

A Journal for the People. Devoted to the interests of Humanity. Independent in Politics and Religion.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or an attention will be given to their communications.

THE OAK AND THE VINE AGAIN.

In as gallant mood as we could evoke for the occasion we last week responded to an article in the New Northwest in relation to the "Woman Question," and in what we intended for polite similes used the terms "sturdy oak" and "slender vine" to represent the brute man and the divinity woman.

We are sorry for the editor of the Bulletin. We hadn't the least idea that he was trying to use "pretty talk."

But, nonsense aside, there are some really good things in the Bulletin's article under present consideration. Hear him:

All good men will agree with her in the severest condemnation and despair of that class of creatures of the male sex in human form who, with health and strength, yet subsist upon the labor of the substance of their wives, and make no effort to provide for the support of their families by honest or reliable employment.

Men generally will admit, and indeed they are prone to boast the fact, that to the virtuous example and benign influence of woman are they largely indebted for such they possess or enjoy in this life.

Just here we ask our friend to hold on till we get an idea through his cranium. Were it not for the overshadowing "protection," which you so poetically preterred over last week in your "pretty talk," nine-tenths of the "dear" women of the land would engage in some congenial and remunerative employment that would pay their own store bills.

It is the duty of man to overcome the chivalric pomposity into which he has inflated himself. It is his duty to open the doors of business, of politics, of office, of any and every agreeable, remunerative occupation to woman, that she may assist him by her influence, her intuition and common sense in adding to his "stender means," upon which she has been so long compelled to eke out a show of sham respectability.

But, Oh! we are sad beyond our power to express! Just as this discussion is getting interesting we glance along the column to the close of the Bulletin's article, and find that he pitilessly says he "will retire from the field of controversy." Oh, yes! he does say "with her permission," and we in reply emphatically enter our protest against his too sudden retreat. Let us hear from him again.

Thanks for the Daily Bulletin. Better late than never. We'll send our Daily around as soon as we get it started.

A PIECE OF INFORMATION.

The O. C. Enterprise is hereby informed that the "dress model" published of which it made complaint last week is not a believer in the rights of all humanity. She considers us one of our sphere, and agrees with the Enterprise that women are not good enough—or too good, which?—to vote. These loud-voiced tergiversants are all against the ballot for woman.

ERRATIC WOMEN.

"Sister Dunway, of the New Northwest," for this a converted contemporary address us, takes this occasion to assure the editorial fraternity that she is no apologist for erratic women or their strange misdeeds. She knows women are not divinities, and does not intend to precede them as such. Therefore "sister Dunway" most emphatically declares that good and intelligent women should help good and intelligent men to make each other as necessary in promoting the wickedness of both sexes.

The New Northwest

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MEN AND WOMEN.

What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed to and at ease in the society of men, superior to her sex in general? Surely the cause they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their pedantic, rude declamatory, or sullen manner.

We clip the above selection from the Walla Walla Statesman, one of our most logical and respectable exchanges. When we contrast our Washington and Wyoming Territory papers with some of the will-slinging hebdomadals of the Willamette valley we are ready to weep for shame.

The Washington and Wyoming Territory papers are frequently giving out good thoughts, which prove that they are awake to the real issue of this decade, the momentous woman question. It is possible that Washington, as well as Wyoming, will emancipate her women before Oregon becomes educated to the knowledge of the necessity of this important step.

A MATTER OF LOGIC.

The fair editor of the New Northwest republishes a communication which was sent to us through the Post Office, dated East Portland, signed "A Woman," and published in the Bulletin a short time ago.

"The Hallelujahs are our own," Ed. New Northwest. "In the New Northwest of yesterday occurs this:

"He (the editor of the Bulletin) protests that he 'believes' that his Mr. 'Woman' is genuine; therefore he says we were 'certainly in error' about that letter's origin. Though we acknowledge it difficult to find a way to convert a 'believer' into a 'certainty' without some proof, yet this is masculine logic, and we will accord it due consideration."

Now, this was a net we knew about, and therefore we declared that the letter in question was not written by a man. This office—and it is in this connection our 'certainty' had application. We also expressed the belief that the writer was a woman—and in this sense was applied our 'belief.' If against this sort of masculine logic, our fair contemporary shall urge exceptions, and shall object with the logic (feminine, is it?) exhibited in her presentation of the case, we very much fear the latter will go to the wall in the estimation of logic, whether masculine or feminine."

GOOD FOR OUR COLLEAGUE.

Our contemporary and colleague, the Oregon Herald, was out last Friday with a half column of comment and exaltation over the alleged intimacy of President Grant with a noted woman suffragist. The Herald says that the President expresses himself in favor of our cause, declaring that it "ought to succeed." The Herald also gives a specimen of poetic shapshot from the father of the Administration, which waxes too fat for our columns. We're about made up our mind to run the editor of the Herald for Vice President for the next term.

WE ARE SORRY FOR HIM.

We are sorry to disappoint our sadly frightened friend of the Salem Mercury, who evidently has a high ambition to become dictator to the New Northwest. If we should spend our time in allaying the bright and pure pages of our journal by stirring up such slime as greeted our olfactory when we encountered the last Mercury, we should feel that ourself and journal should be banished to the abode of swine and barnyard.

THE WOODHULL SCANDAL.

We have from time to time alluded to the above named scandal, which the man's rights press has been rolling for the past month as a sweet morsel under his journalistic tongue, but allusions have been confined to expressions of utter disapprobation of the private career of this woman, as portrayed to us by masculine journalists, with the apparent sanction of legal authority.

Some friend has sent us a copy of the Sunday Republic, a newspaper published in Philadelphia, a journal not committed to equal rights, but like the Oregonian, Statesman, Democrat and some other Oregon publications, is "on the fence," watching the waves of public popularity, intending to cast its lot with us as soon as it can know that we are on the winning side.

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WOMEN, THE OIBOUS, AND THE PAPERS.

The daily press was jubilant during the past week over the performances of ladies in M'Wile's and Co's Circus. We were treated to graphic accounts of equestrianism, acrobatic skill and "posturing"—though we haven't the least idea what that last is. Not one word have the papers said about these "strong-minded women" being out of their "sphere."

"Inquirer" from Salem writes: "Is it a fact that you espouse the doctrine of the Radical party? I see that the Mercury says you do." The Mercury is always imagining that it has scared up a Republican bogey. The chief business of the editor for the last six years has been to travel from village to village and start Republican papers.

WILL SINGING.

The Oregon City Enterprise last week dropped the dirty mop which it had been using, in throwing will at what it calls "strong-minded women," and apologized for having used the same. Whereupon, much to our surprise and grief, the Albany Democrat picked up the dirty mop, of which the Enterprise had become ashamed, and undertook in its issue of July 14th to besmear the New Northwest with some exceedingly offensive will. We expected better things of M. V. B.

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 correspondence 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.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

W. H. L. Scio writes: "We have had a dispute and have agreed to leave it to you to decide. The question is: 'What proportion of men and women is there in the population of the globe?' Some say there is double the number of women than there is of men. Please decide." We think that the numbers of men and women upon the globe are very nearly equal. It is true that decastrated men sometimes thin out the ranks of the population, and all times testify to the eminent place accorded to her in the cultivated thought of the world.

WE DEEPLY APPRECIATE THE KIND REMEMBRANCE.

Mary A. G.: We have not as yet had opportunity to investigate the matter. Harry L. A.: We are pleased with your criticism. We think you are at fault in one particular. Will write you privately if you will send a stamp to pay postage.

D. N. X.: We have received the opening chapters of the story, and will begin to publish when we get the whole. We cannot depend upon the mails or for believing that they are not over partial to equal rights women.

A. J. C.: We cannot purchase MSS. for the paper at present. As long as our own efforts pass current in the literary market we shall be compelled to use them, as we "work for nothing and board ourselves." When the paper becomes a financial success, and we in consequence grow corpulent and consequential and lazy, we shall then be happy to purchase the cogitations of ambitious scribblers.

O. S. P.: We have not received them or we should have complied with your request. Guess their hearts failed them, though we are much surprised if they did. We sent the New Northwest as directed. Thanks. Hope to have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance.

George S. H.: Consult your dictionary. We should think you would find it easier to do this than to write a letter asking such a question.

"Inquirer" from Salem writes: "Is it a fact that you espouse the doctrine of the Radical party? I see that the Mercury says you do." The Mercury is always imagining that it has scared up a Republican bogey. The chief business of the editor for the last six years has been to travel from village to village and start Republican papers.

Mrs. A. G. P.: Get a quart of cold-pressed linseed oil, and thoroughly oil your white fir kitchen floor, renewing the oiling process about once a month, and grease spots will not offend your eyes of order. Put a small and spongy cloth in your mop, smy the oil into a basin, and mop the floor with it. In this way you will not tire your back, and you can oil the floor in five minutes. The floor must not be stepped upon till thoroughly dry.

Mrs. M. H.: "Salt" yeast will rise in the sun this hot weather. Our plan is to take a pint of morning's milk, to which we add a teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of sugar. Stir in four to the consistency of griddle cake batter and set in the sun to rise. It will rise in about five hours. If your yeast is good the bread will be good also.

A nervous sufferer: It is folly for you to spend your time and strength in making patch-work quilts. We have known women whose natural genius was of the highest order who crucified it all on the altar of patch-work, tatting, embroidery and crochet. Such work is well enough for occasional pastime, but with many women it has become a mania. We do not very much wonder at this. Women must have something to employ idle thoughts. The best remedy for "nerves" that we ever tried was "lots" of active and absorbing business.

WOMEN AND MEN BOTH FOR OFFICE.

And in this connection we wish to say a word in reference to the propriety of selecting some of our most cultivated women for members of our next Legislature. Their right to a seat there is no longer an open question in Wyoming Territory. As an elector she has the right to be elected to any office in our gift; and the creditable and satisfactory manner in which she has discharged all the public duties devolved on her, and filled every office she has thus far assumed under our laws, render it certain that she will not disappoint us as a legislator.

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THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air music lies unheard; In the rough marble beauty hides unseen; To watch the beauty and the music of The master's touch, the sculptor's chief concern.

Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand; Let not the marble that lie in us die; Great sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let, Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

What though her neck with gems she deck, With costly gear and that she wear; And gaily ride in pomp and pride?— We can dispense with 't; An honest heart acts no such part;— A girl's a girl for 't.

Then let us trust that come it must, And sure it will for 't; When faith and love, all hearts above, Shall reign supreme and 't; And every youth confess the truth,— A girl's a girl for 't.

PARLOR ORNAMENTS.

A parlor ornament of the flesh and blood variety is a very costly thing to keep. If like wood, marble or bronze decorations, it could be purchased for a sum of money, put into position, and stay put, no respectable complaint would be made; for the poet says: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever; and I am not prepared to dispute it; but some of the parlor ornaments to which I refer are not things of beauty, but they are everlasting bills of expense."

I like to see young people enjoy themselves as well as anybody living. I love the young folks, young folks, young folks, and bright eyes, and have no common interest with man at stake? It is woman's province to endure the long, weary, unrelenting and sleepless nights as home, yet her suffering is not less than that of the soldier in the field. "So it has been since the days of Hercules and Hector, tamer of horses; inside the gates, the women with streaming hair and uplifted hands offering prayers, while the world's combat from afar, filling their long empty days with sorrows and fears; outside, the men in fierce struggle with things divine and human, quenching memory in the stranger light of purpose, losing the sense of the world's combat, and the solemn hour of night, while her temples throb and her bosom heaves with grief and hopes and fears, of less importance than the shouts of victory over the vanquished foe."

There is Belle Hinton over across the way. What a dainty piece of femininity she looks! she comes tripping down the steps of the house with her ruffles and flounces all in trim, her feet beautifully shod, her hands exquisitely gloved, thick braids of expensive false hair framing her face, and a number of twinkling, fairy-like jewels about her person.

I have peeped a little behind the scenes and I know what an expensive luxury Belle is to the Hinton. Her father is not well off—not as well off as he used to be—and poor Mrs. Hinton spends the greater part of her time dressing in a little dingy chamber over Belle's wardrobe, so that the parlor ornaments may be properly arrayed in season and out of season. Why, a modern girl's underclothing demands more time in the making than a maiden fifty years ago spent on all the garments she wore.

The whole thing is a sham, for Belle dresses twice as well as the family can afford to let her and not pinch and economize on the necessities of life. It is never a pleasant sight to me to see, all dresses and gaw-paws saved off of the family mutton; and when I behold Belle, I can generally calculate pretty nearly how much her outfit has cost in buying the clothes.

Belle goes to a fashionable Episcopal church where she will meet her own set, but her mother, in a shabby gown, says her prayers in a little chapel around the corner, of no name or consideration in the fashionable world.

I hope I am not doing that gay, thoughtless young creature wrong when I say she would rather not meet her own mother in the street as she departs early in the morning, with her modified looking bonnet and her mother's basket on her arm to buy the family provisions which, I suspect, are secured by no end of Jewing among the dealers.

Mrs. Hinton is an old friend of Mary's. They were girls together years ago, when the Bancrofts, Mrs. Hinton's own family, held their heads pretty high; but poor Mrs. Hinton has been pulled through so many troubles since then she is quite a changed being in all but her subject submission to the world. I believe the only comfort she enjoys is coming into our cozy little sitting-room of a morning and talking over her troubles with her mother, after a noisy rather plain of speech and they discuss on most subjects. Not long ago, she came in and sat down with such a worn and worried look, I pitied her from my heart.

"What is the matter now?" inquired Mary sympathetically. "Oh, nothing more than usual," returned Mrs. Hinton, in a tone of enforced resignation; "only Belle has been invited to another large party, and she says she must have a new dress. I shouldn't mind the expense of the material much, for Belle is willing this time to put up with some thin stuff like illusion or tarleton, but it is the trouble of the making. Such a costume don't look like anything unless it is covered with ruffles and puffs; and I shall have all that to do myself."

MISS BELLE, THE DRESSMAKER.

Miss Belle, the dressmaker we usually employ, can give us only one day next week, and it does seem as though the task was too great for my strength. That kind of work you know requires no end of patience, and just now we have only the most miserable apology a girl in the kitchen, so that I am obliged to attend a great deal to household matters. Belle is dreadfully particular, and gets so nervous over ripping out and fluffing that I dream about it at night. This slavery to dress and the changes in the fashions take away my peace of mind; but one has got to conform to society, there's no use contending against it. A gown's style may be made or ruined by little things. It is humiliating to acknowledge, but I know Mrs. Atherton never would come and take Belle out in her carriage, or invite her to her house if she didn't dress in style; and I can owe to you that Belle's chances in life depend very much on her keeping in the set to which she now belongs, and of course I am obliged to nag her a good steady man.

"That may be," said Mary, trying to speak calmly, "but to my mind it offers no good reason for allowing girls to wear out their mothers' lives, that they must have a gown's style, they from care. Why don't Belle attend to her own wardrobe? She is young and as strong as you are certainly; for I often see her go out early and come in late, after the routine of particular ladies in a single month must be a great tax on physical vigor."

"Belle lives on excitement," returned Mrs. Hinton with a sigh. "She can dance longer than any girl I ever saw, but when she gets tired she goes to her hand and sits down to sew, it brings on a nervous headache directly, and then all she can do is to lie on the sofa, and direct how things shall be done. I do believe Belle could keep a dozen women busy, she has such a genius for planning. There's another thing about it; a girl has to be dressed to receive company, you know, and if she attempts to do anything in the same way, I often think it is better and easier for me to do all the work myself than to attempt to have Belle help."

"I have old-fashioned notions, perhaps," said Mary, with an asperity in her kind words; "but it seems to me altogether out of place for a girl to be dressed up, receiving her friends in the parlor, while her mother is toiling over her fiery stove. I was brought up to think that a girl's duty was to be before any other member of the family; that a mother's place was in fact at the head of the household; and the present fashion of allowing the young daughter to sit in the room, and usurp her station at the very time there ought to be some dignity and repose in the mother's life, is pernicious. She is made the slave of all the caprices of frivolous and dissipated youth, and a thoughtless girl's fancy can invent, and I am determined Grace shall not be brought up in this way if she lives to be an old maid fifty times over."

"I know that you must be angry, Mrs. Hinton, helplessly, 'but what can one do? A girl like Belle would have her prospects in life ruined if it was suspected that she worked. Girls have got to be seen in the best society, and they've got to go in the best society and secure a husband in that station. Belle is stylish and much admired, and if young men were not such mercenary creatures, always with the object of money, I should have some hope for her getting settled to her mind. She has a great taste for elegance; I used to have when a girl, but it has been beaten out of me. All I ask now is to get into some corner and just rest my head."

When Mrs. Hinton had left, Mary sighed, and said, "That woman is the most hopeless case I ever saw. You may preach to her a year and she will agree to everything, but when you get on to exactly the old way, I should get out of patience with her if there wasn't something so pathetic in the sight of a young creature, like Belle, always with the object of money, and especially when the old one happens to be her mother."

"Some weeks passed, and one morning Mrs. Hinton came in with a radiant face. 'I have such a piece of news for you,' said she, 'and it's all my own doing; Mr. Selden, the banker, you know.'

"Why, Mr. Selden is an old, gray-haired man," exclaimed Mary. "Yes," returned Mrs. Hinton, her enthusiasm a little damped; "but then," she added, laughing, "Belle says she would rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave; and Mr. Selden does not look like a slave; and a beautiful city house, and a place in the country; and Belle says she shall have Worth make all her dresses. It will be such a comfort. The poor child has always been so poor. You ought to see the solitaire diamond engagement ring, it's such a beauty."

The woman was really transformed. Her face in its intense satisfaction seemed to glow with light, and her serene depart in peace. The end of my being is fulfilled. I have disposed of my daughter to the highest bidder." My mind was curiously perplexed. I could not tell whether to pity or to envy her in her adversity, or in her prosperity; and I wondered if the Turkish slave-market could offer any thing more suggestive in its way than the career of a parlor ornament.—Evolution.

PERSONAL.

The following item, from the Corvallis Gazette, was handed us by Judge Chenoweth. Mrs. S. is, perhaps, the oldest person in Oregon; On last Sunday I formed the acquaintance of Mrs. Smith, the mother of Captain John Smith, late Agent of the Warm Springs Reservation. She is 91 years of age, and appears to be in full possession of every faculty—not the slightest defect of hearing or sight, or remissness of limbs, and converses in a lively cheerful manner. She has interesting sketches of the person and habits of Daniel Boone, and of occurrences she witnessed while she resided with him in a block-house; of the early settlement of the city of Marysville, and of the early days of the gold discovery, when it consisted of two dwellings and four block-houses. She is an immigrant from Iowa, and has taken up her residence with her grand-son, I. N. Smith, Esq., of Linn county, and she is fair to yet live to witness the development of Oregon from its rudimentary state to magnificence and wealth, as she has that of Kentucky and other older States.

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