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[Written for the New Northwest.] The Ever Faithful Friend.

BY STEPHEN MAYHEW. The best, alas, have many foes, And yet one single friend...

ELLEN DOWD, THE FARMER'S WIFE.

[Retired, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. A. J. Dunstun, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER X.

Ellen refused to be comforted. Who has not witnessed the agony of childhood under sudden bereavement?

"I'll be avenged for this poor Bouncer, some day!" fiercely cried the child. "I know that mean old driver poisoned you!"

"What makes you ask me such a question, dear?"

"Because I know that Bouncer had a soul so big that most men's souls could be lost in its shadow."

"Of course I don't. But do hurry back to the parlors, or Mrs. Brandon will be after you."

Ellen returned to her guests and was earnestly importuned to sing.

"No, please don't ask me! I can't sing to-night. The moon sheds her pale glory over the earth and settles her beams upon the landscape like a silent anthem."

"What an odd speech, Miss D'Arcy. I believe you are a genius," said a wide-eyed fellow, with sandy chin whiskers.

"I believe I'm not myself, at any rate," was the earnest reply.

"Mrs. Brandon whispered in her ear. 'I will sing, sir, pardon me,' addressing a friend, 'I am so little accustomed to entertaining company that I forgot that you were my guests.'"

The harp was stationed in the deep bay window, and as her fingers swept the chords, the melody welled forth from her throat and mingled with the tinkling harmony of the instrument, while the sweet, simple words of a quaint ballad dropped in limpid accents from her tongue.

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The New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME I.

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1872.

NUMBER 44.

LETTER FROM MISS ANTHONY.

ROCHESTER, Jan. 16th, 1872.

I am just home from the Washington Convention, and a grand one it was too. Three days of continued interest, audiences increasing each session, until the last day large numbers could not find seats in that vast Lincoln Hall.

"I do wish this party was over," said Ellen to her grandmother. "I haven't felt so doleful since old Bouncer died."

"The gipsy's! The gipsy's!" she shrieked. "They have carried off all my fine victuals! Where's the hag that would come up here to tell Miss D'Arcy's fortune? Whatever will we do for supper for all this company?"

The old gipsy was nowhere to be seen. She had quietly disappeared in the midst of the furor, and no trace of the kitchen marauders could be found.

"Mr. Killingsworth," said the old gentleman, "what did you think of the strange warnings of that old gipsy? They were certainly very singular."

"I took her words down in short hand, sir. I really forget what they were, but this will soon recall them, bringing up from his pocket a crumpled paper, from which he read the gipsy's warning."

Ellen, my darling," said the old gentleman, "go to your room. I want a little private conversation with your tutor to-night."

The girl reluctantly obeyed, and going up to her chamber, sought her couch, where for long and weary hours she watched the moonbeams as they played upon the burnished window panes, where in bygone winters she had so often dreamed out landscapes, with birds and trees and flowers on their frost-encrusted surface.

Mr. D'Arcy leaned forward in the moonlight as soon as Ellen retired, and in a low tone remarked that the old gipsy's words annoyed him. "You know," said he, "that my own Ellen got into trouble by marrying against my will. Now I shall never be satisfied until her child is safely married to some good, honorable gentleman."

"I wouldn't be uneasy about it, father," said the grandmother. "Ellen has never had an offer yet. May be she won't have one for years."

"Mr. D'Arcy, what say you to me as a suitor? I am satisfied that Ellen is disposed to take up with some romantic, ill-timed offer, and I am satisfied too, sir, that if she were my wife you would always be contented about her."

"Why, man! you are old enough to be her grandfather!"

"No matter! As my wife, she would always be near you. I should not think of breaking up these pleasant associations. We should be a united family."

"I should think she'd heed the gipsy's warning, sir."

"Nonsense! That old hag got up that ruse to get her horde into the kitchen. There's nothing but nonsense in her old harangue."

"Mrs. Brandon," said the tutor, "I believe that old gipsy gave you an admonition about this matter. I have been emboldened to speak to-night by her strange words. I fear that some sad fate hangs over Ellen. If she were my wife she would be safe, you know."

"Saved as by wolves, or by fire!" said Mrs. D'Arcy. "The child shall not be interfered with."

"If she is willing, you shall have her, sir," said the old man. "My mind will be at rest about her then."

Grandmother D'Arcy stole softly away to the child's chamber, sought her couch in the moonlight, and speaking her name in low, winning tones, aroused her from her reverie.

"What do you think I want to tell you, dear?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"Your grandfather has promised to marry you to old Killingsworth."

"male" in the Fourteenth Amendment, my friends, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Rose and others of us who stood at the front, rushed into Congress with petitions urging that the Old Charter of American Liberties be not thus desecrated.

Against all our appeals the Amendment, with the word "male," became law. Then came the proposition for the Fifteenth Amendment, forbidding any State from disfranchising any citizen on account of race, color, etc.

Our hearing before the Senate Judiciary Committee was a fitting climax to the work of the preceding Washington Conventions. In January 1869, with the venerable Lucretia Mott President, we held our First National Convention at the Capital. It was a good meeting, though we failed to secure a hearing from either House, for our demand for a 16th Amendment. Our second was in January, 1870. Both the Senate and House Committee refused to grant us the desired hearing, but the District of Columbia Committees gave us a joint hearing on suffrage for women in the District. Speeches were made by Mrs. Stanton, Paulina Wright Davis, Matilda Joselyn Gage, Madam Amekke and Anthony—of which Charles Sumner said he had been on Committees for the past twenty years and listened to speeches and appeals on every possible question, but never had he heard such impressive and unanswerable arguments as were those. Mrs. Stanton at that time made her claim for Woman Suffrage under the guarantees of the 14th and 15th Amendments. Our third Convention, 1871, gave us, through Mrs. Woodhull, a hearing before the House Judiciary Committee. Mrs. Woodhull, Hon. A. G. Riddle, Mrs. Hooker and Anthony were the speakers. The impression on the Committee and the nation was most startling. By this move our question was at once lifted from the sphere of prejudice and precedent into that of law and logic. The question was no longer whether men were willing to allow women to vote, but whether women were of the "all persons" who are citizens, and whether to be crowned with the privileges and immunities of citizens was to have the one fundamental citizen's right to vote denied? And what an entire revolution it has made in our movement! We now appeal to Congress and the Courts to decide and declare woman's political status. We no longer beg at the feet of the masses of washed and unwashed "male" citizens to grant us our rights.

1872 gives us our fourth National gathering at Washington, and a hearing before the Senate Judiciary—a step higher you see. Mrs. Hooker opened with the most condensed and lucid statement of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendment argument I have seen or heard; especially did she clear up Senator Carpenter's stumbling-block—the word "male" in the 2d section of the Fourteenth Amendment, and I hope that gentleman will be large enough to acknowledge himself helped out of his doubts by it. Mrs. Stanton followed, going by the same ground, but with her own matchless rhetoric and diction that made one oblivious to the fact. Then Anthony followed Stanton, not with an argument, but with a recounting of grievances at the hands of the Republican party since the war and by the reconstruction legislation; that under the old regime, prior to the war, when the question of the extension of the ballot to new classes of men was always submitted to the rank and file of those already voters, women thought of no other method of gaining their right. But when the Republican party lifted the question of man's suffrage above the States, and so amended the "Supreme Law of the Land" as to prohibit any State from interfering with the rights of the United States citizen, we at once saw that the question of woman's suffrage was alike taken out of the power of the States to deny or abridge. In the old time of State's Rights it was our pride and our boast that the Federal Constitution had not a word or a line that could be construed into a permit to disfranchise women any more than men, and we always used to say our work would be done so soon as we could expunge the word "male" from our several State Constitutions; hence, when the propositions of Schenck, Jenekens and Broomall were made on the floor of Congress, in 1865, to insert the word

into freedom and save us from any further importunings for the concession of our inalienable rights. You see many of us have grown gray in the work. Already for more than a quarter of a century have we been instant in season and out of season in our efforts to secure your recognition of woman's political equality in this professedly Democratic-Republican Government. I ask you to endeavor to believe, if but for a moment, that women feel under all these violations of the great principles of free government precisely as you yourselves would feel if your peers should vote you out of the pale of political action. Could you thus really believe, our prayer would be promptly answered and the law of Congress be passed that women citizens of no States should be obstructed in their attempt to vote. I join with Mrs. Hooker in urging you to report immediately, favorably if possible, against it, you must, but report at once, that we may get an expression of Congress and learn who and how many our friends are, and what to expect and hope for at your hands.

Mrs. Lockwood then presented to the Committee a petition signed by over 50,000 women of the Republic—all fastened together in one immense roll. Senators Trumbull, Frelinghuysen, Conkling, Carpenter and others of the Committee pronounced the arguments most able, and all seemed deeply impressed with the earnestness and power of the demand for woman. The effect of the hearing was heightened by the immense crowd of women who rushed to the Capitol, each one hoping to be one of the one hundred that could get inside the Committee room. The halls and corridors were packed and the streets leading to the Capitol also. It was an occasion matched only by that of our Revolutionary Fathers in their struggle for their liberty.

But I began this letter to tell you of my snow-bound trip over the Rocky mountains—nine days getting from Ogden to Omaha—but pleasant times nevertheless, for I was in company with the Hon. A. S. Sargent, wife, two daughters and son, and a most delightful family they are. And a strong friend we have in Mr. Sargent, returned to Congress now for the next eight years. He will make his mark for justice and equality to woman—and in his wife we have an earnest and able ally to our cause. And when a public man has the prize of a strong, noble, self-poised woman for a wife, there is hardly any moral height we may not hope him to reach. I see your Senator Corbett's wife is declared the handsomest of the Senatorial wives. I claim for California the truest, best Woman Suffragist of Senatorial wives—greatest glory of all.

Tell everybody to send on their petitions to Congress—their demands I like better. With remembrance of our pleasant journeyings through Oregon and Washington Territory, and of all the good people who greeted us everywhere, I remain yours sincerely,

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

LETTER FROM FOREST GROVE.

FOREST GROVE, Feb. 26.

EDITOR NEW NORTHWEST: Your last issue has the true ring, especially that you say of the "Silent Man of Destiny." Shame and misery on us all, if "we, the people of these United States," can't elect a better man as our Chief! Ex-Senator Nesmith and many others who knew Grant here years ago have told me the same in effect as you now state.

Go on in your course. The issue is only a question of time. Ruin must sooner or later come to all such base men as our degraded President, and woe betide the "whited sepulchers" upholding him!

What the country needs and must have is an independent party—the people's party of men and women true to themselves.

Go on as you have begun, and the victory shall be yours at the last, when right-minded, intelligent men and women will shout the "harvest home."

Laura D. Fair.

The reporter of the San Francisco Chronicle gives the following account of an interview with Mrs. Fair since a new trial has been granted in her case:

Since the welcome intelligence of a new trial being granted, Mrs. Fair has wonderfully improved in appearance. Her cheeks have gained something of color. The expression of utter abandonment which she wore when we saw her last in the Fifteenth District Court room, on the occasion of her suit with Dr. Trask, has disappeared, and—

LETTER FROM OREGON CITY.

OREGON CITY, Feb. 26, 1872.

One evening not long since I chanced to be so fortunate as to attend a concert at the Baptist church in this renowned "City of the Falls." As shown by the "programme," the best musical talent in the city, both men and women, were engaged. So I naturally looked forward to quite a treat—and I will here state that my expectations were more than realized. Arriving early, I had time, while awaiting the first appearance of the singers, to glance over the audience, and, somewhat to my surprise, beheld quite a number of persons who last fall were shocked at the spectacle of a woman being so far forgetful of womanly modesty and dignity as to appear upon the platform and address a promiscuous crowd, now waiting, eager and expectant, to be entertained in part by women appearing in this obnoxious manner, and who, if they succeeded in pleasing the audience, must certainly sing much louder than Miss Anthony spoke. Now, said I to myself, we will see how these self-constituted champions of womanly modesty will show their disapproval and frown these women back to their proper sphere—their home duties and the care of their children. Would you believe it? Instead of frowns they were greeted with appreciative smiles, and the curtain fell with enthusiastic applause! Can it be possible, thought I, that men who declare that women have no time to vote will be so inconsistent as to encourage these women in the rehearsal of this music? What, O what is to become of the "babies" if women are to be smiled upon, applauded and encouraged while thus neglecting their maternal duties? Think of the helpless little creatures being compelled to receive indigestible "pap" at the hands of unfeeling hirelings during their mothers' unnatural absence from the nursery. (That the babies of the ladies under consideration—those of them at least who are blessed with the article—are past the tender age wherein they take their nourishment in a liquid state has nothing whatever to do with the argument, you know.) No sympathetic masculine near the door arose this time to plead for them. But my reveries upon the imaginary woes of neglected babyhood

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

were terminated as the curtain was again drawn aside, and a graceful and accomplished lady came forward and rendered "The Bridge of Sighs" in an impressive manner and with a full, rich voice, that could scarcely fail to excite the admiration of the most inveterate stickler for "woman's sphere." Who says that the gifted woman should hide the talent God has given her even in the sacred precincts of home? Not her husband evidently, for she was certainly there with his consent and approbation. And I will venture to predict that no vision of buttonless shirts, unclad stockings or neglected children cast a shadow over his gratification at his wife's triumph. Now, does it not seem absurd for a woman to be frowned upon and shamefully misrepresented when and because she appears in public as a speaker, while her appearance as a singer in a manner equally public is greeted with marked approval? Who can see wherein "home duties" would suffer more in the one case than in the other? How can it be more unwomanly or in any way more reprehensible to entertain an audience with original ideas than to merely rehearse for their edification the words of others? If there is a difference it should be in favor of those who own and teach their own brains. That in the "good time coming" these things may be viewed impartially from the solid standpoint of common sense let us live in Hope.

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