The New Northwest.

Free Speech, Free Press, Free People.

VOLUME 1. PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1871. NUMBER 32.

The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

[For the New Northwest.]

A December Night.

Drop the window curtains tightly
To shut out the dreary night;
Make the fire burn so brightly
That 'twill flood the room with light;
For my heart is sadly weary
Of the ceaseless winter rain,
As the drops, with cadence dreary,
Beat against the window pane.

Pile the blazing wood yet higher,
For the night is chill and damp;
Draw the chairs around the fire;
Nay, you need not light the lamp—
For I love to watch the fleeting,
Flying shadows on the wall,
While the children's happy greeting
Gladly on my ear doth fall.

Joy shall reign o'er my home circle—
Though so dark and cold the night,
Hope and love shall guard each portal,
Driving hence all care and blight,
For the busy world shall never
Enter at this sacred hour,
While we yield ourselves to pleasure,
Owning thus love's mystic power.

ISOLA WORTH.

JUDITH REID;
A Plain Story of a Plain Woman.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

Summer, with its radiant sunshine and glorious ethereal air, came on apace.

Our children and our *protégés* were constantly advancing in their studies and improving in the arts of systematic work; and in those busy days of useful happiness I had but little time to muse or dream.

A new work, upon which I had for some time spent my leisure hours, was ready for the press; and every author knows the feeling of fear and trembling with which my idea-freighted bark was launched upon the sea of criticism. And every author can also appreciate the sense of deep relief with which the last strokes of the pen are given to finish up a work upon which for weeks and months the duty of writing has been ever present, no matter whether the brain would work in literary harness like a well-trained roadster or cut all manner of baulking eccentricities, and sometimes utterly refuse to go. To promise a finished book by a certain date, and then feel conscientiously compelled to fulfill the engagement whether ideas come or not; to work, sometimes for hours, without having accomplished anything that will pass the ordeal of one's own criticism; and again, when ideas flow like oil and your plot is all before you in a mental panorama, which you feel that you could sketch to your entire satisfaction if you only could command the time to work while the mood is on you; and when you feel thus, to be compelled to listen, till the inspiration passes, to some garrulous and uninteresting dullard, who is profuse in compliments and congratulations, for which you do not care a rush; these are some of the annoyances that are removed for the time being from your life-history, when, with title page and finis all complete, you cast approving glances at the culmination of your labors and approvingly acknowledge to yourself that the handiwork of your brain is good.

I sat one day at my private study window, hastily scribbling a letter to my publisher to announce to him the pleasing fact that my work was done.

The delightful morning breezes fanned the deep foliage of the locust tree that grew and flourished in the rich, alluviated soil below and sent the fragrant perfume of its gorgeous blooming through the little room.

My husband and the children were engaged in gleesome frolic on the lawn; he, with his long and silky hair and beard, which early suffering and intense anxiety had blanched to chalky whiteness while he was yet upon the sunny side of twenty-three; the girls, with their long golden curls and bright blue eyes; the boys, with their manly forms and open, eager countenances, aglow with light and fun; brothers, sisters and cousins, eight in number, and all so blithe and happy that I felt that my cup of joy was full. But even while I said this [illegible], there came to me the haggard, shaggy face of my old patron, who, with his daughter, were, as I imagined, spending these glorious days in distant solitude.

I finished my letter, idly dropped my long-used pen and, resting my chin upon my hands, leaned out, with my elbows upon the window sill, and watched the merry group, while my thoughtful face must have proclaimed the nature of my reverie.

"Come, mamma, dear," said my noble husband, whose voice, whenever he would address me thus, was so sweet and touching that it almost melted me to tears, "you confine yourself too much in doors. Come out and romp with us in the glad sunshine, and then this bracing [illegible] air will bring out roses on your cheeks again."

"Come mamma!" "Come auntie!" shouted the noisy flock, and, yielding to their importunities, I joined them on the lawn and ran, forgetting cats and weariness, I romped and played like a young, merry school girl.

The bright June grass was variegated with red and yellow flowers, while luxuriant [illegible] our wild enjoyment. Neighbors, driving by with mountain loads of new mown hay, would rein their lazy teams to a listless walking gait and gaze upon our group until an angle in the highway, shaded by mammoth firs, would shut us from their sight.

Women, wending their way on horseback to the nearest town with market baskets full of butter and eggs on their weary arms, would gaze at us, sometimes with a longing to join in our gambols quite visible in their eager faces; others again in lumbering wagons, seated on uncouth, unpainted chairs, would leer at us contemptuously, while their children would bob their towy heads up and down from behind great sacks of wool or kegs of butter in the rustling straw, till they in turn would pass us by, all of them wondering, no doubt, at our gleesome frolics, the like of which they had all been taught to look upon as something ridiculous and altogether unnecessary.

"I wonder," said my husband, "how many of these people ever think that play is just as necessary for humanity's well-being as are toil and cash? People don't know how to live right. Every human being could learn a profitable lesson from the brutes if he would but heed their sensible example. Parent horses or cows do not lose sight of the necessity of play and frolic; and, while every farmer knows that his horses, cattle, sheep and swine are not in good condition when they fail to romp and gambol, not one in five hundred knows that recreation is just as necessary, and really much more so, for his wife, his children and himself than it can be for every brute which perisheth."

I finally grew tired of the hilarity of the children and, wandering off to a rustic chair, sat down to think and ponder, as was oft my wont, upon the sadly warped and mistaken life of my old friend and benefactor, Dr. Armstrong, to whom, despite his sin against himself and my dear husband, his sister and her son, I knew to be a generous man, full of noble impulses; one of the many sufferers in life's great battlefield who never get credit at all commensurate with the real good that abideth in them.

The great, lumbering stage coach, which regularly passed our house at 10 A. M., dropping our mail by special agreement at the carriage gateway, never stopping except when, as rarely happened, some visitor from the city sought our snug retreat, came to a dead halt in front of the white palings of the dooryard fence and the driver, alighting, proceeded to help a veiled figure from its ponderous bulk, sending after her a small valise and tiny satchel.

My heart rose in my throat. Somehow I had a vague idea that some mystery or misery was soon to be revealed, and for my life I could not conquer the strange trepidation that held me spellbound, powerless.

My husband left his romping group and went forward to greet the traveler.

"Is this William Snyder?"

The question was timidly and tearfully asked, and the words sent a strange thrill through me that I could not account for.

"I am William Snyder, madam. Is there anything that I can do for you to-day?"

"Can you keep a secret?"

"I should say so."

"But *will* you keep a secret?"

"Certainly, if it is right or necessary that I should. But what secret do you wish to entrust to me, and why repose such confidence in me, a stranger?"

"Step this way and I will tell you."

The two moved a few paces down the walk, and I, feeling intuitively that myself and children had no right to listen, retreated to the play-ground, where I explained to the expectant flock that, since the stranger had a secret which she did not offer to explain to any of the rest of us, it was our duty to respect her wishes and refrain from interfering in their plans.

"But pa has no right to listen to anything that he can't tell you!" ejaculated Ben.

"You forget, my son, that your father did not compromise his conscience or individuality when he become my husband."

"Would *you* keep a secret from *him?*"

"Of course I should, if I thought my duty to another demanded it."

"Then I'm disappointed in you! that's all!" said Minnie, tossing a ball to Fred, who sent it spinning towards the rolling, milk-white clouds.

"My children, you know nothing of what you are talking about. I have perfect confidence in the integrity and judgment of your father, and I know that in his own good time he will tell us everything about this visitor which we shall have any right to know. You have mistaken notions about the sacred obligations of individuals. The world at large has these false ideas, and to their sentiments we must attribute much of individual unhappiness."

The children went on with their game and I, in spite of my brave words, watched furtively and wistfully while my husband and the mysterious visitor held long and earnest counsel.

Finally the two went into the great house alone. I heard my husband call the Chinaman and give some kind of order. Soon the windows of the guest chamber and its adjoining parlor were thrown wide open, and the heavy drapery of the curtains was swept aside, allowing the invigorating air to circulate in the grand and seldom occupied apartments.

The time seemed long to me, but it could not have been five minutes, before a fragile woman, neither short nor tall, with a weary, care-worn face and flashing blue eyes, who looked to be full sixty years of age, came to the open window and gazed out upon the lawn. Her dress was a dark gray serge, over which was thrown a fleecy, snow-white Shetland shawl. Her neck was ornamented by a collar of soft, rich lace, joined by a cameo of some ancient design, and the same rich lace fell from her wrists half over the attenuated hands.

A beaming but weary smile flitted across her features, that had evidently once been handsome, as she saw the merry group of young folks upon the lawn.

My husband advanced and stood beside her, looking down into her eyes with an eager sympathy that seemed to speak unutterable solicitude.

What could all this mean?

After a while the two separated, the stranger sitting down at ease in the great arm-chair, which my husband had had wheeled to the window, and he came out again to join us in our sport.

The children looked wistfully into his handsome face, but he offered no explanation, and they were too well drilled to betray their eagerness by asking questions.

"Judith, darling, a word in your private ear," he said, at last, and, going apart from the rest, I learned a history which will appear in the unfolding of the last and strangest pages of this plain, unvarnished story.

Our mysterious visitor did not leave her rooms. My husband and myself were the only guests admitted to her retreat, and we three became very intimate. The children repressed their curiosity upon being told that they should yet know all about her, and the days and weeks wore on as they had done before she came among us, save that my husband was more genial and I, if possible, happier than ever.

"My dear," said I to him one day, "why do we get no letters from Dr. Armstrong? Two months have passed since you addressed him concerning that singular clairvoyant phase or fact of my existence. Is it not strange that we get no tidings?"

"That reminds me, darling, that I have not yet examined the contents of our mail-bag. I am looking every day for tidings from the Doctor."

Among our papers and letters was a unique envelope, bearing a foreign postmark, and directed in a constrained, awkward chirography, which could, however, be easily deciphered. The letter had been mailed at Venice, Italy, and addressed to "Judith Reid, —— Oregon, United States."

I shook from head to foot with excitement and apprehension as I broke the clumsy seal. The letter ran thus:

"Maybe, my poor, wronged Judith, you will hear my words. There is no one else for me to write to; and I feel that I cannot die till I explain. Henry Gordon, Dr. Armstrong's son and my devoted lover, is dead. He died raving in a mad delirium and cursing everybody but you and his mother, and this is why I write to you. When you read this I shall be in the land of souls. My body will be food for sharks. Where my spirit may be I am sure I do not know; but to-night I shall commit suicide. I shall leave this letter with another, giving explanation of my fate, and she will forward this to you and you will know that I am dead. I die because my life has been a sad and utter failure. Dr. Armstrong never loved me, and I never had a shadow of regard for him. The man for whose sake I forgot my womanhood, had fascinated me, and I loved him with a frenzy that I could not control. I did not dream that he was the son of my husband, although Dr. Armstrong was certainly his and my senior by nearly twenty years. The father and I lived unhappily together. I was no real wife to him, and he certainly was no true husband to me. He was wedded to a memory, and I became the victim of a fancy. Both made sad mistakes, and both have suffered bitter consequences. I wronged you by my foolish jealousy, and must make peace with you on this last night of my sad life by humbly asking pardon. I never liked you. I could not endure anybody that was Dr. Armstrong's friend. My jealousy was never real. It was only an excuse for breaking up the friendship which existed between the doctor, my daughter and yourself. I would write to her—God bless and pity her—if I had aught to say. Tell her to sometimes think of and pity me. Tell Dr. Armstrong that I have no apologies to make to him. We are both guilty, and both deserve our reward. I have not suffered for money. I am not destitute to-day, but I am *crazy*, and I will not longer live. Some time, when I am gone, will you not warn your manly sons and lovely daughters to refrain from hasty marriage by the recital of the fate of the unloved, unloving

WIFE OF DR. ARMSTRONG."

The letter was full of mistakes in composition and orthography. Otherwise it is presented to the reader verbatim.

No further tidings reached us till the next day's post. Then came a letter from the unhappy victim's landlady, stating that the body had been recovered and awarded Christian burial. That was all.

As the narrative closes over the victims of this guilty amour, let me say to you, dear, patient reader, that no better fate than *this* awaits any one who deviates from the strict line of rectitude. The fate of thousands who have gone to degradation in unwritten history bears mute evidence to you and me that "the way of the transgressor is hard." "Be sure your sin will find you out." Never were words more true, and their singing force has been brought home to the guilty in tens of thousands of instances.

A long conference was held between my husband and the strange occupant of the guest chamber, and when he again joined me he had prepared a telegram, to which he solicited my signature. The words were these:

"Dr. Armstrong, come. We have news for you. Bring Mrs. Lewis. Prepare to remain.
WILLIAM,
JUDITH."

To which, before night, we received an answer, as follows:

"We come in ten days. Well.
ARMSTRONG."

Again the busy days and weeks wore on. Our guest would now come out sometimes and join us at our meals and in our rambles, but she was strangely reticent, and the gay, light-hearted boys and girls took little interest in her. She would have strange, restless moods, when she would sit for hours entranced in silent meditation. Then again she would sing as blithely as a bird. At such times we would frequently coax her to the parlor, where we would hold regular family matinees, in which her voice would sometimes sound like the wail of a broken heart. Again her notes would come forth in triumphant warblings, and would seemingly float over us and hover in the arched ceiling, till we would all hush our instruments and voices, and hearken in silent wonder and admiration. Then, sometimes, through the live-long night she would pace up and down her chamber, as restless as a caged lion. But we never saw her in careless attire or disheveled hair. Her snowy laces were always fresh and pure, her dress quaint but tidy, and her manner singularly high-bred and dignified.

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

OLYMPIA, W. T., Dec. 1st, 1871.

EDITOR NEW NORTHWEST:

The friends of "equal taxation, equal rights and equal liberties" have just sustained a temporary defeat by the passage of an act by our Legislature, which declares that women shall not exercise the elective franchise until *Congress* shall *pass* an enabling act, giving them such right. So you see a majority of the people's representatives are still of the opinion that Congress is a creature superior to the Constitution which called it into existence, and from which it derives its power. But, as all great reformatory movements necessarily sustain many defeats before they fully triumph, the friends of equal rights are not at all discouraged; in fact, we have just cause for rejoicing, for, until our Legislators refused to give women equal political rights, they have granted them equal *property* rights with men, which shows that the genial rays of eternal truth and justice are beginning to dawn upon and warm the granite hearts and stolid brains of the prerogative sex into a hopeful vitality, prophetic of a glorious future for women in the embryo state, bearing the name of the greatest hero, the greatest patriot, aye, and the greatest *reformer* the world ever knew. The bill *referred* to, and which has just become a law by receiving the signature of the Governor, is entitled, "An Act Defining the Rights of Persons and Property as Affected by Marriage"—a copy of which I here transmit to you. By its perusal you will find it to be the most liberal law now on the statutes of any State or Territory in the Union relative to property rights, as it grants women *all* the rights conferred on men and *some* rights of which men are not possessed. The old law gave the wife comparatively no property rights, while it conferred supreme property rights on the husband. *For instance*, the husband had, by nature of that law, the sole management and control of the wife's separate estate, and could sell and squander all of her personal property, for which she had no redress. He could collect and squander all rents and profits of her estate, and she had no indemnity. He had the sole management of the common property, and could squander all of the *personal* part of the common property, which might be all there was of that kind, as in the case of merchants, bankers, brokers, etc., and the wife could not save a dollar's worth of it for herself and family. But, most of all, the wife's *separate estate* was liable to be *sold on execution* to satisfy the debts of the husband, which may have been engendered in drunkenness and crime! And while the husband could thus run riot with the wife's separate estate, which she may have earned by fighting poverty over a wash-tub, and before the marriage, the wife could not buy a sack of flour or a pound of coffee on her own credit, although her property might be worth many thousands of dollars. So you see that our Legislature has not labored this session entirely in vain. It is much to be regretted, however, that the bill which accompanied this one, entitled "An Act Defining the Rights of Persons and Property as Affected by Marriage," and which is a necessary sequel to the first, did not also become a law. It passed the Council *unanimously*, but failed in the House on account of its reaching that body so late in the session that the members did not have the time to devote to a consideration of its provisions which would enable them to vote understandingly upon them, and so they refused to pass it. But when our Legislature next meets some law in relation to descent and distribution of property, adapted to our new property law, will doubtless be passed. Until then our people will have to supply the deficiency by wills, testaments, etc. Yours anon. *.*

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.

MISSES R., McMinnville: We think some other occupation than millinery or dress-making would be preferable to young ladies of your evident culture. Could you not learn photography, telegraphy, book-keeping, clerking in a store, or some other of the thousand light and easy occupations which are now monopolized by men who are out of their "sphere?" There is so much competition in dress-making that it really is not profitable. There are many married women in this city who are nominally "supported" by husbands who are in such straitened circumstances that they are compelled to do dress-making or plain sewing at starvation prices to earn a little needed spending money to keep up outside appearances. These women cheapen all women's labor, because of their subjective position. Again, the women who hire dress-makers are, many of them, so unreasonable in their demands that it is very rasping to a sensitive temperament to endure their "moods" and "notions." If you are well and strong you would do better at market gardening than sewing, and, if you are *not* well and strong, you ought not to try to live by your needle and sewing machine.

MISS M. A. B.: By referring to our advertising columns, you will see that telegraphy can be acquired in this city on very reasonable terms. This is a good business, and one which every able-bodied man should be as much ashamed to take away from women as he is to make tatting, embroidery or crochet, because the work is beneath his strength and muscle.

MRS. J. W.: If we could see the advance chapters of the story we should be better able to judge of its merits. Inexperienced writers do not get pay for their communications anywhere on this coast. Generally, when there is a demand for an article, there are at least a dozen writers who are ready to supply the demand for the glory of seeing their productions in print; and it is indeed worth much to a beginner to become advertised through her writings in the columns of a popular newspaper.

MRS. A. B. F.: We have heard some talk of a new literary magazine that is expected to arise in the Northwestern horizon, but as yet have been advised of no particulars. We think such an enterprise might live; but the contributors to its columns would, of course, receive no compensation for their services in the infancy of the periodical.

SARAH J.: Jean Ingelow is an English poet. We do not say "poetess," because art and intelligence have no sex. We do not call Rosa Bonheur an artistess; we call her an artist. So, in speaking of an editor, author, lecturer, merchant, milliner, banker, broker, baker, teacher, farmer—no matter whom—there is no discrimination. We never hear anybody say "teacheress," "merchantess," "bankeress," "farmeress" and so on, yet women are engaged in all these occupations. Art and intellect are *above* sex.

SUSAN: Your mother is your truest earthly counsellor. We are strongly tempted to enclose your letter to her; but, as you have reposed confidence in us, we will not, of course, violate it. Go to your mother when she is calm and rested. Sit down at her feet, lay your head in her lap and say to her, in tones of confidence: "Mother, I love. Do not be angry with me. I want to be good. I want your advice. I will do nothing rashly; but I cannot live contented without your sympathy and confidence." Our word *for* it, you will not regret this course. Further we cannot advise you. Men and women who meddle in these matters, where they are not personally concerned, are our pet aversions.

MRS. H. B. STOWE expects to make $12,000 out of her Florida orange grove this year.

A Lecture to Young Ladies.

Now, ladies, I will preach to you just a little sermon. I don't often preach, but in this case nothing but a sermon will do.

Firstly. You are perfectly idious to go on in this way. Your bodies are the most beautiful of God's creations. In the continental galleries I always saw groups of people gathered about the pictures of women. It was not passion; the gazers were just as likely to be women as men; it was because of the wonderous beauty of woman.

Now, stand with me at my office window and see a lady pass. There goes one! Now, isn't that a pretty looking object? A big hump, three big humps, a wilderness of crimps and frills, a hauling up of the dress here and there, an enormous, hideous mass of hair or bark piled on the top of her head, surmounted by a tiny flat hat, adorned with bits of lace, birds' tails, etc. The shop windows tell us all day long of the paddings, whalebones and steel springs that occupy most of the space within that outside *rig*.

In the name of the simple, sweet sentiments which cluster about home, I would ask, how is a man to fall in love with such a piece of compound, double and twisted, touch-me-not artificiality as you see in that wriggling curiosity?

Secondly. With that wasp waist squeezing your lungs, stomach, liver and vital organs into one-half their natural size, and with that long tail sweeping on the ground, how can any man of sense, who knows that life is made up of use, of service, of work, (how can he) take such a partner? He must be desperate, indeed, to unite himself for life with a fettered, half breathing ornament.

Thirdly. Your bad dress and lack of exercise lead to bad health, and men wisely fear that instead of a helpmeet they would get an invalid to take care of. This bad health in you, just as in men, makes the mind as well as the body fuddled and effeminate. You have no power, no magnetism. I know you giggle freely, and use big adjectives, such as "splendid," "awful," but then this does not deceive us; we see through it all. You are superficial, affected, silly; you have none of that womanly strength and warmth which is so assuring and attractive to man. Why, you have become so childish and weak-minded that you refuse to wear decent names, even, and insist upon baby names. Instead of Helen, Margaret, and Elizabeth, you affect Nellie, Maggie and Lizzie. When your brothers were babies, you called them Bobby, Dicky and Johnny, but when they grow up to manhood, no more of that silly trash, if you please. I know a woman of twenty-five years, and she is as well educated as both of my grand-mothers put together, and her real name is Catharine, but, though her brain is big enough to conduct affairs of state, she does nothing but giggle, cover up her face with her fan, and exclaim, once in four minutes, "Don't now, you're real mean!"

How can a man propose a life partnership to such a silly goose? My dear girls, you must, if you would get husbands, and decent ones, dress in plain, neat and becoming garments, and talk like sensible, earnest sisters.

You may say that most sensible men are after these butterflies of fashion. I beg your pardon, it is not so. Occasionally, a man of brilliant success may marry a silly, weak woman, but to say, as I have heard women say a hundred times, that the most sensible choose silly women, is simply absurd. Nineteen times in twenty, sensible men choose sensible women. I grant you that in company they are very likely to chat and toy with those overdressed and forward creatures, but they don't ask them to go to the altar with them.

Fourthly. Among the young men in the matrimonial market, only a very small number are independently rich, and in America, such very rarely make good husbands. But the number of those who are just beginning in life, who are filled with a noble ambition, who have a future, is very large. These are worth having. But such will not, they dare not, ask you to join them while they see you waddle, silly and gorgeously attired. Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength; that your life is earnest and real; that you would be willing to begin at the beginning in life with the man you would consent to marry; then marriage becomes the rule, and not, as now, the exception.—*Waverly*.

GOV. CAMPBELL'S MESSAGE.—We find the annual message of Gov. J. A. Campbell, of Wyoming Territory, printed in the Cheyenne *Tribune* of Nov. 11th. The Governor bears the following testimony in his message to the good results of giving women the franchise. Instead of any of the evils coming which the opponents of Woman Suffrage have predicted, Gov. Campbell says that the women voters have "conducted themselves in every respect, with as much tact, sound judgment and good sense as men." Of course they have! The following is what the Governor says on this subject:—

"There is upon our statute book 'an act granting to the women of Wyoming Territory the right of suffrage and to hold office,' which has now been in force two years. Under its liberal provisions, women have voted in the Territory, served on juries, and held office. It is simple justice to say that the women entering for the first time in the history of the country upon these new and untried duties, have conducted themselves in every respect with as much tact, sound judgment, and good sense, as men. While it would be claiming more than the facts justify to say that this experiment, in a limited field, has demonstrated beyond a doubt, the perfect fitness of women at all times and under all circumstances for taking a part in the government, it furnishes at least reasonable presumptive evidence in her favor, and she has a right to claim, that so long as none but good results are made manifest, the law should remain unrepealed."

DIED.—At McMinnville, of general debility and the combined attacks of the press of Oregon, THAT ROLLER which has so long proved an eyesore to our brothers of the newspaporial ilk.

"And none so poor to do him reverence."

Oregon papers please copy.—*McMinnville West-Side.*

A German writer says that a young girl is like a fishing rod; the eyes are the hooks, the smile is the bait, the lover the gudgeon, and the marriage the batter in which he is fried.

The New Northwest.

MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE—Cor. Third and Washington Sts.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

One year	$3 00
Six months	1 75
Three months	1 00

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on Reasonable Terms.

Mrs. Duniway at Forest Grove.

FOREST GROVE, Dec. 1, 1871.

To the Editor of the Oregonian—Sir: Our usual quiet village has had some new things to engage the attention of its inhabitants during the past few days. It was announced in the churches on Sunday last that on Wednesday evening, November 29th, Mrs. Duniway would address our people on the subject of Woman Suffrage. On the appointed evening, although the weather was very disagreeable, yet the church was well filled with a deeply interested audience. The lecturer began with what she denominated an account of her stewardship. She traced the different stages of her conversion to the cause in which she is now so zealous, in a clear and forcible manner, often "bringing down the house" with her concise and comprehensive conclusions. Her enunciation is clear and distinct, but not loud; and her manner is at once composed and womanly. She argued that the interests of the sexes are not antagonistic. Said that where men and women met on an equal social plane, there is harmony and purity; but when the paths of the sexes diverge, both men and women deteriorate, and brought many plain points to bear to sustain this argument. She said that she had the day before received a letter from the Grove calling her attention to an article in the *Oregonian* of a late date, concerning "Woodhull," to which she thought she could not better reply than by reading the "proof" of an article which was already in type for the next issue of the NEW NORTHWEST. She is a fine reader, and the piece was read amid warm applause. Said she hoped nobody would conclude that she was a personal enemy to the *Oregonian* or any other "man's rights" paper; that on the contrary, she was on terms of personal friendship with the whole of them, while *editorially* she was after every one of them with a sharpened pencil, and would continue so to be until they were worried into granting what the women ask. At the close of the lecture, which was often applauded, she stated that if any person present had aught to say, against the right of the women to vote and their duty to exercise that right, she was ready to hear their objections. No one responded. She asked the women if they would vote against the licensing of rum holes and brothels if they had opportunity, and they unanimously answered aye.

This (Friday morning) the awakened sisters are holding a "convention," of which due notice will be given you. Mrs. Duniway will speak again to-night, and if she does not spoil the impression made on Wednesday evening, she will have good cause to congratulate herself upon her success. T.

More about the "Woman Movement."

FOREST GROVE, Dec. 2, 1871.

To the Editor of the Oregonian—Sir: I proceed to give your readers an account of Mrs. Duniway's second lecture in this place upon the woman question. She began this time by giving a sort of summary of the history of the movement, showing that there were women whose names had come down to posterity with honor, who as long ago as 1828 were agitators of this question. Then in 1836, when she herself was but two years old (by which the school boys figured she must now be thirty-seven) Lucretia Mott, Pauline Wright Davis and other women of worth and ability identified themselves with the movement, by urging the Legislatures of the different States to pass a Married Woman's Property Bill, by which the wife might be able to control some portion of her own earnings. She said it was now twenty years since women began to demand the ballot, and in less than one year from now they would *all* possess it; for everywhere, even in Forest Grove, the women were preparing for the campaign of '72. She said they were going to vote at the next election under protection of their rights as guaranteed to them by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution, which Amendments emphatically declare that *all* citizens have the right to *vote* without distinction of race, color or *previous condition of servitude;* which latter clause would include every *mother* in the land.

She read the law of Oregon in relation to the property of a husband that dies intestate; and demanded that women should be co-legislators with men, and then these laws that are a disgrace to our State will be abolished. She had been requested to tell the audience "what good it would do the women if they should vote." "Gentlemen, what good does it do you to vote? Would any of you sell your right to vote for a kingdom? You know you would not do it; and if this right is so sacred to you that you would rather die than part with it, what might it not do for woman, who, from her very weakness, stands much more than yourselves in need of the greatest largess of liberty in order that she may, by the use of the ballot, protect herself and her children?"

The lecturer spoke an hour and a half, never hesitating for a word or thought and showing no sign of fatigue from first to last. The *hen convention* was a grand success, culminating in the organization of a "Woman's Political Investigation Association."

The people here consider Mrs. Duniway equal, and in many respects, superior to Miss Anthony. She is at once pleasant, forcible, witty and logical, and when the railroad is completed the suffragists here expect to secure her services frequently. T.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "We know a young lady who takes the superintendence of her mother's house, makes all the dresses of the family, as well as her own, in a style that would do credit to an accomplished dressmaker, drives her sisters to school every morning, gives them music lessons, finds time for quite a large *correspondence*, is a very superior cook, always cheerful. And there are some more left of the same sort."

A rather tough story is told of a gentleman who went to market and purchased a goose of an old woman who had a lot of them for sale. After he had paid for the goose, he observed the woman was crying. "My good woman, what is the matter? Have I not paid you enough?" "Oh, sir, it aint the price, but I can't help crying at parting with that favorite old goose, which has been like one of our family for over eighteen years."

Is it fair to define baby clothes as "bawl dresses?"