

VOL. 1. PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1871. NO. 16.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

The arguments advanced by Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon in support of woman suffrage have been so well known to the community at all events, the more thoughtful consideration of those who heard her. We were unable to attend on Saturday evening, but have been informed by one or more who were there that she elucidated the point clear enough, showing some of the advantages to be derived by extending the right of suffrage to woman, chief among which was that it would give her a standing among men, and enable her the better to demand, among other things, a just recompense for her services; showing that woman was not paid proportionately with man for any work performed by her.

has had no "set back." Don't worry about us, Bro. It grieves us to see you feel so "mad."

If you'll conquer the silly notion that men are "brutes" you'll feel a great deal better. Men are not half so bad as you picture them; and women, for whose rights you give us credit for fighting so "heroically," haven't "brutes" for husbands. Not a bit of it. They have husbands who agree with them upon the fundamental principles of harmonious government, otherwise those husbands would compel their acquiescence in man's rights doctrine. Take your sympathy home to your wife, Bro. Equal rights women have no need of it.

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 correspondent 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 scolding to give to contribute to the Correspondents' Column.

the ancient relation of marriage. The "priestesses" are exalted to a position higher than that of a true and conscientious wife; and such a view is given of "Christian homes" that one would wish to shun them for the rest of their days.

If there is no purity in the land, then it is well that Free Love principles be adopted everywhere; but so long as there are those who try to counterfeit virtue, and call falsehood truth, and vice by the name of virtue, we have pretty strong proof that somewhere among women, and we hope men too, there are those who are pure and living examples of honest virtue, and there are many more who possess true moral perceptions and love and veneration for such persons, no matter how low they themselves may be sunk in the mire of degradation.

Boys as Farmers.

Boys have a great power of helping each other to do nothing; and they are so innocent about it, and unconscious. "I went as quiet as ever I could," says one boy, when his father asks him why he didn't stay all night, when he has been absent three hours on a ten-minute errand. The sarcasm has no effect on the boy.

It said, "Why on earth do those ripe berries? And then in the first time I'll pasture them with evergreen. With red berries, tufts of columbine, roots of sassafras to be dug, and dozens of things good to eat or to sniff, that I could not resist. It sometimes even lay in my way to climb a tree to look for a crow's nest, or to swing in the top, or to see if I could see the steeple of the village church. It became very important sometimes for me to see that steeple; and in the midst of my investigations, the tin-horn would blow a great blast from the farm house, which would send a cold chill down my back in the hottest days. I knew what it meant. It had a frightfully impatient quaver in it, not at all like the sweet note that called us to dinner from the bay window. It said, "Why on earth don't you come home? I don't know why that boy comes home? It is almost dark and the cows ain't milked!" And that was the time the cows had to start into a brisk pace and make up for lost time. I would then say, "Well, they can't come home late, but they can't come home late, but they can't come home late, but they can't come home late."

After attentively reading some of the papers edited by Mrs. Woodhull I confess I see in them very strong reasons to believe the darkest representations of her life and character, for I cannot see where such a life would be antagonistic to the principles advocated by her paper, if we may be permitted to call things by their right names. It seems to me that if good women hope for any amelioration of their present condition, it is not to be looked for or hoped for while they uphold or encourage any such a paper as Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly.

Belle W. Cooke.

Such is Fame.

C. H. Miller, ex-editor of the Eugene Register and ex-county Judge of Grant county, has published a book of poems and become a man of fame in London. It is also the point from which the most of the "flash" publications of that city, but much less of the Londoners.

During the time that he was connected with the Register, he published one or more serial stories under his own name and called them original. They were, however, stolen bodily from some of the flash publications of that city. The plagiarism was palpable and audacious. For particulars, we refer the curious to the files of the paper named, or, if we mistake not, the year 1862, in the Librarian's Record at Salem.

The Giant Grove of Mariposa.

Clark's Station, Mariposa county, is the point at which staging ends and horse-back riding begins on the trip to Yosemite Valley by the Mariposa route. It is also the point from which the most of the "flash" publications of that city, but much less of the Londoners.

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A Little Red-headed Imp in a Mormon Family.

An afflicted woman among the Mormons writes to her brother at Bellevue, Ohio, that she wants to come home. Her name is Lucy A. Wardle, and her history is a remarkable one. In some particulars, twenty-two years ago she started with her husband for California. The couple stopped at Salt Lake City for a few days, and there the husband was waylaid and murdered by the Saints, and his property was confiscated by the same parties. The lady found herself penniless and friendless, and unaware of her husband's death, finally married a Mormon. For a time she was quite happy; but her husband commenced talking to himself new wives. At the present time he has fourteen wives, and there is every prospect of his getting more. With every new comers Mrs. Wardle's troubles were increased. The following is her letter:

Dear Brother—I am well, and hope this will find you the same. I am blessed with good health, and that is all. My troubles have no end, but keep coming one after another with the hope of bitterness is running over. The time has come when I must leave my country and my home. I cannot endure it any longer. I must become a wanderer in a strange land, unless you send me more money to leave my wife's home. My husband has got another little red-headed imp that he calls his wife, and she says she has got just as good a right to everything as I have, and he tells her the same, and then because I cannot stand it, he wants me to go, and now I cannot stand it; so, dear brother, pity me, and help me away, and then I can tell you of troubles that I cannot write.

"Was 'oo Ever a Boy?"

My little four-year-old Harry, Bright in beauty and joy, Still with accents of wonder, "Papa, was you ever a boy?" "Was 'oo ever a little as I be?" "Dear baby," I said in reply, "Will my darling ever be wary? And heart-warm and aint as I waz?" With forehead of whiteness and ovoid, And loving and innocent eyes, Thou dost measure the distance between us With a strange and holy surprise, Thou like a bud flushed and fragrant; I like a leaf at its fall; I far away from the angels— Thou within reach of their call.

Fashion Notes.

Broadway dandies wear bright red kid gloves. Upon plain lines, folds and single pleatings have entirely replaced puffs and ruffles. Blouse waists are no longer drawn to a band, but made to pass over the hips and fasten with a drawing-string. Ottoman shawls are fashionable for the promenade. Many stylish costumes are being trimmed with a fringe made of the material of the dress. Ladies' watches are now made in an oval case, to look like lockets, and worn on the necklace.

A whisper from over-sea says Russian leather is going to be a favorite dress trimming next winter. Swiss muslins are now made with a great deal of velvet and black lace on the waist and overskirt. Parasols are larger this season and less likely to make a light burden for delicate hands to bear. Bangles of gold, or silver gilt, with little tinkling bells attached are worn by London belles round their ankles.

Changeable silk dresses are no longer considered fashionable or stylish, as they never come in very heavy quality. Very wide loose ribbons, tied behind with long, loose loops, will continue to be worn by children. The newest are in solid colors, with a narrow fringe all around. Embroidery on the material, insertions of needle-work, ruffles, and above all, braiding, are the trimmings for children's picnic dresses. Braiding around insertions of needle-work is much used.

Pretty little jackets of brown corduroy, slashed and faced with silk and inch wide, are worn on cool mornings by little boys. Pretty jackets of blue flannel and twilled cloth richly braided are also worn.

Armure silks are all the rage for summer dresses. They are imported in all the latest styles, and are almost uniformly employed in two shades, the same colors, or in connection with a solid silk of a different shade of the same color. One of the finest and simplest dresses of the week was of rich black silk with an overskirt and waist of black grenadine heavily embroidered with tulle and the sleeves flowing, both edged with a beautiful trimming of black and white lace, with a leaf pattern exactly corresponding in both laces, the black being pointed, and edged with a full fold of white tulle.

A pretty novelty among the importations is a fashion of dresses, embellished with dotted borders in white and scarlet. These make up beautifully. Plainer buff and brown linens, for school or traveling, are made in the princess fashion, and trimmed with brown worsted. These or four rows border the skirts, while a single row follows the seam of the side form of the overskirt, passing over the shoulders.

CPID TESTED BY MATHEMATICS.—A literary gentleman of Madras, Mr. Lanny's acquaintance paid her marked attention for a considerable time. It was his habit to call for her at a friend's house where she usually passed the day, to offer her his arm, and to see her home. After an interval, however, of about the time when a declaration might have been expected, the attention of the man of letters relaxed somewhat. He still manifested a regard for her, but not so intense a regard as he had shown at first. This or four rows border the skirts, while a single row follows the seam of the side form of the overskirt, passing over the shoulders.

A Mrs. Harvey, who has been traveling in London, writes that she has given the following account of the manner in which new-born babies are treated there: Soon after birth they are rubbed down with salt and tightly swaddled in the Italian fashion. The pressure of these bandages is often so great that the circulation becomes impeded, and incisions and sacrifices are then made on the hands, feet and spine, to let out what Turkish doctors and nurses call "the bad blood." After such treatment the children are occasionally released from their bonds, and never thoroughly washed until the sacred month of thirty days has expired, when it is taken with its mother to the bath. No wonder that such a mode of life should, among infants, be so fatal.

A society is to be reconstructed on the subject of woman's toil. A vast majority of those who would have woman industrious, shut her up to a few kinds of work. My judgment in the matter is, that a woman has a right to anything she can do well. There should be no department of merchandise, mechanism, art or science barred against her. If Miss Hosmer has a genius for sculpture, give her a chisel. If Rosa Bonheur has a fondness for sketched animals, let her make "The Horse Fair." If Miss Mitchell will study astronomy, let her mount the stary ladder. If Lydia is a merchant, let her sell purple. If Lucrinda Mott will preach the gospel, let her hold her womanly opinions at the Quaker meeting-house.—Dr. W. Talmadge.

An Oregon toast over a glass of the old brandy. "Here's what makes us wear old clothes."

A WOMAN TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

During two evenings of this week Mrs. Carrie F. Young, editress of the San Francisco Woman's Journal, lectured on temperance in this city to fair audiences. Mrs. Young is a lady of about forty summers, wears curls, has a high forehead, a sorrowful complexion, a slight smile, and a pleasant smile, is not a bit pretty, and is an educated, sensible, practical woman, if we may judge from her lectures, which abound in good sense, practical ideas and logical argument. If she will leave women's rights alone, and devote her time and talents to such subjects as she treated of in our city, no fear but that she will accomplish great good and become a blessing wherever her potent voice is heard.

The above complimentary notice of our estimable contemporary is clipped from the columns of the Albany Democrat. Our brother of the Democrat holds on to the fallacy of man's rights with a ridiculously pertinacious death-grip. An "educated, practical and sensible woman," whose "lectures abound in good sense, practical ideas and logical argument," is just as certain to see the necessity of recognizing her inherent rights of citizenship, and of advocating them upon the rostrum, as it is certain to see the great lack of good and wholesome laws, usages and regulations which have combined to make temperance reform a national necessity. Mrs. Young is a woman whose mind is fully alive to the great vital issues of the day, and, like other women who have brains above the capacity of a rabbit, is not afraid to give vent to her principles. The woman suffragist is a physician who strikes at the very root of national, social and political ills. The non-committal temperance lecturer is a quack who polities these moral ills without trying to effect a radical cure by removing the cause of ulcerous formations. A woman with insufficient brains to become a suffragist wouldn't know enough to lecture understandingly upon any subject.

THE "ENTERPRISE" IS MAD. Our brother of the Enterprise, who has behaved very decently since receiving our castigation a few weeks since, and who, consequently, deserves a little commendation, has worked himself into hysterics over the failure of Mrs. Gordon to secure a hall to lecture in at Oregon City.

We agree with him that there was evidently a lack of exertion on the part of the strong-minded sisters and brothers of Oregon City; but this lack was only evident; it was not real. Mrs. Gordon's circulars and letters did not reach the city in time for an extended notice of her lecture, and the man who rents the hall locked her out of it. We presume he is one of Bro. Nolter's weak-minded kind, and was afraid of his bargain. Unnecessary terror, very for Mrs. Gordon wouldn't have hurt him; but this "cause her failure certainly was attributed."

We have received a long explanatory letter from an able lady in the city, and when we go there to lecture we'll prove to the Enterprise that "our noblespirit"

ARRANGEMENT OF ROOMS.—Give your

apartments expression—character. Rooms which mean nothing are cheerless indeed. Study light and shade and the combination and arrangement of drapery, furniture and pictures. Allow nothing to look isolated, but let everything present an air of sociability. Observe a room immediately after a number of people have left it, and then, as you arrange the furniture, distribute as it came. The chairs, ottomans and sofas. Place two or three chairs in a conversational attitude in some cheery corner, an ottoman within easy distance of a sofa, a chair near your study or microscope view of engravings, and one where a good light will fall on the book which you may reach from the table near. Make little studies of effect which shall repay the more than usual observer, and do not leave it possible for one to make the criticisms which apply to so many homes, even of wealth and elegance. "Fine carpets, handsome furniture, a hot-dreary!" The chilling atmosphere is felt at once, and we cannot divest ourselves of the idea that we must maintain a stiff and severe demeanor, to accord with the spirit of the place. Make your houses, then, so cozy and cheerful that, if we visit you, we may be joyous and unrestrained, and not feel ourselves out of harmony with our surroundings.

MORMON WOMEN GET THEIR RIGHTS. Commissioner Drummond, of the General Land Office department, has had a number of applications by married women to pre-empt Government lands in Utah Territory, and, where they are heads of families, has determined to concede to them the right of acquiring lands in their own right. He reasons that there can be no recognition of marriage in plurality, but a woman having children may take advantages of the benefits of the land laws, by entering them in their own name, and for her own use, as a sole trader. The moral character of the applicant, under this ruling, is not brought into the question. The effect of this ruling has already resulted in the entry of large tracts of land by those polygamious women.

Mrs. Jane Swishelm is in favor of men as cooks, and by way of illustration relates the following: "I never knew the significance of the impulse which leads fair boys to want to be cooks, till, one day I saw a French half-breed from Selkirk, beside his iron-stove on the open prairie, preparing his evening meal. He had a large fish boiling on the coals without any intervention of a grid-iron. The potatoes and his potatoes were in a bucket. He heated and greased a long-handled sheet-iron frying-pan, poured in enough batter to cover the bottom, set it over the fire, kept on serenely attending to other matters, as though no one would be coming to see him, and when he had finished his dinner, as it would have been if any woman had set it to bake; but just at the right moment he came up, looked in the pan, took hold of the handle, shook it gently, then, with a sudden jerk, sent the caked spinning into the air, caught it as it came down, square in the center, from the other side up. The cake was turned as no woman could have turned it, and with an ease which showed that the man was in his proper sphere."

A few nights ago a funny scene occurred at one of our hotels. The beds of the house are covered with white Marcellus spreads. A visitor from the frontier was shown to a bed at the proper time. Towards morning the guest waked up the landlord, and with grinding teeth begged for some cover to put on his bed. Landlord thought he would inspect the room. Approaching the bed he turned over the cover and revealed a plentiful supply of blankets. "Guest, in bed, this is the white thing on the outside," landlord replied. "That's a spread, and here's plenty of cover." "Do tell," replied the guest, "I thought that white thing was a sheet, and have been laying on top of it all night, thinking what mean causes you tavern-keepers were." The stranger set 'em up before breakfast.

A German lady, formerly a resident in California, has written to the Secretary of the San Francisco Labor Exchange that the late war was especially disastrous to the women, and that she has concluded to transport a number of respectable working girls, soldiers' orphans, to that State, where they can be a blessing to the country and build a pleasant future for themselves.

A young lady became so dissatisfied with her lover that she dismissed her letters to him. "Very well," replied the lady; "I have no reason to be ashamed of any part of my letters except the address!"

LETTER FROM MRS. BELLE W. COOKE.

Dear Mrs. Danvers—I have been reading some articles in Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly, and I can't conceive how any woman of delicate instincts or good moral perceptions can tolerate some of the doctrines advanced by it. An article upon the subject of divorce, over the signature of "Darl St. Mary," seems to me unfit to be read by any unpermitted person. It struck me as simply horrible. I would give some quotations from it, but I do not desire to give such sentiments a wider circulation. I believe that the advocacy of such principles will do more to injure the cause of woman than any other course could.

The high-flow terms of "personal liberty," "soul-freedom" and "purity" are so misapplied as to mean their opposites to all persons who have any respect for

the ancient relation of marriage. The "priestesses" are exalted to a position higher than that of a true and conscientious wife; and such a view is given of "Christian homes" that one would wish to shun them for the rest of their days.

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