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A Vanished Hope. Sweet with the seeds of the summer, White with the dew and the sun, Wee as the robes of the fairies, She folded them one by one.

ELLEN DOWD, THE FARMER'S WIFE. INTRODUCTION. There is nothing in the line of light literature which is so thoroughly fitted to take strong hold upon the attention of the reading masses, in this day when the Woman Question engrosses so large a share of public thought, as simple tales connected with the lowly walks of life, and the struggles and vicissitudes with which women must contend, and the wrongs they must endure, before they are aroused into the assertion of personal individuality.

Understanding this, and knowing also that this field of literature was almost wholly unoccupied, at least in a practical sense, the author of this story, during the first nine months of the existence of the New Northwest, published "Judith Ried," a hurriedly-written narrative, in which such incidents as presented themselves to her mind while scribbling from week to week, as "copy" was demanded by her printers, were grouped together with very indefinite ideas as to plot or finale.

Our story opens in a rude log cabin in the middle west, where, under the most gloomy and unpropitious circumstances, Ellen Dowd was born. Her father, a thoughtless, easy, good-natured, good-for-nothing animal, met his death by drowning upon the night of her birth; and her mother, a nervous, worn-out, victim of legalized prostitution, and an accompanying destitution and overwork, left the wee orphan and his sisters early the morning dawning, to struggle in bitter poverty and indigence for the means of subsistence.

Aunt Betsey Graham and Dr. Goff, assisted by Ziek Hamilton, a scraggy, uncouth bachelor, assist the children in many ways, and when Sarah, the eldest, arrives at the ripe age of fourteen, Ziek Hamilton marries her, using as an argument in substantiation of his matrimonial claim the fact that he "had helped to bring up the whole lot of 'em."

The children struggle on until Ellen reaches the age of ten, when her grandparents, having learned of the fate of their daughter, who had eloped with Peter Dowd, Ellen's father, twenty years before, seek out their retreat, and taking Ellen to their New England home, resolve to give her the advantages which they failed to bestow upon the daughter because of her elopement. The grandfather becomes a monomaniac upon the subject of Ellen's possible elopement, and compels her to enter into a matrimonial engagement at sixteen with her tutor, an aged intriguer, who takes advantage of the old gentleman's weakness, lends him money on the Shylock plan, and gets him in his power. Ellen, growing desperate, accepts, as the least of two matrimonial evils, the proffer of the hand and heart of her grandfather's hired man, with whom she elopes. By a strange fatality this man proves to be the cousin of her father, Peter Dowd, and in her marriage she retains, or rather recovers, the maiden name which she had given up as prospective heiress of the D'Arcy estate. The young couple migrate to the West, to the old home of Ellen and the

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residence of Ziek Hamilton, the husband of her sister Sarah. They find the brother-in-law living in the same log cabin in which he had first placed his child-wife Sarah, who is now the mother of a large family and dying from overwork and incessant maternity. Peter and Ellen Dowd purchase the early home of Ellen, and the story thus far has followed them, through privation and vicissitude, to the accumulation of lands and flocks and herds, until they are considered rich.

Ellen Dowd is not by any means a pattern saint, but rather a personification of what a woman will deteriorate into when suffering and overwork have demoralized her.

The opening chapter of Part Second introduces new characters, and the heroine is led through many strange experiences. N. B. Subscribers will please take notice that to get this story they must pay up arrears.

A LEAF FROM A DIARY.

I hardly know why, but I feel just like having a good cry to-night. I have such a hungry longing in my heart for love—love such as I have dreamed of all my life, and such as I thought was at one time mine. When my husband and I were married, for a while I was, Oh! so happy, and I thought it would last. Not many years have passed since then, yet I have long since ceased to expect any of the old-time tenderness from him. I know he is not naturally demonstrative, but if he loves me now, as he led me to believe he did in his wooing, I am sure he would tell me so sometimes, or at least show some of it in his actions. He is never unkind, but only so serenely indifferent that it makes my heart ache; and when occasionally some of my loneliness will burst out in words, I am generally met with a jest or laughing reply. The other day as he was preparing to start away to be absent for a day or two, when he kissed our babies good-bye, as is his custom, I asked him if he would not treat me as well as the babies. He laughingly asked me "if I was a baby," and went out without even saying good-bye. Perhaps he thought nothing of it, but it cut me to the heart, and the ever-ready tears sprang to my eyes. I, who used to have such pure and exalted ideas of marriage, to have to beg for a kiss from my husband's lip—and then be refused!

Equality of the Sexes.

Many will remember reading a passage in the writings of J. G. Holland, some years ago, to the effect that when a young man marries, he should seek a wife with greater attainments than his own, as by daily contact with the outside world he would grow stronger, and she would grow weaker as a natural result of her retired domestic life. This, from an earnest opponent of the cause of Woman Suffrage, is an admission that being confined indoors with incessant domestic duties, is a hindrance to mental growth. Yet many urge that woman's world should be her household affairs, and the less she knows about anything outside, the better. That to become interested in the world, and especially in politics, would make women as coarse as men.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

Sorosis, as the reading world is informed by this time, is a Sisterhood, differing from other feminine associations in the respect that it is not religious in the limited sense of the word, nor sectarian, but in a general sense the religious feeling that is rooted in the hearts of all women has promoted the growth of this and probably all female organizations. The corroding dissatisfaction with life vegetating without an object is the almost inevitable lot of single women, unless gaunt hunger compels exertion. Something to strive for, something to do, actively to be utilized, aspirations satisfied—these are such women's needs. To ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate, succor distress, tend the sick, etc., have been allotted such women, as if only the easy details under supervision of privileged managers could be properly performed by a sex, possessing only animal instincts, and according to Spurzheim, "as incapable of reason as a dog."

Titans have been given to the world by mother earth, and proved the worth and power of the female mind, and the recognition of this fact has made the thoughtful enquire why woman should not rank with man in any branch of art, science and literature, if the difference is not radical, but on the surface. This, then, is the mission of Sorosis; into this work the members have thrown their collective strength with disciplined force. The aim is to obtain the right for woman to compete freely with man in all industries where brute force is not the motive power; to remove the barriers that exclude her from enjoying the same privileges accorded to man in the pursuit of a livelihood, and submitting her, after preparatory studies, to the same tests and paying equal wages for her labor. The ladies of Sorosis are the worthy representatives of this idea, embodying an unusual amount of intelligence, education, talent and original genius. Recent accessions have been made to their ranks this year, and only two withdrawals; one a necessity, the other voluntary. On Monday, the 31st ult., the Fifth Anniversary of the Association was celebrated by a midday "dinner," we should call it but for the unusual hour. It was a banquet given in the dining room at DeLeon's, where 150 ladies assembled, (a rare combination of mental and physical attractions, on a festive board, with Miss Emily Faithfull as the orator of the day. It was a scene not soon to be forgotten. A very high order of ability is a distinctive characteristic of the club. Representative women, who have with slender opportunities fought their way to a morsel of fame, not as epicures to a swains triumph as an end, but as a means to achieve an honorable independence. The Hall was tastefully decorated with flowers, the tables set in the form of a double T. Mrs. C. B. Willbower, recently re-elected President for the fourth time presiding, and at the East or Broadway center, supported right and left by Miss Emily Faithfull and Mrs. Hanford; and the Vice President, Miss Kate Hillard, of Brooklyn, on the West or Fifth Avenue center, supported by Mrs. Harland and Miss M. Mitchell. Every sense was destined to be gratified by the liberal management. 150 sweet-scented bouquets, of spring violets and roses, lent fragrance to the air, and at the same time were a source of pleasure to eyes keenly alive to the beauties of nature, as with drooping lids and bowed heads, every ear listened to a few short and appropriate words in which the Rev. Phoebe Hanford invoked a blessing. Then 150 knives and forks were set in motion, and wielded with a vim highly complimentary to the *familiars* of the kitchen. Wit and repartee were shot in volleys, as Nectar and Ambrosia rapidly disappeared, and as the appetites of the divinities were satisfied, the intellectual treat became more spicy. A song and chorus, written by Mrs. M. W. Rasmussen, preceded an eloquent address from the President, strenuously advocating woman's individuality and the right to work out her own salvation, temporal and eternal. Miss Faithfull, at the close of her oration, feelingly alluded to the fact that Sorosis had been first to welcome and lead to extend attentions in a strange land. A humorous parody by Mrs. Merghl, "The Spider and the Fly," the latter typifying the *gens homo*, "who can't come in," read by Anna Handall, Deibel was received with merriment. Mrs. Croly, former President, absent from sickness, was present in thought. Her essay on "Realities" was in her usual pleasant style. Mrs. Weed cleverly responded to the toast, "The Sorosis Dinner," interpreting verbally the hidden feeling of all present. "The Goddesses felt themselves happy in eating." An original "Song to Womanhood and Poetry," was charmingly rendered by Miss Ellen Miles, Sabbath School Superintendent for Mrs. Hanford. Following that lady's neat response to the song was a presentation of \$50 from her Sunday School for the benefit of the Cary Memorial. Miss Fanny Howell's poem, "Winning Women," was very good in style and sentiment, as was also Mrs. Stanton's extremely characteristic speech full of happy hits. Mrs. Poole addressed a few remarks to each of the hon-

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN MICHIGAN.

From the Detroit Daily Press of April 4th. Last night one of the great debates of the session took place in the House. The room was crowded, and among the listeners were over 80 ladies. There was a good deal of joking, and some serious discussion, as will be seen in the following exhibit of the remarks made. The subject was a joint resolution for submitting to the people at the next general election, a Constitutional Amendment granting to women the right to vote. The resolution was made the special order for the evening, and business was practically set on foot by the young Democratic member, Mr. Perry of Oakland, who moved that all after the word "resolved" should be struck out. After some little skirmishing, Mr. Ripley, of Saginaw, opened the discussion. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "I have two or three times set the ball a rolling, and suppose I may as well start it now. I wish chiefly to call your attention to the claim made by Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Hallett, both of whom have argued this question before the Legislature lately. They say that the right to the ballot is a natural right to which women are entitled. I claim that it is not a natural right, it is an artificial mode of exercising an influence to produce a result. It is only a system that has been generally agreed upon among us as a part of the machinery of government. Its working may indeed be controlled by the smallest minority; a measure that passes this House with the whole body of one hundred voting unanimously in its favor, may be defeated by a bare majority of the Senate, numbering 7. If it passes the whole Legislature, it may be declared void by a majority of the Supreme Court, which consists of four men, and it will then rest with only one man to give the casting vote, in case there is a difference among the judges. I wish simply to take the ground that whatever else may be said of it, the franchise is not a 'natural right.' "Mr. Caplis—"I have never given this subject any consideration before this evening, and have never read over the joint resolution—nevertheless I oppose it. Not Mr. Chairman, because of any antagonism to women; on the contrary I admire and love them. [Ironical laughter.] If, sir, the women of America really wished for any privilege that I could give them, I would cheerfully vote to accord it to them. But I think they do not want this right; its exercise by them would alter the estimation in which they are held by the people. And if they themselves, as a body, do not ask it, they are not going to change the laws so as to accommodate the vagaries of a few enthusiasts. I have great respect for the theory—John Stuart Mill, for example, but I believe that in his ideas, that distinguished Englishman is far in advance of his age. It would be better to discuss the matter to the citizens of the State; the female mind itself is not yet educated up to it, although I believe that in the aggregate it is wiser and more intelligent than the women of our time are superior to the men. [Subdued laughter.] If the joint resolution were to be adopted, I think it would show bad faith to choke off the question without giving it a chance. It ought to go before the people. I wish there was some way to submit it to the people. I wish the people were another thing which it might be worth while for us to think of. Our State has led off in some great measures. It was the first to abolish capital punishment, whether wise or foolish. The Republican party that crushed the rebellion was formed under the oaks of Jackson, Michigan was among the first at the front in the war against the South. And now, gentlemen, if this new enterprise should be a success, wouldn't it be a grand thing for Michigan to set it on its feet?" Mr. Bartholomew—"Mr. Chairman, if anything settles this question conclusively it is this extract from the Declaration of Independence: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights.' Now the question is whether men alone are so endowed. Governments, sir, were not instituted for the benefit of one sex alone, but for all human beings alike. Women can have the same right on this declaration, that men can, and can demand of that right. Do you say that they do not want it? Look around on these benches crowded with ladies, and judge whether they are interested or not. There have not been so many women in to hear a discussion before during this session." Mr. Caplis—"I would be willing to lend it to a vote of the ladies present." Mr. Bartholomew—"We couldn't act on a vote from them. If we could, I wouldn't be afraid to submit it; they would certainly vote for it." Mr. Hoy—"I hope if anybody has any objections to the passage of this resolution they will make them known. I hope gentlemen won't simply sit still and vote against it, and so overcome it by a mere numerical force, but will let us hear their reasons for their opposition." Mr. West (who was not in his place)—"Mr. Chairman, I have been somewhat amused and edified by this discussion. It involves a question of principle, right and justice. In the earliest ages, sir—Mr. Haire (who has just hurried back to his own place)—"Mr. Chairman, I

MAGNA CHARTA OF UNIVERSAL LIBERTY.

The principle of Universal Liberty, and the dissemination of equal rights to all of every grade, sex and color, seems as clear to my mind as a sea of glass lighted with fire. Viewing the coming events in the political mirror of to-day, the politician holds his ear to the harp of Freedom and hears in his fainter cadences, increasing as he listens, the birth-song of woman's political redemption. The pillars of our Constitution shudder—they reel and stagger like a drunken man—but even at this, the eleventh hour, the Palladium, the main-stay and prop, which alone can support our political mansion, is the admission of women to the rights and immunities of citizenship. The political corruption of to-day will be wrapped in a wind-sheet of Congressional gas and buried in the halls of the next Congress. Universal Liberty to all of every grade and sex will then be the result. This is the Magna Charta of Universal Liberty; then those who have struggled so hard in our sacred cause, those who have been spit upon, derided and calumniated so long, can hang their harps on the limbs of the tree of Liberty and chant with joy the songs of our Nation. When women vote all political trickery, demagoguism and corruption will be cured. The demagogues will then look like shattered shafts and fallen monuments in a neglected graveyard. They will disappear, fly as swiftly from the Halls of Congress as the cloud-shadow over the billowy grass of the green prairies. The work of wise men and women will blight their already faded reputations, and their names shall become a reproach and a by-word throughout the land. Liberty will leap from the sides of our majestic mountains, like a relief-angel sent from heaven. At woman's touch the pillars of vice and corruption shudder, and at the wave of her talisman wand the political bribe-taker turns pale. "O, if there be upon this earthly sphere A boon, an offering that heaven holds dear; From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her case."

THE DEACON'S SWILL BARREL.

Just outside of the house stood father, the deacon, tagging away at a big lump of ice in the swill barrel. "Bad business, that," said I, resting my hands on my side. "Not half so bad as it might 'a been," was the reply, as he lifted the cake of ice out by a stout stick that had frozen up in the swill. "Many an' many a bet has busted for me that would 'a been in this knowledge had only come to me sooner," said he. "You see, when this cold snap came on suddenly, I thought of the swill bar' away in the night, and I said, 'Well, it can't be put down in the water, the vessel can't bust. But it took me a good while to find it out—never knew it till last winter; lived twenty years before I knew it,' and his eyes twinkled knowingly. "Why, that's on the same plan," said I, "of putting a spoon in a glass jar when you're canning fruit; if you do that the jar won't break." "Same philosophy exactly," said he, as he gave the ball of ice a kick and sent it rolling off down the hill.—Arthur's Home Magazine.

A SEVERE REBUKE.

"Is a man and his wife both one?" asked the wife of a certain gentleman, in a state of stupefaction, as she was holding his aching head in both hands. "Yes, I suppose so," was the reply. "Well, then," she said, "I came home drunk last night and ought to be ashamed of myself." This back-handed rebuke from a long-suffering and loving wife effectually cured him of his drinking propensities. To mend China, take a thick solution of gum arabic in water, and stir into it plaster of Paris, until the mixture is of proper consistency. Apply with a brush to the fractured edges of the China, and stick them together. In three days the articles cannot be broken in the same place. The white substance the cement renders it doubly valuable.