

A Journal for the People. Devoted to the Interests of Humanity. Independent in Politics and Religion. Alive to all Live Issues, and Unflinchingly 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.

Written for the New Northwest.

UNKNOWN HEROES.

We reader prize to know their names. We read their names in the plain. And early monuments rear high to mark the spot where martyrs lie. We count their deeds of greatness o'er, And sound their praise from shore to shore. And as we ponder o'er the spot Where they were laid to rest, Each story flows from our hearts dear, Because our heroes slumber here. While our country's honored dead A nation's tears we freely shed, We'll pause and weep, while thousands weep, Where our unknown heroes sleep. They sleep, alas, in shades of gloom, Unknown to the living, and their names Not inscribed on any monument. Their deeds and names are unknown. They labored in their homes obscure, And bore the sorrows of the poor. Full of their hungry eyes would pour Beyond the limits of their sphere. With earnest longing eyes, they turned, And of their souls the heart beat Meekly to bear his humble part. With quiet, unceasing hands they toiled, With heart and will and brain they toiled, Seeking their lives in all. The secret night of deeper thought, Was heard not by the ear of those Who spent their lives in calm repose, Nor those who, in the gliding hours Of fashion, lived in strife and song; They, neither like, nor less of night, Desisted, while the world slept, Nor even those whose lives were spent In toil and sorrow, or in pain. Whose every impulse gave content To thoughts of self-aggrandizement; They, like a vast, unnumbered host, Defied the earth's unnumbered host, And sailed upon the crimson tide, With banners floating far and wide, To throng and conquer that they craved, O'er millions who their laws obeyed. No sun path, their hearts could know, Nor their voices, their lives were spent, Kneeling they tried to throne, On pavements made of human bones, Nor gave one kindly human thought To desolation they had wrought. But far without the brilliant sphere Where pomp and power sought festive cheer, Were countless thousands, though unknown, Who lived and toiled, and toiled, and toiled, Their souls in darkness, their hearts in pain, From place to place, by honest thought, Full many a time 'twas theirs to know The agony of tears was...

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ELLEN DOWD, THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. A. J. Dowd, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City. CHAPTER IV. In the village of Mackinac, three miles from the lone home of the orphan children of my story, a meeting was in session, whose deliberations were apparently of a very grave and important character. This village, which at the present writing is a flourishing inland city, connected with the outside world by many throbbing arteries of telegraph and rail, was, at the time of which I write, composed of four or five log huts, better built and more commodious than Peter Dowd's, but constructed after the same primitive model, with no conveniences save such as the few wants of the unappreciating inhabitants rendered absolutely necessary. A building somewhat larger than the others, and standing a little way apart, also composed of roughly hewn timbers, with the interior filled with clay, from the gable end of which a huge mud and stick chimney reared its ugly proportions, and which was used for worship, as well as for a court and school-room, was warmed and lighted by a roaring fire of hickory and maple logs; and around its ruddy blaze a dozen rough-ribsed but kindly hearted men smoked and chatted and pondered. The storm, which had been so furious, had been over for several days, and now the clear, cold January breeze had settled upon the snow-clad earth and looked out upon these pioneers from intercourse with other settlements of the then far West. "Uncle Jacob, did you see that letter to the relatives of Peter Dowd, as you promised?" The question came from a lank, raw-boned, stoop-shouldered, eccentrically-attired individual, who puffed vigorously at his corn-cob pipe, and with his chin upon his breast, made effort to look Uncle Jacob in the face by devious wrinkling of his weather-beaten brow and rolling up a beaming pair of kindly grey eyes, that peeped from behind a shock of yellow hair, with a gaze like that of some good-natured animal, leering from his lair. "Of course I didn't, Ziek. How in creation could I send a letter when the post-man's snowed up?" said Jacob Graham, sulkily. "Well, there's one thing certain, Uncle Jake. These barefoot young ones 'll all freeze if something isn't done for them. I'd 'a' helped 'em many a time if I hadn't been for indulging Peter Dowd in his laziness. And now that he's dead and gone, ten my hide for sole leather if I don't see that his children don't suffer."

THE WHOLE 'BILLY OF LITTLE DOWD'S!

ful things. She'd tell of a far off New England home, where roses and daises grew; and she'd tell of cider and apples, and pies and doughnuts, and say her childhood was so bright and happy; and then she'd catch me in her arms and hug me ever so tight and beg me, what- ever else I did, to never disobey my mother; and then she'd weep and say she'd want to die if it weren't for our children; and then, when father would come in, she'd hush and look cheerful, though I could see plainly that she wasn't happy. So I'm going to do the very best I can, and make everything pleasant. But I do wish we had shoes and stockings and a spelling book!" Thus the child would talk to the young- ists, as they would all buy themselves in making their gloomy surroundings as comfortable as possible. The last vestige of the combat of the night before was destroyed, and the day had waned into the afternoon, when Uncle Jacob was copied making his way across the Mackinac. His pockets were suspiciously plump, and, as the children crowded into the door-way, he was seen to draw his rough coat sleeve across his eyes; and he blew his nose with a wheezing noise, suggestive of peep-up tears. The children, remembering his querulous complainings, were somewhat shy of him, but his manner was so kind and cordial that they gradually grew self-assured. "Sally, how would you like some stockings?" said Uncle Jacob, holding out a pair of the snow-white woolen material from his ample pockets. "Oh! ever so much, Uncle Jacob. Mamma so often wanted it. She used to knit on shavers before she got sick, and then we had stockings; but now— it's been a long time since we had any."

THE CHILDREN'S COMPLAINTS.

Madam Demore's Magazine is a very reliable one. You would find it to your advantage to take it. Send us \$3 00 currency and we will order it for you. We can get you goods in Portland for cash as cheap as you can get them in San Francisco. Will take pleasure in "filling your orders" or giving you any information you desire. C. H. B., Nevada: Many thanks for yours of Jan. 5th, which has been delayed on the route till it is out of date, which we very much regret. But the worst of the winter storms are over now, and we hope to hear from you again. See editorial department for comments upon the Gold Hill News. Subscription for the New Northwest received. Mrs. S. C. W., San Francisco: Accept our heart-felt condolence in your terrible bereavement. We earnestly hope that you may soon receive tidings which will make your heart glad. God bless you for your self-denying devotion to humanity which causes you to hold your own sorrows in abeyance while you cast your thoughts toward the great and needed reforms of the age. Mrs. N. C., Salem: We have received your copies of the Woodhill. Thanks. The postoffice may just as well forward our liberal papers. They can't keep us from receiving them by the aid of our friends. Mrs. M. O. P., Corvallis: The correction has been made. Byron pronounced Don Juan with the accent upon the penultimate, thus, Don Juan, making it rhyme with "true one." The Spanish pronunciation is said to be Don Juan, but as we're no Spaniard we don't youch for it. Mrs. H. C. P., Umatilla: We sent the back numbers of the New Northwest to the Portland postoffice over three months ago, as we agreed, but found to-day that they had not been given to you when you called for your mail. We now forward them to Umatilla. Hope you have a postmaster there who understands his duty. If a woman were in charge of the Portland office, and should fail to do her simplest duties, she'd be called to account, instant. Men have no business trying to keep house, whether for themselves or Uncle Sam. They're sure to make a botch of it. The Iowa State Woman Suffrage Convention, of which Mrs. Amelia Bloomer is President, at its recent meeting passed a resolution declaring that the object for which that Society is organized "is to secure the ballot for woman, and that it expressly disavows any responsibility for the opinions or utterances of any party upon questions foreign to this, by believing as we do that the ballot is a power to be used only in the influence of virtue and morality." There were few men present, which threw the women back on their own resources; but they forcibly demonstrated to all that it was just as natural and possible for women to organize and conduct the proceedings of a large deliberative body as for men. Not only the order of business of the convention was equal to similar conventions of men, but the eloquence, arguments and logic of the women speakers were as persuasive, strong and conclusive as those of speakers in conventions of the opposite sex. One of the local papers says, "We are satisfied that this convention and the noble women who have so ably conducted it have given to the cause of Woman Suffrage an impetus that will carry the State of Iowa, which has ever been radical in the favor of man, triumphantly for the equal rights of women."

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 pleading to give to contribute to the Correspondents' Column. Mrs. C. H. S., San Francisco: Your letter of Jan. 7th has been received and suggestion complied with. "Very sorry to learn, as we do by many letters from our foremost workers in California, of the dissatisfaction in certain quarters. Have written to the parties, and hope they will act upon the suggestion of their friends. Cannot think of relinquishing our present literary field, but will open a branch publication office in San Francisco when we can do so without infringing upon the rights of others. Mrs. S. W., Mayfield, California: Your papers have been sent regularly from the receipt of the name, but suppose the obstruction of the mails by the recent storms has delayed them. Doubtless you have received them ere this. See answer to C. H. S. Mrs. J. F. J., Junction City: We think you might do reasonably well with such a business as you propose. Madam Demore's Magazine is a very reliable one. You would find it to your advantage to take it. Send us \$3 00 currency and we will order it for you. We can get you goods in Portland for cash as cheap as you can get them in San Francisco. Will take pleasure in "filling your orders" or giving you any information you desire. C. H. B., Nevada: Many thanks for yours of Jan. 5th, which has been delayed on the route till it is out of date, which we very much regret. But the worst of the winter storms are over now, and we hope to hear from you again. See editorial department for comments upon the Gold Hill News. Subscription for the New Northwest received. Mrs. S. C. W., San Francisco: Accept our heart-felt condolence in your terrible bereavement. We earnestly hope that you may soon receive tidings which will make your heart glad. God bless you for your self-denying devotion to humanity which causes you to hold your own sorrows in abeyance while you cast your thoughts toward the great and needed reforms of the age. Mrs. N. C., Salem: We have received your copies of the Woodhill. Thanks. The postoffice may just as well forward our liberal papers. They can't keep us from receiving them by the aid of our friends. Mrs. M. O. P., Corvallis: The correction has been made. Byron pronounced Don Juan with the accent upon the penultimate, thus, Don Juan, making it rhyme with "true one." The Spanish pronunciation is said to be Don Juan, but as we're no Spaniard we don't youch for it. Mrs. H. C. P., Umatilla: We sent the back numbers of the New Northwest to the Portland postoffice over three months ago, as we agreed, but found to-day that they had not been given to you when you called for your mail. We now forward them to Umatilla. Hope you have a postmaster there who understands his duty. If a woman were in charge of the Portland office, and should fail to do her simplest duties, she'd be called to account, instant. Men have no business trying to keep house, whether for themselves or Uncle Sam. They're sure to make a botch of it. The Iowa State Woman Suffrage Convention, of which Mrs. Amelia Bloomer is President, at its recent meeting passed a resolution declaring that the object for which that Society is organized "is to secure the ballot for woman, and that it expressly disavows any responsibility for the opinions or utterances of any party upon questions foreign to this, by believing as we do that the ballot is a power to be used only in the influence of virtue and morality." There were few men present, which threw the women back on their own resources; but they forcibly demonstrated to all that it was just as natural and possible for women to organize and conduct the proceedings of a large deliberative body as for men. Not only the order of business of the convention was equal to similar conventions of men, but the eloquence, arguments and logic of the women speakers were as persuasive, strong and conclusive as those of speakers in conventions of the opposite sex. One of the local papers says, "We are satisfied that this convention and the noble women who have so ably conducted it have given to the cause of Woman Suffrage an impetus that will carry the State of Iowa, which has ever been radical in the favor of man, triumphantly for the equal rights of women."

PROVERBS I DON'T LIKE.

I do not like to hear him pray. Who loans at twenty-five per cent. For them I think the borrower may. He prays to me for food and rest, And in that Book we all should heed. As a man I have never to be best. It does not say, "Take interest." I do not like to hear him pray. On Monday, Monday, Monday, Monday, For grace to spend the day. Who knows his neighbor has no honor. I'd rather be his neighbor than his son. And buy the needless neighbor bread, And see his children eat their fill. And have his neighbors' hearts shed. I do not like to hear him pray. "Let blessings on the widow be." Who never seeks her home to see. I have the prayer, so bold and long, That's offered for the orphan's soul By him who has no claim to be wrong. And only with the tips of his feet. I do not like to hear him pray. With silver and gold and brass, Whose silver and gold and brass, And then is asked to work for less. With folded hands and face demure They lift to heaven their "angel eyes." This does not mean the work of Jesus. I do not like such soulless prayers; If wrong I hope to be forgiven; No angel's wing them upward bears; They're not million miles from heaven. "Free Love." Mr. Editor.—It may be that I do not understand what is meant by Free Love, but I presume the idea entertained by its advocates is that when a man or woman finds the presence of love in their breasts, they have a right to act upon it, no matter what the causes are that produce it, or the circumstances they are in when it is produced. Under this head I will say what I have to say about it. But first let me say that, like yourself, I am a firm upholder of universal mental liberty. I rejoice in the dawn of the era that allows men to discuss all questions without injury to the feelings. But when a man advocates the right to act upon a feeling simply because that feeling exists, it is subversive of mental liberty and destructive of the power of reason. Love is a feeling that may proceed from false premises as well as true premises. A simple, uneducated girl may be wheeled into love by nicely turned compliments, graceful manners, dress, or a thousand other things that may lead her to form a wrong conception from what may spring her love. If she acts upon it, sooner or later she will find that she deceived herself, and her misery will be complete. You may see another of our society to her, and tell her it is all right, but when she finds her love is not reciprocated, that of itself is sufficient to produce her misery. On the other hand, if she receives love for love, what can she do? She must accept it, and she must accept the protection and support of each to each other, and the well-being of any man or woman eventually that may spring therefrom. The feeling of love may enter the breast of a woman who has a good husband and a family of children, and to act upon that feeling would be simply abominable. I may love a woman for her beauty, or her accomplishments, or from many causes. The feeling is the same in all cases, but the causes producing it are different, and reason must dictate, according to our own circumstances, the position of the persons we love, the cause producing that love, previous engagements, and whether we have or have not the right to act on it. There can be no general rule established by which we can act for, like disease, each case requires a different treatment, dictated by reason. If we uphold the doctrine of Free Love, why not inaugurate the doctrine of Free Hinge? Why should one feeling be more free than another? If it is right to hate some things, and wrong to hate others, Reason points out to us when to suppress and when to encourage this feeling; the same way with love—common sense and reason must dictate when to encourage or suppress the feeling. The sincere Christian loves his doctrine; the sincere Atheist loves his. Truths as they are demonstrated to act upon the feeling independent of reason, would and should be the destruction of the weaker party. It is a piece of insanity or unprincipled villainy for any man to endeavor to establish the right to act upon the feeling of love simply because it exists in dependent of reason or common sense. There is not a dark alley nor a secluded spot but what could tell its tale of Free Love, to the inflation of the most radical advocate of the doctrine, with all its attendant woes and sufferings, and on account of the opinions of society, but on account of the broken vows, the false promises of treacherous scoundrels who received the love of poor, confiding creatures, who have lost the strong arm of the law to protect them from desertion. If we uphold the right of Free Love, we justify a man in acting from his feelings, the infamy of which is obvious to any man who reads history.—Cor. Boston Investigator. In 1855, Mr. Greeley addressed the following noble words to Mrs. Caroline M. Severance: "I recognize most thoroughly the right of woman to choose her own sphere of activity and usefulness, and to evolve its proper limitation. If she sees fit to navigate vessels, print newspapers, frame laws, and select rulers, any or all of these, I know no principle that justifies her in doing so." It is but just to say that Mr. Greeley has gone back on his record, and that he does not lead in matters of reform as he once did. How much he is affected by his political aspirations, we know not. But his words stand, and in all his opposition to Woman Suffrage, he has never been able to answer himself. He has never shown any principle that justifies men in interfering with the right of woman to woman "giving laws and selecting rulers." And yet he desires to have men interpose impediments, so that women can have no share in framing laws and selecting rulers. Mr. Greeley's Presidential aspirations can never be realized, because the Coming Man must be in harmony with the Coming Woman, who will vote!—Woman's Journal. Princess Pauline de Metternich is the wealthiest woman in Austria. Her real estate is appraised at sixteen million francs. Her husband, Prince Richard, spent most of her large fortune while he was twelve years Austrian Ambassador at Paris. Many persons think themselves perfectly virtuous because being visited by them don't distinguish between virtue and vice.

MR. A. J. DOWD, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICE—Cor. Third and Washington Sts. TERMS, IN ADVANCE: One Year, \$1.00; Three months, \$1.00.

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Aspiration.

Father, bless me! Bright the dawn, Swift the waiting earth upon; But without thy cheering ray, We are as dead men's bones. Oh, thou sun! I charge thee, bring Light and glory from thy King— Light to guide me on my way, Glory, to illumine the way. Father, help me! Through the sky Sweep the sun, and noon is nigh, Weary, faint, with care distraught, Half my work, as yet, un wrought, Let me, one sweet moment, rest, Father, on thy gracious breast; Soothe, sustain, live burden then Unfold, 'Till I take up again. Father, guard me! Night is here, Solace, last hours and cheer; Let me feel thy cheering ray, Weary, faint, with care distraught, Every want, and sin and care, Let me, in thy pitying ear, Thus let each day be so, And let my life glide on below. The History of a Life. Day dawned: Within a curtained room, Filled to business with perfume, A lady lay, at point of doom. Day closed: A child had seen the light; But for the first of his bright, life, He rested in undraining night. Spring rose: The lady's grave was green; And April dews were seen, A young girl, with a thoughtful mien. Years fled: He wore a manly face, And won, at last, a lofty place. And thus—he died: Behold before ye, Humanity's poor sinner and glory, Laid—his soul still that to glory.