

A tribute to my State I bring, A sunbeam snatched from Father's bright wing...

An Eden thou dost proudly stand; Vest and Oeres clasp thy hand; Thou art by fragrant poplars framed...

Thy fertile vales are herdsman's pride; The huntsman's joy thy green hillside; O'er Cascade rocks thy wild waves ride...

Thy sentinels are far exalted; St. Helena, Hood and Rainier old; Their armor gleams with burnished gold...

By Nature thus profusely bless'd, Thy suns are true in thy latest; Night is sustained and broad oppress'd...

SONORA HEWITT.

BY MRS. SONORA HEWITT.

(Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Mrs. Sonora Hewitt, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.)

CHAPTER XI. CATERING TO A WIFE'S ADVENTURES.

With the early morning came the importunities of Catherine de Mida's friends urging her to relate her adventures...

"No doubt you were all greatly surprised when you heard of my appearance in your midst, but scarcely more so than I was at finding myself here, for I had fully made up my mind when I left never to return."

"The last you saw of me I disappeared in the forest, after feeling fully assured that the wretch who had been the bane of my life had ceased to breathe."

"As soon as all was quiet, and before the moon had risen, Norman, whose strength returned fast now that hope revived, soon managed to get the cords that bound him."

"Here tears choked her words, and resting her head upon her hands, Catherine remained so quiet that had it not been for a deep-drawn sigh they might have supposed her dead."

"Will you not consent to remain with us, dear friend? Nothing shall be wanting to make you happy. Let me be a daughter to you. All are as urgent in this matter as myself."

"For our child's sake say you will remain. Let me add my persuasions also," said Mrs. Hewitt, who until this moment had seemed to be deeply absorbed with her own thoughts.

"How often in the weary pilgrimage of life would we droop and languish were it not for hope. When utterly depressed for the want of strength to endure, and almost yielding to fate, be what it may, does this become rise up before us in all her glory and whisper, 'With me for your anchor, press onward, and I will help you through.'"

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of Baton Rouge. He at once proceeded to a little cottage by the road-side, where he was kindly received, after first stating that he had been wounded by some unknown assassin.

"Having thus far related Norman's escape, I must now go back to myself. After running a distance of nearly a mile, I at length fell, completely overcome with excitement and fatigue."

"Why, Rissey, what has happened to cause you to look so very brilliant today?" inquired her young mistress.

"Oh, mamma! Bress your heart! I bet I can make dem purty cheeks turn red, he! he!" and with a malicious look she drew a letter postmarked D—

"My own loved one!—With feelings of pleasure, which ever expand the heart when writing to those whom we sincerely love, do I pen these lines to you."

"I walked boldly forward, opened the door without ceremony, and stood face to face again with one whom I was fated to encounter. Tottering to his feet he attempted to speak, but the excitement and fear of my presence was too much for his weak frame, and he fell his full length upon the floor, while the life-blood oozed fresh from the old wound I had made months before."

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ing you so much unnecessary distress. It is not often I indulge my feelings nor allow them to gain the mastery. As much as I thank you for all your well-meant offers, still I feel none the less grateful when I say I cannot accept them."

"That afternoon Sonora and Adele were preparing for a visit to Blanche, when Rissey came bounding up the stairs, her face covered with smiles and looking uncommonly significant."

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Marriage vs. Free Love.

MRS. LIVERMORE'S LECTURE IN BOSTON—WHAT SHE THINKS OF FREE LOVE ADVOCATES.

The fourth lecture in the lyceum course was delivered last evening by Mrs. Livermore, and entitled "Marriage vs. Free Love." It was made up of a series of very strong and pure ideal attacks upon free love and its principal feminine apostles in this country, and was, it is needless to say, very interesting and graceful.

Livermore said that in looking about among young people she wondered that there was as much happiness as existed, and took occasion to say, by way of parenthesis, that she did not believe that there was any happiness in married life than out of it, but rather the reverse, and drew an extremely funny, although truthful, picture of the average courtesan of a young couple who meet in society, fall in love and marry.

Most divorces are granted at the request of wives, and the grounds upon which they are demanded are drunkenness, free divorce she thought worse than free love. Mrs. Livermore spoke at some length of the most notable error which follows the sowing of wild oats, and declared her belief that there was no safety for young men until they were married to a woman of temperance, purity and industry.

She declared that the assertion of Mrs. Woodhull, that free love and female suffrage were identical, was utterly false. Free divorce she thought worse than free love. Mrs. Livermore spoke at some length of the most notable error which follows the sowing of wild oats, and declared her belief that there was no safety for young men until they were married to a woman of temperance, purity and industry.

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Pleasures of an Ocean Voyage.

I have listened in my time, with more or less pleasure, to the very rollicking songs about the sea, the flashing brine, the spray, the tempest's roar, the wet sheet and the flowing sea, a life on the ocean wave, and all the rest of it.

To lie on the deck when the sun shines, and swing up and down, while the waves run lither and dither, and toss their white caps, is all well enough; to lie in your narrow berth and roll from side to side all the night long; to walk up hill to your stateroom door, and when you get there, find you have got to the door in the hall, and opening the door is like lifting up a door in the floor; to deliberately start for some object, and before you know it, to be flying against it like a bag of sand; to attempt to sit down on your sofa, and find you are sitting up; to slip and slide and grasp at everything within reach, and meet everybody leaning and walking on a plank, as if a heavy wind were blowing, and the laws of gravitation were reversed; to lie in your berth, and hear all the dishes on the cabin table gossipping against the wall in a general snarl, to sit at the table holding your spoon with one hand, and watching for a chance to put your spoon in your mouth, it comes high tide on your side of the dish; to vigilantly watch the lurch of the heavy dishes while holding your glass and your plate and your knife and fork, and not to notice it when Brown, who sits next you, gets the whole wash of the gravy from the roast-beef dish on his light-colored pantaloons, and see the look of dismay that only Brown can assume on such an occasion, to see that Mrs. Brown, on advancing to the table, suddenly stops and hesitates, two waiters rush at her, with whom she struggles wildly, or, only to go down in a heap with their diamonds and lace, and see her partially recover, but only to shoot back again through her stateroom door, and be seen no more—all this is quite pleasant and refreshing, if you are tired of land, but not quite enough of it, in a couple of weeks.—Sauterings by C. D. Warner.

A lady correspondent of the Boston Herald writing from Washington, D. C., says: And there is nothing more tame and utterly insane, destitute of all human interest, than "good society." Look at their dinners, the fashionable watering places, and see how, nominally in the pursuit of pleasure, it scorns the object in view. It is too aristocratic to dance, to laugh, to talk with animation. It drives, it dresses, it eats, it watches others dancing or enjoying themselves, and despises them for being capable of underebbed excitement. Of all the people in the world these immensely rich members of good society are the most to be pitied. They have no true interest, and they are moderately rich have one object in life, to wit: The desire to appear richer than they are; but those who have plenty have nothing to do but to take care of their diamonds, pendents, rings, and a care these, especially the first, become to their owners. They must be eternally kept about the person. An owner of diamonds to the amount of thousands has to have the representative of fortune, an attendant, wherever he goes to see his pricks if you dare." The bracelets, when they must not be shown, are clasped on the arm under the sleeves, and the brooches, pendants, rings, and head ornaments are in a muslin bag depending from the waist. It is a heavy case, is it not?

REASONS WHY AMERICAN WOMEN ARE DEFEATED.—Another reason of the delinquency of our women is the far greater style affected by all classes in dress, and the wearing of corsets during early youth. Naturally, if she has attained a full and fine physical development, tight corsets, heavy skirts, close-fitting boots and weighty chignons cannot injure to the same extent as when these appliances of fashion are put upon the soft and yielding members of a young and growing girl. The noble ladies of England exercise many hours daily in the open air. They do not disdain to don heavy calf-skin shoes and colored petticoats, in which to perform their duty. This, of course, would not alone make them as healthy as they are, were not their constitution strengthened by a proper physical education before they are eighteen years of age; but it suffices to retain them in a good degree of health. Our fair Americans, early in the day, attire themselves in charming morning costumes, with white skirts, and then they are averse to soiling these by exercise, and the least duty parted from them from a promenade. American ladies think far more of dress and fashion, and spend more money and time on their toilets, than any women in Europe, not even excepting the French, from whom all our fashions come.—Galaxy.

WOMAN'S GROWTH.—There is a period in the early life of every true woman, when moral and intellectual growth seems to have time to cease. The intellect, having appropriated ailment requisite to growth of the uncrowned feminine nature, feels the necessity of more intimate companionship with the more mature. It starts it on its second period of development. Here, at this point, some stand for years without making a step in advance. Others, however, in a few brief years, but not even excepting the whole man. And the more he is, the more strong and bright and free, the more thorough is his enlightenment. We to such one if he falls into the hands of a weak, a frivolous, or an unworthy owner. Joy to him if his proprietor be a large-natured woman; for then his completest thrill is most exalted and divine freedom.

A prospective New York bride has ordered a tresson of twenty dresses from Paris. The wedding dress is now in the loom at Lyons, is of white satin, and will cost \$15 dollars a year. It will be covered with exquisite point lace, also made to order.

Mrs. Swan, of Council Bluffs, lighted her fire with kerosene, leaving a husband and one child.

One-half of the false hair worn by American women comes from prisons and lunatic asylums.

Commercial Honors.

Two centuries ago it was thought a great insult in the Highlands of Scotland to ask a note from a debtor. It was considered the same as saying, "I doubt your honor." If parties had small business matters to transact together, they stepped out into the open air, fixed their eyes on the heavens, and each repeated his obligation with no mortal witness. A mark was then carved in some rock or tree near by to be a remembrance of the compact. Such a thing as a breach of contract, we are told, was then very rarely met with, so highly did the people regard their honor, and so truly did they fear him beneath whose eye they performed such acts.

When the march of improvement brought in the new mode of doing business, they were often pained by these innovations. An anecdote is handed down of a farmer who had been to the Lowlands and learned something of the gold on his library table. This done, the farmer took a pen and wrote a receipt and offered it to the gentleman.

"What is this, man?" cried Mr. Stewart, sternly eyeing the slip of paper. "It's a receipt, sir, binding me to give you back your gold at the right time," replied Sandy.

"Hindling ye? Well, my man, if ye canna trust yerself, ye canna trust me, ye canna trust ye! Ye canna ha your gold, and gathering it up, he put it back in his desk and turned his key on it.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the canny Scotchman, bringing up an argument in favor of his new wisdom, and my sons might refuse it to you. But the bit o' paper would compel them."

"Compel them to sustain a dead father's honor!" cried the high-minded Scot. "I'll need compelling to do right if this is the road ye leading them! I'll neither trust ye nor them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money! But ye'll find none in this parish that'll put more faith in a bit o' paper than a neighbor's word o' honor, and his fear o' God!"

QUEEN VICTORIA.—When free from the cares of State, nothing can compare to the daily routine of life Queen Victoria leads at Balmoral Castle. She manages her household on very strict principles, the servants rising up to merit—promotion always being held out. For a stupid act one member of the royal household had to wait ten years for promotion. Her Majesty rises at seven, breakfasts at nine, and then attends to despatches and correspondence. Luncheon is at two, after which she takes the air in her carriage. During meals a piper plays in front of the window. She dines at half-past eight, in the library. She is a woman of great simplicity of character. She spends much of her time in Prince Albert's room. She comes quietly into dinner, with her knitting in her hand, and retires early to see her waiting in the morning. In all weathers she is seen abroad. A rainy day does not keep her in; with a water-proof and an umbrella she defies the elements. It is quite a common thing to see her walking on the grounds under a drizzling rain. She is a hardy woman, having no "fine lady" fancies. She dresses consistently with the climate and the weather; and a fresh, comely, sensible-looking lady she is in her comfortable plain jacket and broad-brim straw hat.

MADE HIM PAY.—When Gen. Jackson was President, a heartless clerk in the Treasury Department ran up a great debt to a poor landlady to the amount of \$90, and then turned her off as he did other creditors. She finally went to the President with her complaint, and asked him if he could not compel the clerk to pay the bill.

"He offers his note," she said; "but his note is good for nothing."

"Get his note and bring it to me," said the President.

George Francis Train. A San reporter, who interviewed the next President of America, in his cell at the Tombs, says George Francis, as usual, was very communicative concerning his latest scrape. He said: "On the 2d of November I addressed 10,000 people in Broad street. A few days after that Woodhull and Claflin were arrested. I became satisfied that these innocent women were to be punished to satisfy the morbid sentiments of a cowardly community. I wrote two letters to the press in connection with their arrest. These letters created a furor, and the press, afraid of the public, refused to publish any more of my letters. I was then arrested, and a writ of habeas corpus was issued for my release. I was then arrested, and a writ of habeas corpus was issued for my release. I was then arrested, and a writ of habeas corpus was issued for my release."

A WESTERN TEMPERANCE LECTURE. Billy Ross, a temperance lecturer at Rushville, Ill., was preaching to the young on his favorite theme. He said: "Now, boys, when I ask you a question, you mustn't be afraid to speak right out, but you mustn't be afraid to look all around and see all these fine houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted the boys. "Well, where will your fathers be twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" shouted the boys. "That's right; and who'll own all this property then?"

"The boys," shouted the orator. "Right. Now tell me did you ever, in passing down the streets, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon door, waiting for somebody to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them." "Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" exclaimed the boys. "And who will be the drunkards then?"

"The boys," Billy was thunderstruck for a moment, and recovering himself he said to the boys how to escape such a fate.

A RECIPE FOR BLEACHING NEGROES.—A "scientist" has at last solved the ancient conundrum, "Can an Ethiopian change his skin?" This is the way he proposes to do it: The candidate will be first subjected to a bath of alkaline water. Having been well cleaned, he is placed in a room with a reliable thermometer indicates 120 degrees of Fahrenheit. After fifteen minutes baking, the partially cooked victim is conducted to a bath of chlorine water, at the ordinary temperature. The chlorine has opened all the pores, so that the chlorine flows in and reaches the coloring matter. To keep it in the pores must be closed. To close the pores the subject must be introduced into a cold cellar, where he spends two minutes in absolute agony, but relative bliss, for the next step is to drop his exhausted form into water heated to 150 degrees. With this the pores are closed, and the coloring matter and departs with it, and our colored brother is colored no more.

An obscure vocal student in Milan has doubtless started on the highway to fortune by aid of a most helpful quality known as "cheek." While the King was in the city, recently, she threw her photograph and a petition into his carriage. The petition stated that she was a stranger in Milan, and in debt; that she was told she had abilities, but she had no influence or money to help her to develop them; in fact, she had to pawn her clothes to buy bread. His Majesty, she had heard, was generous, and to him she made her appeal. She did not appeal in vain, for his Majesty, after making inquiries, gave her money enough to redeem her clothes from pawn, and agreed to pay her training during four years at the Paris Conservatoire.

A SHOCK.—A Western editor on entering his office and seeing his apprentice boy cutting some queer papers, called out to him, "Jim, what are you doing on the floor?" "Why, sir, I have had a shock." "A shock?" "Yes, sir," said the boy, gasping, "one of your subscribers came in during your absence, said he owed for two years' subscription, paid for it, and also paid for another year in advance!"

A WORD TO BOYS.—Boys, did you ever think that this world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mines, and its steamships, and its telegraphs, with all its millions of groping men, and all its science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the boys by the boys? Believe it and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession.

Train says some very nice things about the freshness and modesty of the English girls, and one thing especially, that all American mothers should hear, which is as follows: "They love and endure exercise like their brothers; with flowing locks, at six years they ride on horseback and take long walks. Active life in this country strengthens the plebeian temperament, and the heart is kept simple, whilst the body grows healthier."

Cincinnati belles devote Friday to eating onions.