Cicero—was born in England, in a little village of Berkshire, during a visit of his father to that country in 1732, and that he was brought out here in his nurse's arms, and baptized in Virginia. The evidence in support of this case is singularly weak. There is, in fact, no evidence in the history of the Washington family to prove that Augustine Washington, George's father, ever was in England.

A WASHINGTON paper complains that cases in which the marital relations are violently sustained and fathers and brothers are avenged are getting to be unpleasantly common of late years, the newspapers being plentifully sprinkled with them, unpleasant because accompanied by the revolver.

Our contemporary has little faith in the argument that the women are led astray, he complains of them and their share in these transactions. Says he—

Through some defect in social training, or from demoralization going on, the land seems filled with women, single or married, who consider it good fun to trifle on the edge of propriety and lure innocent young men and unsuspecting old codgers into delicious flirtations that in nine cases out of ten cover an intrigue—for flirtation is a pretty sure indication of a lead. * * * It is very well to preach high morality, and, above all, continence, in these wicked days. It is of course better for us of the afflicted male sex to be saints, and if necessary leave our garments in the hands of the Mrs. Potiphars; but alas! when St. Anthony fell, who may hope to escape?

But, says our contemporary, "whether we practice restraint and strive to be Josephs or not, it is our duty to put down this monstrous system" of personal punishment, which means, virtually, the abolition of all effective punishment.

We cannot coincide with our contemporary. If there is a flood of iniquity prevalent, the way to lessen it is not to let it have free course, not by any means, but to interpose such checks as are within our command, if not the best that we may desire then the best at our command. Now it is well enough known and generally acknowledged, that for certain crimes of a very outrageous nature the law does not prescribe any punishment, or any thing like adequate punishment, and the facts are that these offenses are of such extreme rankness that the injured men and sometimes the injured women will take the responsibility of punishment in their own hands, and the heart of humanity in general justifies the punishment.

This irregular mode of punishment cannot be abolished, only by one of two ways—either by the prescription by law of adequate punishment for the crimes in question, or the overwhelming corruption and callousness of society. The first named mode of relief there is no prospect of seeing made available, while any mode of punishment is better than the state of society which the last would bring about. Therefore we see no reason to apprehend a speedy abandonment of the prevailing personal mode of punishment. As to the women, guilty or not guilty, and guilty in greater or less degree, one thing is certain, they are undoubtedly less guilty and they naturally suffer by far the most in these unhappy cases, and therefore leniency towards them may justly be extended at least until the male offenders are properly punished.

Here is a philosophic article, from the *Chicago Times*, having a collateral bearing upon this subject—

The philosophic historian has never failed to give great weight to the tendencies of literature as measuring the wants as well as the morality of the age. As a barometer of social weather, the novel has very strong claims to critical attention. The novel to-day is what Shakespeare regarded the drama of his period, designed "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time

his form and measure." It becomes rather an interesting matter of comparison to examine into the question of feminine purity and delicacy as measured by this test. In this day of free-love agitation, rape, seduction, and divorce, it is not necessary, it is true, to go out of the sphere of journalistic literature to collect all the data for an accurate judgment of the cotemporary social status. But such testimony might be branded by the optimists as special pleading. The cotemporary novel, as the clear, polished mirror in which our nineteenth century life is reflected, makes a terribly plain revelation. Casting aside the defluxion of cheap sensational novels, which make no pretence to deal with aught but the most coarse and vile elements of interest, how fares it with the better class of novels? Truth compels us to affirm that there is hardly one which ever reaches a second edition, whose plot does not turn on some gross case of adultery or seduction. Sugar-coat the pill as the author may with subtleties of intellectual analysis, or grave moral reflections for the benefit of the more refined taste (the average reader will roll the naked truth like a sweet morsel under his tongue), the fact remains unaltered. From the high-minded Harriet Prescott Spofford, who, in her "Thief in the Night," makes her heroine commit potential adultery with a most voluptuous consciousness of description, and Charles Beade, who revels in suggested nastiness, to the lower plane of Miss Braden, who dotes on yellow-haired female demons of the Messalina type, the same changes are rung with a pertinacious singleness of purpose. Between such novels and the naked filth of Reynolds and Paul De Kock, there is a difference rather of degree than of kind, such as exists between a Delmonico tenderloin served with truffles, and the beefsteak and onions of a fourth-rate hash-house. The French novel, even of the best type, marks the fact indicated still more emphatically. Octave Feuillet, who, fifteen years ago, was hailed by English critics as having, in "The Romance of a poor young man," set a noble model of pure thinking and chaste conceptions to his countrymen, has so far yielded to the tendencies of the time that he has sunk in morals to produce his greatest literary success, "Camors." The plainest inference to be derived is that society calls for such literature because it is frankly conscious of its truth as reflecting facts. The desire for works that stimulate the imagination to a fever heat of prurient passion grows out of a deeper root than itself. Individuals are hypocrites, but society in the aggregate, never is. Such a tacit confession on the part of the readers of fiction (and these include almost everybody (is as eloquent as one of Gough's lectures. Among the signs of the times we know of none more ominous. The lamentable fact is not merely that such novels are written, but they point to an organic gangrene in the heart of society itself.

THE next musical jubilee, it is stated, is to be in Chicago, next year, two well-known citizens of that place having entered into an arrangement with Mr. P. S. Gilmore for that purpose. The Post of that city thinks that the west can supply more and better trained musicians than New England, and that a jubilee will be a decided gain to Chicago, and therefore says, "Let us have a jubilee." But quality rather than quantity is to be the aim. Mr. Gilmore, it is stated, has declared that he will never again attempt a concert of 20,000 voices and 1,000 instruments, that future jubilees will include fewer performers and better music. The Chicago jubilee is intended to be composed of 500 instruments and 5,000 singers, a number easily controlled.

SWEDISH iron is of excellent quality and has obtained a good reputation in the civilized world. Now a very promising discovery of coal has been made in that brave little country, which will prove an addition welcome and important to its material resources, for coal and iron are two of the most valuable of all productions, and which, if taken proper advantage of, insure a high degree of prosperity to those countries which possess them.

Encouraged by some promising geological indications, says the Stockholm *Alonblad*, an enterprising company instituted borings. At 566 feet eleven strata of coal had been pierced, but none of them exceeding one and a quarter feet in depth. Five feet lower a bed eight and a quarter feet thick was struck, and it is believed that an extensive coal bed exists of liberal depth and excellent quality.