

GRANT AND WILSON.

THE PRESIDENT, U. S. GRANT; FOR VICE PRESIDENT, HENRY WILSON.

While it is true that the great majority of the women of America did not get the man of their choice as nominee for Presidential honors...

Suffragists need expect nothing from the Liberal Republican-Democratic coalition, we give the following resolutions...

Resolved, That accepting the Constitution as it is, with the Fourteenth Amendment declaring all persons born or naturalized in the United States...

Also the following: Democrats who believe that officers should be encouraged to register the names and receive the votes of women citizens equally with men...

Resolved, That the Democratic party, true to its name and original purpose of recognizing the sovereignty of the individual, does now cordially invite the sympathy, labor and votes of all citizens of the United States...

The Republican party is the only one which Woman Suffragists can consistently support in this Presidential election.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20th, 1872.

DEAR NEW NORTHWEST: Leaving Salt Lake City, from which place I last addressed you, after having lectured in Brigham Young's Temple to the Mormon faithful...

I was last night greeted by an immense audience, a fine band of music and any amount of enthusiasm at Platt's Hall, where I spoke for nearly two hours upon "What I know about politics and Horace Greeley."

I hoped to get off to-day on the steamer for home, but business which demands my personal attention prevents, and I must remain a few days longer. I am going for the chances of the Presidential vote, and must work out my mission. The chances are that I shall come back to California to stump the State, but will give Oregon the preference if desired.

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Speaking of the low wages paid to women, here is the statement of a Boston working-girl: "I can relate a case of a linen suit, all be-flounced and fluted, with overskirt and cape to match, made for the sum of sixty-two cents, and it took two days' steady work."

"Ministers preach much against the 'social evil,' which will probably continue while women are obliged to work for thirty-one cents a day, and out of this sum pay rent, provisions, clothing, etc."

Elsewhere will be found a poetic gem, entitled "Memories." Mr. Maybell, the author, may well be proud of this, his latest production. It is above criticism. There are but few to whom the simple yet eloquent words and fond memories will not come home with thrilling effect.

By the way, remember that Mr. Maybell gives a lecture and readings to-night at the Masonic Hall. Having decided to attend the Democratic Convention at Baltimore and make a last effort to have a great national party recognize woman's right to vote, we started West to visit friends of other days, stayed a few days at Tyrone, the same at Cincinnati, and then to Xenia, Ohio, where we passed two days at the Soldier's and Sailor's Orphan's Home.

The Woodmill! won't exchange her paper with ours any more. We feel sad. Ditto "Titon, the timorous." We weep!

A colored man has been elected Bishop of the M. E. Church. Query: Why may not a woman fill the same position?

The New York Herald, which has been claimed for Greeley, still supports Grant.

LETTER FROM LAURA DeFORCE GORDON.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN PENNSYLVANIA—REPUBLICAN PLATFORM AND ITS FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT—MEETING AT LONGWOOD—VISIT TO GRIFFIN'S HOME, XENIA, OHIO—FOR BALTIMORE.

Leaving New York the same morning that the editor of the NEW NORTHWEST left there for the Boston Woman Suffrage Convention, a ride of eight hours over the Pennsylvania Central Railroad brought me to Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, a thriving, pleasantly situated town in the Alleghany Mountains. Owing to delay of letters and failure of telegrams (which are vexatiously common, by the way), much doubt prevailed in regard to the announced meeting, until our arrival at eight o'clock removed it, and about a hundred earnest and intelligent men and women gathered in the hall to hear for the first time a lecture upon Woman Suffrage.

Phillipsburg, one of the most thriving and pleasant villages in all that romantic and picturesque region, is located on the side of a mountain in the Alleghany range at an altitude of about two thousand feet. The people are healthy, mentally vigorous and decidedly progressive. A large audience was in attendance upon the lecture.

From Phillipsburg to Osceola and Charfield—pleasant little towns like Phillipsburg, and situated in the mountains on a branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad—where we lectured one evening at each place, and met with encouraging success, considering the ignorance of the people in all that section of country upon the Woman Question. Subscribers to the NEW NORTHWEST were obtained in each of the above places, which would prove that the interest awakened by our pioneer lectures was not inconsiderable.

All that is needed to be done in Pennsylvania in order to secure to woman the right to vote is the thorough canvassing of the State by some good lecturer, prepared with arguments and printed documents to rouse the people up to a consideration of the question before the State Constitutional Convention, which takes place sometime the coming fall, of which fact not many of those we conversed with upon the subject seemed to be informed, so little interest in political matters is felt by the masses of voters.

Returned to Philadelphia in time to attend the National Republican Convention. Found our noble advocate, Susan B. Anthony, the only one of the large delegation of ladies expected there, on the ground and ready for work. Of course that noble and untiring worker required little assistance, except from men who were members of the Convention, which Miss A. easily secured the first day in the person of Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, of Boston, who presented our request to the Committee on Platform, which was narrowed down to the negative recognition of our rights contained in the 14th plank—"splinter" is more appropriate.

At Tyrone, Pennsylvania, I passed a few days very pleasantly with some friends known years ago as advocates of all that pertains to Human Rights, and who still remain true thereto. Lectured here one evening to good audience. Again journeying eastward, in response to an invitation from friends in Philadelphia, to attend the yearly meeting of Progressive Friends at Longwood, Pennsylvania, we had a "feast of reason," and a season of social and intellectual enjoyment was entered upon and continued unabated through three days. The record of these annual meetings extends through two decades, giving evidence of the devotion of noble men and women to the great principles of Human Progress and Equal Rights. It would be difficult to find as large a proportion of young men and women in any similar society in the country as are to be found in this faithful band of earnest workers. At this, as at all previous meetings, the Friends gave their "testimony" in favor of Peace, Temperance, Woman Suffrage, etc., and excellent speaking characterized the discussions. Mrs. Livermore, of Boston, who was the officially invited speaker for this year (it being her custom to specially invite one lecturer for each annual gathering), was most interesting and entertaining in her remarks. She prefaced her fine lecture on Woman Suffrage with the facetious remark that to talk to the people there assembled in favor of Woman Suffrage was like talking coals to Newcastle, since it would be but repeating their own views; but none could object to hearing their pet doctrines, however hackneyed by constant discussion, presented in so eloquent and charming a manner, even again and again.

Having decided to attend the Democratic Convention at Baltimore and make a last effort to have a great national party recognize woman's right to vote, we started West to visit friends of other days, stayed a few days at Tyrone, the same at Cincinnati, and then to Xenia, Ohio, where we passed two days at the Soldier's and Sailor's Orphan's Home. Mr. Griswold, the Superintendent, and his amiable wife, the matron, and Mrs. Barlow, assistant matron, are all friends to our cause; and the weekly visits of the Boston Woman's Journal are fully appreciated there. Will the NEW NORTHWEST keep it company? Space will not permit a detailed account of the judicious management and wise arrangement of this Home, but in brief will state that the institution is all the word home can convey. The children, girls and boys, of whom there are nearly three hundred, are the healthiest, rosy-cheeked, happy-faced troop of urchins to be seen anywhere. About one hundred of the children left the Home on a visit to relatives or friends during vacation, the last day we remained, and the affectionate leave-takings between the teachers

and matrons and the children were touching in the extreme. The little folks sobbed out their "good-byes" with tears, and their assurances of love for those remaining could not be doubted. The permanent buildings (except three or four cottages) are unfinished, and temporary quarters are now occupied, which renders the labor of the officers and teachers very arduous; but this will end in a few weeks, as the Home is being rapidly completed. In proof of the excellent sanitary condition of the institution, which is evidence of its superior management, is the fact that during its continuance, two years and a half, with from fifty to near three hundred inmates, at present but three deaths have occurred.

From Xenia to St. Louis for a brief visit; thence here, en route to Baltimore. Of its Convention will write you next week.

LAURA DeFORCE GORDON. CINCINNATI, July 5, 1872.

A WORD FOR OREGON.

Some of our Eastern brethren seem to think that our far Western country possesses no attractions that could induce them to give up the glories of Yankee life and be happy, nay, I mean contented, in our faraway paradise. Ah, we know that few who have had a glimpse of Oregon will ever be satisfied elsewhere. Webfoot is a wonderful land even to her children—a bright, beautiful land, filled with birds and flowers, and everything else that goes to make up an Eden. One must certainly be very dull not to appreciate all this loveliness.

Again, our Yankee friends pretend to believe that Oregon is inhabited by the very dregs of creation; that no person of average ability would be guilty of the sin of living in our dear little State. Not long since I picked up a paper, published in Ohio, which gave an account of an outrage committed on some white men by the Indians of the Siletz reservation of Oregon, concluding with the words that it would cause a terrible war, and would very probably end with the extermination of the whites in that portion of the country. Now, isn't this a good joke? And why have we never heard of the threatened danger? What a pity our dear friend was so verand in the history of the West. That's where all the calamities spoken of Oregon arise—with men that are entirely ignorant of the fact that ours is even a civilized State; who seem to think we live in hollow trees, surrounded at all times by a band of howling savages. Now, this is rich, and goes to prove the intelligence of our neighbors. I have lived all the few years of my life in Oregon (and am proud of the honor of being a Webfoot girl), still I have never seen a savage Indian yet. Why is this, if they are so plentiful as our friend seems to think?

Out here our land is better, and our farming is done upon a much larger scale than our New England brethren could deem possible. Our grain grows to a larger size, on account of having men of brains to till the soil, as should be done. That is not all; perhaps our Eastern friends can also boast that. Our soil is richer, much richer, than that of any of the Eastern States. Even though we are so much in advance of our parent States, we will give the emigrants, one and all, that are talking of coming here a cordial welcome, and teach them the value of Western hospitality.

I was almost gone when the latest N. Y. Tribune arrived, and in glancing over its columns I noticed a terrible injustice done Oregon, in the shape of a letter from a fellow signaling himself F. B. Perhaps you noticed it also. If so, you can bear witness to the healthiness of this State against the misrepresentations of this fellow. Where did he go to have the ague in Oregon? I'll tell you—first to one of those low-down whiskey shops—which are the only disgrace that can be cast on the Webfoot; next to some swamp, where he laid down on his two blankets, and experienced a slight touch of snakes running away with him, and arose to find himself in an ague fit of delirium tremens. Oh, shame! Another accusation about while men walking the streets of Portland for want of anything else to do, while Chinamen were employed because of their working cheap. Now, I shall not deny that there are more dandies in Portland than are needed; but let them scatter out and go to some honest employment; there is plenty of it waiting for them at good wages. I know this to be a fact, for here in Benton county I hear almost all of the farmers complaining that they cannot get men at any price. Understand, these gentlemen are most of them from older States, come out here to put on style and be somebody of importance among the Oregonians, and are far too proud to earn their living by the sweat of their brow. Serves them right, say I, to be obliged to come to that.

Again, Mr. E. B., there is another and falser tale than either I have yet spoken of; it is about the climate of Oregon, and about the Oregonians going to the mountains during the awful hot? summer season. The climate is mild—very seldom do we have intense heat or cold. True, we have considerable rain during the winter months, but as to the moss growing so thickly over the house-tops that we have to dig it off, what is that? If, as you say, you have ever visited Oregon, why need you go back to New York with false tales of Webfoot? Sir, do you remember what the Bible says about tale-bearers? Do not think we are dying to have any of your New Yorkers out here; 'tis only for their sakes, not ours, that we are urging them to come. And I think Mrs. Sawtelle deserves great credit for her perseverance; next you may thank Mrs. Dunaway. Both of these ladies have done a great deal for the West. GIPSY.

CORVALLIS, Oregon, July 8, 1872.

Subscribe for the NEW NORTHWEST.

Memories. BY STEPHEN MAYBELL. The busy city lies in dream— Unbroken silence reigns; Its weary hearts and weary heads Obivious to their pains— Its weary hearts and weary heads Obivious to their pains— While I alone the vigil keep, And dream of long ago.

Ant. I haven't leisure. Mag. Why so? Ant. Because I haven't time. Mag. What! Not at leisure to be wise? Ant. No. Mag. Pray what hinders you? Ant. Long prayers, the affairs of my household, hunting, looking after my horses, attending at court.

Ant. I believe not. Mag. This wisdom I learn from books. Ant. I have three score and two monks in my cloister, and you will not see one book in my chamber. Mag. The monks are finely looked after all this while. Ant. I could dispense with books; but I can't bear Latin books.

Ant. Because that tongue is not fit for a woman. Mag. I want to know the reason. Ant. Because it contributes nothing towards the defense of their chastity. Mag. Why, then, do French books that are stuffed with the most trifling novels contribute to chastity? Ant. But there is another reason. Mag. Let it be what it will, tell me it plainly. Ant. They are more secure from the priests, if they do not understand Latin.

THE ABBOT AND LEARNED WOMAN. A certain abbot, paying a visit to a lady, finds her reading Greek and Latin authors. A dispute arises when pleasantness of life proceeds; viz, not from external employments, but from the study of wisdom.

ANTONIOS—MAGDALA. Ant. What sort of household staff do I see? Mag. Is it not that which is neat? Ant. How neat it is! I can't tell, but I'm sure it is not very becoming either a maid or a matron. Mag. Why so? Ant. Because here are books lying about everywhere. Mag. What have you lived to this age, and are both an abbot and a courtier, and never saw any books in a lady's apartment?

Ant. Why, I have seen books, but they were French; but here I see Greek and Latin ones. Mag. Why are there no other books but French ones that teach wisdom? Ant. But I suppose that ladies have something that is diverting to pass away their leisure hours. Mag. Must not ladies be wise and live pleasantly? Ant. You've not improperly come to being wise and living pleasantly together. Women have nothing to do with wisdom; pleasure is ladies' business.

Ant. Ought not every one to live well? Mag. I am of opinion they ought so to do. Mag. Well, can anybody live a pleasant life that does not live a good life? Ant. No, rather, how can anybody live a pleasant life that does not live a good life? Mag. Why, then, do you approve of living ill, if it be but pleasantly? Ant. I am of opinion that they live a good life that live pleasantly.

Ant. I don't inquire what you take most delight in, but what is it that you ought to be most delighted in? Ant. I would not have my monks mind books much. Mag. But my husband approves very well of it. But what reason have you why you would not have your monks bookish? Ant. Because I find they are not so obedient; they answer again out of the decrees and decretals, out of Peter and Paul.

Ant. Why, then, do you command them the contrary to what Peter and Paul did? Ant. I can't tell what they teach; but I can't endure a monk that answers again. Now would I have any of my monks wiser than I am myself. Mag. You might prevent that well enough, if you did but lay yourself out to get as much wisdom as you can.

preach in the churches, and take position of your mitres. Ant. God forbid. Mag. Nay, it is your business to forbear. For, if you hold on as you have begun, even so themselves will preach before they'll endure your dumb pastors. You see the world is turned upside down, and you must either lay aside your dress, or perform your part. Ant. How came it to fall into this woman's company? If you'll come to see me, I'll treat you more pleasantly. Mag. After what manner? Ant. Why, we'll dance, and drink heartily, and hunt, and play at lagash. Mag. I can hardly forbear laughing now.

The above was taken from the Colloquies of Erasmus, published in Latin, 1622 A. D. Balloy's English translation, London, 1755 A. D. The daughters of Sir Thomas Moore.

A SWORD WHICH CUTS ON ALL SIDES. The following is a part of a letter written by Mr. Wendell Phillips on the canvass:

"You know that I am neither a Republican or a Grant man. Whom shall I vote for, or whether shall I vote at all, I do not know. But certainly as against Greeley, I am for Grant. We have had one Andy Johnson; Greeley will run the risk of another in Horace Greeley. I want a man with some decided principles; Greeley never had any. Besides, I consider Greeley a secession candidate. I believe the plot to nominate him was hatched by some of the white rebels more than a year ago, and has been mainly nursed by them. I advise any one who means to vote for him to find out first what agreements have been made by Mr. Greeley's friends with Jeff. Davis and his staff as to office and patronage. I am perfectly certain that there is a distinct mutual understanding, if not a positive contract between them."

"For a loyal administration, to protect the negro, aye, and the rebel and give the working men a chance, Grant's little finger is worth a baker's dozen of Greeley's." WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The Tides of Puget Sound. While the tides on the Atlantic slope ebb and flow twice each day, but a slight difference between the two successive high and low waters occurring before and after noon, those of the Pacific, flowing twice a day also, vary considerably in height, and the interval between the recurrence of high and low water are irregular. Shoaling bottoms and the configuration of the Pacific Coast line, no doubt, cause this marked difference. It is not, however, as is generally supposed, a scientific research—usually two each day, sometimes only one, and occasionally scarcely any perceptible ebb or flow. Tide tables, with the exception of giving information as to the exact time of the highest and lowest water, gotten up for this arm of the sea, would afford about as much exact knowledge of the magnitude and time of the tides at any given place, as any tide table in existence. The predictions contained in a comic almanac of the changes in the weather.

However anomalous the tides may be, though, in their periodical returns and manner of occurring, the tides of the Sound are but slightly in excess on an average with the rise and fall at the principal ports in the State of Massachusetts, and not so great as at Cherbourg and Brest in France, and London docks, in England; and nowhere at any of the Sound ports are there, as has been supposed by many before contained here, such rapid risings and fallings of the tide, or such tidal currents as render it unsafe for the highest and lowest vessels to lay at anchor—neither would there be when the strongest tidal current, at least at this port, does not exceed one mile and a half per hour.

The extreme difference between the highest rise and lowest fall of the waters at the following ports on the east side of the Sound, during the Spring Tides, is as follows: Olympia, 2 feet (Meeker puts it as low as 21 feet); Shelton, 19 to 20; Tacoma, 15 to 19; Seattle, 18; Mukilteo, 15; Bellingham Bay, 12; and Smithsound Bay, 15. Such extreme difference is infrequent, however, and during the Neap Tides, the difference is much more reduced. It will also be noticed that, as we follow the above coast line up the Sound, the height of the tide slowly increases, and that the interval between the highest rise and lowest fall of the waters at the following ports on the east side of the Sound, during the Spring Tides, is as follows: Olympia, 2 feet (Meeker puts it as low as 21 feet); Shelton, 19 to 20; Tacoma, 15 to 19; Seattle, 18; Mukilteo, 15; Bellingham Bay, 12; and Smithsound Bay, 15.

ONCE AS GOOD AS THE OTHER.—Talk about the changeable character of woman! Present her moods and phases in all their variegated hues, and then turn to find their corresponding colors in every slightest tinge and shade in man. True as gospel, moon as equally as changeable as woman. If the time ever comes when women cease to be an interesting target for men's sarcasm, ridicule and false charges of inconsistency, fickleness, gossip, frivolity, vanity, coquetry, etc., there will be a dearth of topics among them. Certainly they cannot then turn to the contemplation of their own idiosyncrasies, peculiarities, weaknesses and faults. In woman they have exhausted the subject. A truce to charges and counter-charges. Men and women are just as good as anybody else, and neither are as good as they should be.—Elin Orton.