

The New Northwest

VOL. 1.

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1871.

NO. 12.

Free Speech, Free Press, Free People.

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...

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.

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...

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 much 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...

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...

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."

Our friend of the Bulletin has a peculiar way of "biting the cart before the horse" when he starts out on a tour of logical investigation. As a sentence-and-idea-contortionist he is a decided success.

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 her sphere, and agrees with the Enterprise that women are not good enough—or too good, which?—to vote.

ERRATA 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.

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?

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 well-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 publishes 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 'belief' into a 'certainty' without some proof, yet this is masculine logic, and we will accord it due consideration."

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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."

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 assailing the bright and pure pages of our journal by stirring up such slime as gesticulated 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.

The Sunday Republic is ahead of Oregon journals in that it has a woman's department, edited by a woman, which is its principal attraction. This woman has interviewed Victoria Woodhull at her banking house and at her residence, and though she went there prejudiced against her, the people who really desire to know the truth, can see by reading her very interesting article, which we publish elsewhere, her prejudices were scattered to the winds, and her visit culminated in the story which we gladly give our readers, believing that they desire to know the truth.

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. We suppose it we espouse the doctrine of any political party; neither shall we, until a new party, based upon the principle of equality before the law, is organized, which shall be free from the corruption that at present pollutes political parties.

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.

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. We cordially invite everybody that has a question to ask, a suggestion to make, or a recoding to give to contribute to the Correspondence Column.

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 testifies to the eminent place accorded to her in the cultivated thought of the world. Alike the glory of chivalry, the life of romance, the soul of poetry and the inspiration of art, she has been the radiant ideal in all the finer spheres of mental achievement. But all subjects change their aspects with the advance of thought. The forms of chivalry have passed away, and the romantic spirit is repressed by a new discipline in a period of absorbing practical inquiry; yet woman is still in the ascendant, though she comes before us now in a new phase.

Mrs. F. T.: We have sent the New Northwest to your address. Many thanks for your letter. Hope to hear from you again. J. T. M.: Your letter is received.

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 music that is in us die; Great sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let, Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie; Spare not the stroke; so with us thou wilt; Let there be sought unfinished, broken, Complete Thy purpose, that we may become Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord.

A Girl's a Girl for a That. Is there a lady in the land That boasts her rank and a That With scornful eye we pass her by, And little care for a That; Eric Kaire's charms shall bear the palm, A girl's a girl for a That.

What though her neck with gems she deck, With costly gear and a That And gaily ride in pomp and pride?— We can dispense with a That; An honest heart acts no such part, A girl's a girl for a That.

Then let us trust that come it must, And sure it will for a That, When faith and love, all hearts above, Shall reign supreme and a That, And every youth confess the truth, A girl's a girl for a That.

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. The points of remembrance with inanimated pieces of parlor furniture are rather striking. You ask the listless hands what they can do, they answer nothing; you ask their adorning the place, and nothing they know, and the answer is still nothing to speak of, certainly nothing of use. A parlor ornament may be briefly and succinctly described as an ornamental part to hang cloth on.

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, unending days and sleepless nights as long, 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 their own being, and rushing at the hurrying order of action." And the sisters of the bereaved wife, or mother, or sister at home are not less precious than the blood of the hero in the field of battle, nor less noble than the woman who fills 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 their own being, and rushing at the hurrying order of action." And the sisters of the bereaved wife, or mother, or sister at home are not less precious than the blood of the hero in the field of battle, nor less noble than the woman who fills 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 their own being, and rushing at the hurrying order of action.

Then in this point at least, in view of these facts, we ought to have no fears in giving woman the ballot. She will never vote for war as long as peace is honorable, and if it is forced upon us she will nobly bear her part. W. T. Eola, Oregon.

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. But let her right, which we are pleased with the manner she exercises it, or dispensed. We shall hardly expect to be fully satisfied with the course of any member we may elect. We think, however, we shall be great gainers when we avail ourselves of the peculiar delicacy, the instinctive sense of justice, the sound common sense, and the practical experience of women in framing our laws. We have in the past excluded them to our own great loss, and we shall cause with the evils of partial legislation, which women can best help us to remedy, and of which they have the greatest reason to complain, as being the greatest source of our weakness.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Editor New Northwest: Under the above caption an editorial article appeared in a late issue of the Salem Mercury, in which the editor of that paper made an attempt to reason against woman's right to the elective franchise. This certainly shows a much better and more manly spirit than to oppose the movement, as is too often the case, with sneers or with the low slang of the street-corner ruffian. The present is emphatically an age of reason, and it is by no means surprising that the subject of woman has taken a deep hold of public opinion. The literature of all countries and all times testifies to the eminent place accorded to her in the cultivated thought of the world. Alike the glory of chivalry, the life of romance, the soul of poetry and the inspiration of art, she has been the radiant ideal in all the finer spheres of mental achievement. But all subjects change their aspects with the advance of thought. The forms of chivalry have passed away, and the romantic spirit is repressed by a new discipline in a period of absorbing practical inquiry; yet woman is still in the ascendant, though she comes before us now in a new phase.

Having been idolized, sung and flattered through all the modes and tenors of poetic feeling, it seems at length her destiny to be soberly considered. The spirit of the age is analytically and radically; it takes things to pieces, and goes down to their roots. In this temper its attention is drawn to woman—so her capacities, duties and rights—and she thus becomes the subject of a question. In reasoning upon this question the editor of the Mercury, after mentioning that suffragists demand the ballot because with it they could bring about a great social and political reform, goes on to state one objection—"non-mutuality of responsibility"—in this, that while war is indignantly declared and prosecuted by the voters of this country, woman, from her peculiar constitution and habits of thought, is unqualified to bear her equal share of the hardships and dangers of the "tented field." In reply to this let me say that, as the laws now exist, there is not a mutual responsibility upon the "male" voters of the land. During our late war there were thousands of men who were exempt from military duty, on account of physical disability, who voted every election, and yet no one ever thought of challenging their right to vote for that reason. Taxation without representation is surely wrong, and yet the property of woman is taxed, by laws which she did not help to make, for raising and equipping armies and navies, and for all the expenses of prosecuting war. Now, would there be more injustice in allowing women to vote for a war, in which they cannot fight, than there is in taxing their property to carry on a war in the declaring of which they have no voice?

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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. The points of remembrance with inanimated pieces of parlor furniture are rather striking. You ask the listless hands what they can do, they answer nothing; you ask their adorning the place, and nothing they know, and the answer is still nothing to speak of, certainly nothing of use. A parlor ornament may be briefly and succinctly described as an ornamental part to hang cloth on.

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, unending days and sleepless nights as long, 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 their own being, and rushing at the hurrying order of action." And the sisters of the bereaved wife, or mother, or sister at home are not less precious than the blood of the hero in the field of battle, nor less noble than the woman who fills 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 their own being, and rushing at the hurrying order of action.

Then in this point at least, in view of these facts, we ought to have no fears in giving woman the ballot. She will never vote for war as long as peace is honorable, and if it is forced upon us she will nobly bear her part. W. T. Eola, Oregon.

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. But let her right, which we are pleased with the manner she exercises it, or dispensed. We shall hardly expect to be fully satisfied with the course of any member we may elect. We think, however, we shall be great gainers when we avail ourselves of the peculiar delicacy, the instinctive sense of justice, the sound common sense, and the practical experience of women in framing our laws. We have in the past excluded them to our own great loss, and we shall cause with the evils of partial legislation, which women can best help us to remedy, and of which they have the greatest reason to complain, as being the greatest source of our weakness.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Editor New Northwest: Under the above caption an editorial article appeared in a late issue of the Salem Mercury, in which the editor of that paper made an attempt to reason against woman's right to the elective franchise. This certainly shows a much better and more manly spirit than to oppose the movement, as is too often the case, with sneers or with the low slang of the street-corner ruffian. The present is emphatically an age of reason, and it is by no means surprising that the subject of woman has taken a deep hold of public opinion. The literature of all countries and all times testifies to the eminent place accorded to her in the cultivated thought of the world. Alike the glory of chivalry, the life of romance, the soul of poetry and the inspiration of art, she has been the radiant ideal in all the finer spheres of mental achievement. But all subjects change their aspects with the advance of thought. The forms of chivalry have passed away, and the romantic spirit is repressed by a new discipline in a period of absorbing practical inquiry; yet woman is still