The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....JUNE 21, 1872.

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

Everywhere, O friends of Freedom and Humanity! our cause is marching on. Though not advancing with as rapid strides toward the final goal of victory as many of us would fain behold it, yet nowhere is it retreating or losing ground.

During the past year the discussion of woman's right to the ballot has been more extended than ever before. The question has fought its way into Congressional Halls and Legislative Chambers, and will stay there until victorious.

In another part of this paper will be found some particulars of the agitation of the question before the New York Legislature. The speech of Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, of which we give an extract, is a master piece, and we regret that want of space prevents its publication entire. But the favorable report of the Legislative Committee is the chief event, showing as it does the remarkable change occurring everywhere in favor of the right.

In Connecticut a noble band of Equal Suffragists had arranged to beslege the Legislature, but what success they met with we have not yet learned.

In Iowa and Maine and New Hampshire the question barely failed of passage through the Legislatures, and in Massachusetts was defeated by only a small majority.

In the Southern States, where its agitation is of recent date, Woman Suffrage societies are springing up everywhere, and it is not improbable that the section which was last to free the slaves will be first to free the women.

In Wyoming Equal Suffrage has been tried in the crucible of experiment and proved a success. Saloons and bawdy houses are unknown. The effect of woman's enfranchisement will be the same all over the country. No wonder some men behold with fear and trembling the crumbling away of long established usurpations and the ushering in of an era when better morals will prevail.

Especially in this great New Northwest has the good work advanced with giant strides. 'Tis but little more than a year since the NEW NORTHWEST embarked upon the sea of journalism, its grand object being to save poor shipwrecked man's rights advocates and bring them to the smiling port of Human Rights. And we rejoice to say that many have been rescued, and still the good work goes bravely on. Thousands who one year ago were so encrusted by the scales of prejudice as to be almost impervious to the reception of the truth have since seen the error of their ways, gladly embraced the glorious gospel of Human Equality and been saved.

In short, from all quarters of our country come good tidings of great joy, and even from Europe and the islands of the sea we hear encouraging news.

Yet a little longer and success, grand, glorious and complete, will crown the heroic efforts of the noble men and women who are bravely carrying on the campaign against superstition and bigotry.

TIMID SOULS.

There are, in almost every community, a class of timid souls whose sentiments and convictions are in favor of reform, but who, from motives of policy, never espouse an unpopular cause. Notably is the Republican party, whose present leaders were Douglas Democrats at the breaking out of the Rebellion, an instance of this kind. The founders of that party—the men who in 1856 and 1860 led the Republican column—are now, many of them, read out of the party, and others have left of their own accord.

But we did not set out to write a disquisition upon the Republican party, but have only referred to it for sake of illustration. As has been the case with that party, so undoubtedly it is and will be with the cause of Human Rights. Many a man is willing enough to acknowledge to us in private that he is a Woman Suffragist, but adds: "Don't let it be known, as I am a candidate for office, and it might spoil my chances for election." Out upon such moral cowardice! The candidate who is afraid to avow the principles he believes in and the views he entertains, not caring who may oppose, is unworthy the support of any true American citizen. We give these political trimmers timely notice that our support cannot be won, as some of them seem to suppose, by any such course of action. They who are not for the cause are against it. A luke-warm friend does as much injury as an enemy, and oftentimes more.

GRAND CONCERT.

Just think of Sixteen Thousand people all singing at once! Why, it's enough to make one's head swim! Yet that's the way they're doing the thing in Boston. The dispatches state that Old Hundred—the grand old tune!—was the first piece sung. How gloriously it must have sounded, welling forth from sixteen thousand throats!

DON'T LIKE IT.

Our contemporary of the *Oregonian* don't like the "woman resolution" in the National Republican Platform. He thinks it is too non-committal. In our unsophistocated ignorance we had supposed that that was the very reason he would like it—it is so like his own position on the question.

ENTERPRISING.

The Nevada ladies are trying their hands at mining stock operations, and many of them have made fortunes recently.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, Mass., May 29th, 1872.

DEAR NEW NORTHWEST:

The various and numerous labor leagues were upon a strike during my two weeks' sojourn in New York, and they, being composed of the voting or influential element of American society, attracted so much attention that it was difficult to awaken the people, and impossible to interest the newspapers, upon any other topic than the "eight hour law and the rights of the working *men*." Consequently, though I held some very profitable and pleasant meetings in the city, and made many powerful and influential friends, scarcely a ripple was made upon the surface of newspaperdom, and without such ripples to cause me to get up stump-speaking steam, I never feel that I make a public effort worthy of my constituency, myself or womanhood. But my meetings were well appreciated, as the long line of subscribers' names enclosed bears witness.

Although the Woman Movement seems comparatively inert in the great Gotham—which a Chinaman many years ago appropriately dubbed "the city of the thousand smells"—I have found it to contain many ardent, enthusiastic supporters of staunch Republican principles, which I interpret to mean that "taxation without representation is tyranny;" and if any Oregon reader doubts that *they* so understand them, let such go to New York, as I did, and become acquainted with the leading men and women there who are earnestly struggling for the emancipation of women.

But if I found the newspapers apathetic, and the majority of the citizens so absorbed in money getting as to have no time to devote to the great issues that form the very basis of our idea of Government, I was agreeably disappointed upon arriving in Boston and repairing to Tremont Temple to find a large, enthusiastic gathering of men and women, famous in the political history of the Government, and noted for their love of justice and equality, while the vast building was thronged by thoughtful, earnest listeners to the gospel of glad tidings of the great joy that shall be to all people when the great idea of sexual equality, for which we are struggling, shall have become a living fact.

William Lloyd Garrison, with his clear voice, commanding form and inspired eye; Rev. Freeman Clarke, the eloquent and whole-souled preacher, who dares to tell the truth and has force of character sufficient to make the truth popular; Rev. Stephen Foster, husband of Abby Kelly, whom I little thought I should meet at this time, when I, a few weeks ago, became his champion and hers when they were publicly assailed in far off Oregon—a noble, earnest, conscientious man, whose noble wife poor preacher Colwell would not dare attack did not many thousand miles of distance separate him from his righteous indignation; H. B. Blackwell, husband of Lucy Stone, and one of the editorial staff on the *Woman's Journal;* Lucy Stone herself, vivacious, logical and shrewd, whose every little speech was applauded to the echo; Ada Bowles, the gentle and elequent; Mary A. Livermore, the magnificent woman and popular orator, and a number of other speakers, whose names I fail to remember, made a galaxy of workers whose strength may be very accurately estimated by the immense audiences which thronged the Temple night and day at the Anniversary meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association. Let anybody who presumes to say that the Woman Movement has no strength in the East visit Boston during Anniversary week and note the immense brain power that both drives and ballasts it.

To stand upon such a platform, and address such an audience, is enough to inspire a person with less electrical *vim* than myself; and if the impromptu address I there delivered was one of the best I ever had the pleasure of making, let the NEW NORTHWEST readers accord due glory to the inspiration of the occasion. There are many symptoms of rabid Oregon fever reported among Tremont Temple patients to-day.

What with canvassing, making acquaintances, traveling and sight seeing, I fail to find the time to keep my readers posted as to many particulars, concerning which I would dearly love to write; but the *facts* will *keep*, and when I am home again you shall hear all about them.

The Woodhull farce is working itself out very rapidly. On account her of professed extraordinary mediumship, many honest and zealous Spiritualists in the rural districts have flocked to her standard, attracted in great measure by her able and fearless, though singularly obnoxious journal, for which she does not write; and in which the enthusiastic zealots, Communists and Pantarchists of the age find vent for theories which would not be tolerated were it not that they come professedly from the lips and pen of a woman. But it is a great mistake to suppose that Spiritualists as a body have faith in Victoria Woodhull. With the exception of the leaders above cited, who are not considered "orthodox" with the masses, she is looked upon as not only an ambitious enthusiast, but a victim of unscrupulous men, who use her wonderful powers of magnetism to compass Utopian schemes of revolution in social and political life.

The vast wealth of the Woodhull, of which we have heard so much, originated in the imagination of Saint Theodore when he was under the glamour of Demosthenes. Victoria and Tennie have been compelled to abandon their broker's office, I am told, for non-payment of rent; and the *Weekly*, which has been gratuitously circulated from Maine to Oregon, has gone into the hands of a joint stock company, who are soliciting money upon certain "bonds" for its financial support, and to pay house rent and other expenses of the Presidential nominee and her vast retinue of hangers-on. I have not learned of these matters through the revelations of Christians, who may be prejudiced against the "nominee" because of her religious belief, but have gathered items from Spiritualists of position and culture, who, not having sufficient power to stay the enthusiasm of excited Communists, have quietly given active work for Woman Suffrage the go-by for the present, while they confidently look for better days.

There is no denying that Victoria and her followers are terribly in earnest, and as all agitation causes investigation, and as her *furore* will awaken a demand for Woman Suffrage among the rabble whom none but herself and retinue can reach, I rejoice in her mission and bid her God speed in her labors. In the abstract, ten thousand of her theories are correct, and though the day may be far distant when humanity shall become sufficiently elevated to be a law unto itself, *it is coming on apace*. Let Victoria dig in social mire; let her tear off the scabs which cover social rottenness; let her lay bare the secret social vices of the genus masculine; and let her do this work in a way that best suiteth her. We who, never having been dragged through such social mire as she confesses to have endured, must work in our own way; and though, by the enthusiasm and folly of herself and coworkers, she foiled the purpose of clear-headed politicians in the Steinway Convention, the platform of the so-called "party" is in many respects just what the people not only want, but will some day obtain.

The American Woman Suffrage Association has decided to work against every politician of whatever party, every candidate of whatever convention, that is opposed to Woman Suffrage. They boast that they defeated Harvey Jewell, candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, and that their only cause of hostility was his opposition to woman's enfranchisement. I boasted that we would defeat the Chappaqua philosopher for the same reason; others decided to defeat Grant or make him come to terms; and we *all* decided that if Philadelphia ignores or snubs us, Baltimore shall receive our attention; and if Baltimore and the Democrats shall fail to accept their last opportunity for political regeneration, we'll call a Pacific Slope Convention and nominate some man who shall be worthy of the support of the people.

LABOR STRIKES.

The telegraph brings reports of immense strikes in New York City in nearly every department of labor. Wendell Phillips a short time since very appropriately said that New York was but Paris in a quiescent state, and that the Communist mob was a likely result of conflict between labor and capital in America as well as France. And, indeed, when one reads of the police scattering angry and threatening crowds of horny-handed and strong-muscled toilers, it would not be surprising to read of deeds of violence, bloodshed, rapine and plunder in consequence. Fortunately, however, the American impulse is not so quick and fiery as the French, else long ago would the oppressed, down-trodden and ignorant working masses of New York have made the streets of the great American metropolis run blood.

This conflict between capital and labor is by no means a strange one. The mass of the working people of New York labor on from year to year for a pitiful allowance barely sufficient to meet the necessary expenses of life, while their employers are continually growing rich and prosperous—"the rich growing richer and the poor poorer." Ignorance and crime are the consequent results, and it is no wonder that every year so many are added to the ranks of law-breakers and criminals.

The correction of this state of affairs lies with the capitalists themselves. If they continue to oppress the working masses as they have done and are now doing, there will surely come, sooner or later, a day of mad vengeance and terrible retribution.

MRS. M. P. SAWTELLE.

This lady has just returned from the East, where, after graduating at the Bellevue Medical College, she turned her attention toward inducing women to immigrate to Oregon, Washington and Idaho. And to pave the way and offer inducements and encouragement for such immigration Mrs. Sawtelle went to Washington for the purpose of getting through Congress, if possible, a bill giving women the same homestead rights as men, or even better, if obtainable. Her efforts were so far successful that a bill for the purpose, which we published some time since, has been introduced in Congress and will undoubtedly pass at the next session, it having, in all probability, been introduced too late for any action to be taken at the last session.

Mrs. Sawtelle intends residing at Klamath Lake, to which point she has induced quite a colony from the Eastern States, which will probably arrive this summer or next fall, to permanently locate.

Personally, Mrs. Sawtelle is well pleased with her Eastern visit, and we never saw her in better spirits than when in our sanctum last Sunday. A life of honor and usefulness, already indeed begun, lies before her. May success ever attend her.

OBSCENE PUBLICATIONS.

Certain newsdealers in Portland from week to week exhibit to the public gaze through the medium of their shop windows obscene pictorial newspapers of the most disgusting character. No lady can enter such a place without being virtually insulted by the base caricatures of her sex. And yet these same newsdealers expect the patronage of ladies!

The greatest evil, however, that these licentious and immoral publications exert is their influence on the minds of the young. Who can witness boys taking their first lessons in blackguardism and obscenity at one of these places and not feel a pang for the young and innocent minds being turned astray from the path of virtue and filled with all manner of moral uncleanness? As the twig's inclined, so will the tree grow; and these vendors of licentious journalism are bending the twig of many a beautiful mind, growing straight toward happiness and Heaven, so that it will become dwarfed and crooked and sensual.

One thing is sure: When women get the ballot they will abate all such nuisances.

"PATIENCE PHILANTHROPY" INDITETH A LETTER.

BIZINESS CORNER,
Umatilla county, Oregon,
June 5, 1872.

I beleave I giv you all of the facts of importunce which I was fortunate enough to pick up durin my visit to neighbor Marks'.

Well, the next mornin, after the airth had been nicely aired, an all natur was a-rejoicin, I set out on my tower agin, a-rejoicin also. It was a lovely road over the foot-hills that I had to travel, but the curlews hovered around me and screamed their delight in my ears, an, although their singin wasn't quite as plesant as the meadow lark's, an sich like birds, yet they did a mighty site of good, as they kep me from bein' lonesome an skeery like, an the prarie dogs giv me a friendly greetin as I passed their towns, an their wise companions, the owls, stared at me as if they fully apreciated the importunce of my undertakin, an afore I had time to think of the loneliness of my situation I was right at Mr. Hall's gate, an a-feastin my eyes on as fine a farm as can be perduced in this valley, an that is sayin a good deal, for that farmer must be powerful weak, both in mind an body, that can't have a farm here a leetle better than most anywhar. Well, I opened the gate and went in, an right thar, a-leanin on his hoe, an admirin his persessions, stood farmer Hall, in the midst of a patch of taters. I thought as how he'd better be a hoin, fur the weeds war rather gettin the advantage, but says I to myself, probably he'll fix that all up in time, fur I see everything else is in mighty good order. But I hadn't much time fur observin an soliloquizing, fur the squeak of the gate caused him to look round and diskover who'd come.

"Why, how d'ye do, aunt Patience?" says he. "You're quite a stranger in these parts. The old woman'll be mighty glad to see ye."

"Yes," says I, "I hain't been round much lately. Spose the folks are all enjoyin good health."

"Well, they're about so so. I'll go in with ye an rest awhile. I think a good deal of that feller who said, 'All work an no play makes Jack a dull boy.'"

I didn't say anthing to that remark of his'n, but begun to be afeared he was a leetle lazy.

Now, the house wasn't very close to the road, so we had considerable time fur conversation afore we got thar. You see water ain't to be found everywhar in this valley; consequently the people have to build their houses sometimes nigh onto the centre of their farms, in order to get near their wells, which ain't no bad plan after all, as there is a mighty sight of dust arisin in the roads here durin the summer season.

"I see you have a head fur biziness, Mr. Hall," said I, as I took a prolonged look over the farm.

"Well, perhaps I have," said he, "but I let the old woman do all the plannin, and everything comes out so well that I begin to take some interest in agricultur myself. You see I had to work mighty hard fur a long time to get things started, an it didn't suit me a bit. Farmin didn't seem to be my fort, neither, an I couldn't see any beauty in it, but she worked with me an encouraged me till the beauty begun to show itself so plainly that anybody could see it, an now I flatter myself that I'm a purty good farmer. Then the boys are a mighty sight of help since they was able to handle the hoe, an we make 'em work, I can tell ye."

"Pears to me as how your wife would have very little time fur work out of doors, after doin the housework fur her large family."

"I don't know how she manages to do it, but workin's her fort, ye see, an she's never contented unless always on the go."

"Why, bless my eyes! if here ain't aunt Patience, soul and body!" exclaimed Mrs. Hall, as she came to the door after a bucket of water. "You look tired. Come right in an rest your hands and feet," an she fairly dragged me into the house an sot me down in her big arm chair, which was proper comfortable after my long walk, I can tell you.

"Well, I'm nearly done out, I believe," replied I. "Fact is, I've been powerful weak ever since that air sick spell I had this spring, you know."

"No, I didn't know you'd been sick lately. What was the matter?"

"Confusion of the brain, or suthin like il. I don't know as that was jest what the doctor called it, but it suits the case better'n anything else I ken think of."

"You have been workin too hard perhaps."

"No, I spose it all come of my thinkin so hard lately."

"Thinkin!" ejaculated Mrs. Hall, with rale concern depicted in her comely face. "Why, what has gone wrong with you lately, aunty?"

"Oh, nothin with me in particular, but you know I allus did sympathize with other people in their miseries, an now the wimen's goin crazy, the trouble comes nearer home than ever."

"Oh, is that all?" said Mrs. Hall, a-laughin. "I never trouble myself about crazy people as long as they keep away from me."

"But we've got gals, an if this ere Woman Suffrage biziness ain't put down there's no tellin where it'll lead 'em to."

"That's so," said she. "I don't want any of 'em to come round me with any of their new-fangled ideas, an I'll tell you what's a *fact*, aunt Patience—whenever women vote, an hold offices, an enjoy all the liberties, as they call 'em, that men enjoy, they'll get above the biziness God created 'em fur, has commanded 'em to do, an has given 'em a capacity fur doin—'Liz,' you deserve killin, an I've a good notion to do it, fur standin thar an gapin as though you'd come up yerself an driv a cow inter the bargin, as the sayin is. Thar, take that fur a beginnin!" an she giv her a box on the ear that sent her whirlin, an wakened up her idees generally.

"Liz" was one of her gals, an was old enough to know how to behave, an I reckon she did after that.

Well, the dinner was soon ready, an it was a good one, too—green peas an new taters, an this only the 29th of May.

The children all come rushin in, jest home from school, but they were sent out agin in a twinklin, with orders to wash an comb, an not make their appearance agin until called to dinner, but presently one little four-year-old slipped up to the table behind her mother's elbow, an stood lookin as though she begruded every mouthful that we was eatin. She soon got a word an a blow from her mother, however—but the blow come first—an the child sneaked off like a whipped puppy, an we eat the rest of our dinner in peace, and we took our time fur it, too.

"Joe," says Mrs. Hall, while we were still at the table, "you must keep the boys from school till that tater patch is cleaned out. You know it'll spoil the taters to cultivate them after they're in full bloom."

"Yes, I know," replied Mr. Hall, "but mebby I can weed em out in time, an Bill says he never can get through his Rithmetic if we take him from school so much."

"I know what's the matter," said Mrs. Hall; "he's been kept in school so steady that he's gettin lazy. I tell you twon't do. I'd rather my boys'd have good business habits than all the book larnin in creation."

Then she called the children to dinner. She didn't go to the trouble of washin plates fur 'em, as I've seen some mothers do, but sot 'em right down, an if they growled they got another of them boxins as silenced 'em mighty quick.

"Now stuff yerselves," said she, pilin the vittles on their plates, an takin hold of one little feller's ear, who was lookin sour because they got mixed. "Cram it down, fur, ef you don't, you'll go away hungry, as I am a-goin to wash the dishes in about ten minutes, so as to go into the garden with aunt Patience."

I've stretched my letter out so awful long after tellin you about that ere fact that I will quit right off.

Yours truly,
PATIENCE PHILANTHROPY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Walter C., Portland: It is a peculiar and delicate case, and we would not presume to advise you. Avoid giving offense to the young lady, if possible, in your endeavors to set the matter right. In all probability the representations of third parties have done much to aggravate the case.

Minnie W., Springfield, Ill.: *Willamette* is the generally accepted pronunciation of our beautiful river.

"Carrie:" Never mind. You will live over this trouble and look back and wonder why you were so foolish. In the meantime remember that there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

"Matilda:" Your understanding of the matter is correct.

F. M., San Francisco: Cannot inform you.

Mary E.: Yes.

Co-Education of the Sexes.

Whether or not, says the New York *Independent*, it would be safe for a woman to go to college with her brother and sweetheart; whether it would not make her sweetheart and her brother lazy or lackadaisical or effeminate, and whether it would not make her coarse and unladylike; whether she could endure the physical strain of study, and whether it would not lower the standard of scholarship for the young men; whether it would not present facilities for forming attachments that might result in marriage; and whether it might not lower the standard of social morality, and give rise to cases of scandal—all these are questions that have often been discussed and settled, theoretically, a thousand times against the women, by those who knew nothing of the subject. We even had, several years ago, an elaborate report on this matter, deciding against the mixed system, and presented to the Regents of the University of Michigan. The Regents' Committee, desiring to continue the exclusion of women at that time, wrote to a large number of the gentlemen connected with the old monastic institutions of the East, and to a very few others. It was, says President White, as if the Mikado of Japan, contemplating the introduction of railroads and telegraphs, had sent a commission to visit the Chinese Mandarins and get their advice on the matter. Yale and Harvard reported that co-education was not safe—that it would spoil the boys and ruin the girls; as if Harvard and Yale knew anything about it. They had forgotten for the moment their inductive philosophy for that of Duns Scotus and other ante-Baconian dunces. But the Regents got what they wanted—an excuse for delay. A report of a different sort just made to the trustees of Cornell University ought to settle the matter beyond further controversy.

Hon. Henry W. Sage, of Brooklyn, offered to give Cornell University two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, on the sole condition that it would provide for young women an education as complete and thorough as that it gives to young men. Before deciding whether to accept the gift, or, if so, how to expend it, President White and Mr. Sage visited the leading colleges which have introduced the system, and learned the views of their instructors, and by considerable correspondence, mainly with those who had experience of co-education, collected a mass of information of the greatest interest. What report they brought back to the trustees those who have seen the working of the system could very easily guess.

The experience of academies and normal schools ought to be allowed some weight. They stand a grade lower than the colleges, but no lower than the preparatory departments connected with most Western institutions. And their students, being somewhat younger, are of just that most dangerous age when they have hardly learned to understand the necessary reserve between the two sexes. And yet experience is now confessedly and unanimously in favor of the mixed system in these schools. The principals of four normal schools in New York State spoke most unreservedly of the success of the system with them. Says Principal J. W. Armstrong, D. D., of the Fredonia Normal School:

"My observation shows that the morals of students of either sex deteriorate, apparently, in proportion to the rigor of the separation of the sexes. The same is true of their delicacy of feeling, their sense of honor, and their love of truth.

"In all mixed seminaries and academies where social intercourse of the sexes was either forbidden or largely restrained, the ladies lost in prudence, delicacy and truthfulness even faster than the gentlemen.

"For many years my views of school government have been much more liberal than the common practice would justify. In this Normal School I allow, and even encourage, all the freedom of intercourse between the sexes which would be allowed in a well-regulated family. This has been tested for two years. The results are good in the recitation-room, where they mingle as they choose on the seats; in the halls, where they communicate as freely as at home; in the boarding-places, where they have only the same restrictions. They visit, walk and ride out together, out of recitation hours, whenever and wherever they please. The results are, they study better, are more polite, visit far less, walk and ride together far less, than when restrained, and never under imprudent or objectionable circumstances."

President White found that the same laws govern young men and women studying geometry and languages in college as in seminaries. At Oberlin he saw two hundred young men and women dining at the same tables, and a thousand scholars of both sexes reciting together, with no loss of order, propriety and refinement. President Fairchild's judgment was wholly favorable as to the results of this experiment, which has continued for a generation. He estimates the gain to good order to be very great, that morality is promoted, dissipation, which might otherwise be allowed, seeming intolerable when ladies are present; while the presence of brothers and sisters, mutually sensitive as to anything that would degrade each other, is of great value. The girls do not break down in health more frequently than the boys. Of those who have graduated since 1841, one-twelfth of the ladies have died, and one in nine and a half of the young men; though, if allowance were made for those killed in the war, the result would be about the same for the two sexes. That the ladies are not unfitted by their education for the duties of a wife and mother is proved by the fact that, of eighty-four ladies who have taken the college course, only twenty-seven have not married, and of these four died early, and but three have been out of college for six years President Fairchild admits the charge that some matrimonial engagements will be likely to be formed; but he remembers that the majority of such engagements are made at the age when young ladies would be at college; and he is of the impression that they might be made under circumstances less favorable for prudent judgment.

This being a crucial case, we do not dare to dwell on the further testimony, all of which was unanimous. President White and Mr. Sage found that young women had been admitted for four years at the State University of Michigan, and that the scholarship of the sixty ladies was quite equal to that of the gentlemen. In mathematics one of them had carried of the prize for solving a difficult problem, which had been too much for several successive classes. The janitor says that the students are much more quiet and orderly than five years ago, and he has no doubt as to the reason. Accounts equally favorable were heard from Evanston, from the Illinois Industrial University, from Antioch College, and other institutions. Those who had experience in them agreed that the influence on young men and on young women was such as might be expected from following the wise arrangements of Nature in the family, and that the cases of scandal so much feared were much less frequent than in schools governed by strict rules and arranged on the monastic plan.

The question ought now to be considered as settled. Co-education of the sexes has been proved economical, safe and wise. Cornell accepts Mr. Sage's proposal, and within a very few years our old Eastern colleges must follow its example. Which will take the lead? Shall it be Williams, or Amherst, or Harvard?

The Woman's Century.

BY JANE G. DE FROST.

A small, cheap picture hangs on the walls of my cottage home, and, could it not be replaced, I would not exchange it even for a Raphael. Underneath I read, "The Soldier Boy on Duty," and, looking up, meet the smiling blue eyes and beautiful young face of a lad, as he stands proudly leaning on his gun. In the background the stars and stripes are floating from the tent of the commanding officer, and just behind the young hero stands a wide-mouthed cannon, threatening death and destruction to the enemies of the nation. Though he looks cheerful and happy, there is an air of resolution about the "soldier boy;" he will "do or die if necessary."

Not only as a tender remembrance is this simple picture dear to my heart, but also as a perpetual reminder that I, too, should be "on duty." That there are great moral conflicts about me in which a woman's frail hand should strike for justice.

The right of oppressed races are usually secured by the terrible resort to physical strife, but thank Heaven, there is no such dreadful alternative necessary to promote the elevation of woman.

Yes, there must be earnest and aggressive efforts in training the public mind for advance thought and action. Shirking, cowardly souls will do but little for any cause; and none ever needed courageous and determined advocates more than woman's in this *her* country. An enthusiastic self-abnegation and lofty devotion to principles as she places herself "on duty," conquer or "die with the armor on," should characterize every thinking woman who places herself in that noble band who are laboring so zealously for the elevation of her sex.

Thoughtful souls had long felt that this was emphatically the "woman's century" before the bewildered and distressed divine so pathetically exclaimed, "The nineteenth century and the women are upon us."

As Christianity and education have spread their blessed influences abroad over the earth, physical force has gradually been displaced by moral and intellectual power, and woman, so long held in subjection for lack of physical might, is taking her rightful place at the side of her brother. England and America are not alone in their demands that woman shall be educated and made fit to be the *helpmeets* of men. The Oriental nations, who, during the long, dreary ages, have treated woman as but little above the brute creation, are yielding to the influence of the hour. India has her woman's paper, and an educated and talented lady lecturer.

Japan decides that *her* daughters also must be educated, and sends them as pupils to the United States. American women, as missionary physicians, are gaining entrance to those Pagan and Mahommedan homes where the women, viewed solely as human animals, have been kept in strict seclusion. Even in Constantinople, one of the sixteen daily papers there published is the especial champion of woman's rights.

France and Germany throw open the doors of their famous medical colleges to the persecuted daughters of our own land, and various schools are being established for the more thorough training of girls. Italy, too, furnishes her orators and writers among women.

The British Isles, for so many years the center of Christian civilization, seem destined to take the lead in this grand movement of the age; not only by striving to secure equal educational advantages for women, but by placing them in important offices, and giving those women who own property the suffrage in municipal elections. The right to preach has for many years been granted them in some of their churches, and affairs now indicate that Parliament will soon pass laws granting suffrage to women on the same equality with men.

In our own country we can see with greater clearness the remarkable rapidity of woman's advancement. Fifty years ago women were comparatively uneducated. If our revered grandmothers and great-aunts could read, write, and cipher, their education was deemed complete. To-day, our educated ladies are found in the physician's office, the artist's and sculptor's studio, with the mighty pen in their hands, upon the lecturer's platform, at the bookkeeper's desk, before the compositor's frame, and in all our schools. At the beginning of this century women had scarcely any acknowledged rights in the Christian churches; to-day many evangelical bodies give them equal privileges in the prayer and business meetings, and even license them to preach. In 1800, married women had but few rights that "men were bound to respect;" seventy-two years later find very many improvements in the laws and men's interpretation of them. Had women ventured to advocate the extension of the elective franchise to all the citizens of this country without regard to sex when Washington was candidate for the Presidency, they would probably have suffered martyrdom as witches; to-day no class of women in the land are wielding such a power in behalf of woman's progression in all the relations of life as those who advocate her equal political rights. Even if some years elapse before these are attained, the agitation is arousing the public mind and doing much good.

New and more generous views spring up; the traditional inferiority of women is less urged by men of common sense, and broader fields of usefulness are yearly opened for woman's energetic effort. The opposition aroused by this success only tends to increase the zeal of all true reformer's, and many who have striven by falsehood and defamation to injure this cause will find their words rebounding to their own hurt. The action of the Presbytery in the case of Dr. Cuyler will do more to furnish the pulpits of the country with women preachers than years spent in urging their Heaven-born right to labor for the salvation of souls.

"The nineteenth century and the women." Yes, brethren, even so; and in your assumptions and denunciations it would be well for you to pause and consider, "lest haply you be found to fight against God." These signs of the times are no haphazard events, the hand of the Almighty guides and directs them. The religion of Jesus is redeeming woman from the thralldom of ages; and, looking back over the dark night of her degradation and despair, my heart goes up with thankfulness for birth in a Christian land in the nineteenth century, when woman's day is so gloriously dawning.

An elderly lady, who was handling a set of false teeth in a dentist's office and admiring the fluency with which he described them, asked him,

"Can a body eat with them?"

"My dear madam, mastification can be performed by them with a facility rarely equaled by nature herself," responded the doctor.

"Yes, I know; but can a body eat with them?"

The man whose hair turned white in a single night is surpassed by the girl who lost her in one dance.

OUR AGENTS.

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Other parties desiring to act as Agents will please forward their names. We want Agents at every postoffice throughout Oregon and Washington Territory.

Portland Market.

Flour—Extra, $5 75 per barrel; Extra country brands, $5 25@5 50.

Wheat—$1 50@1 75 per cental.

Butter—Fine dairy, 30@35c per pound; ordinary, 20@25c.

Eggs—25c per dozen.