The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....NOVEMBER 7, 1873.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

On the morning of the 28th ultimo we hurried on board the Fannie Troupe, bound for Kalama, Tenino, Olympia and "Down the Sound." Our party consisted of Rev. Mr. Knight and his company of mutes on their way to Olympia to appear before the Legislature as exhibitors of the wonderful success of the deaf and dumb system of education, who were intending to represent the mutes of Oregon, and our humble self also going as a specimen of the other or talking extreme. At least that was the way we fixed it up. General Sprague, of the Northern Pacific Railroad, was also on board, but we suppose he would slightly demur to being considered "one of us," so out of deference to his desire to abstain from publicity, we will merely say that he has not lost confidence in the railroad, and is as energetic, business-like and gentlemanly as he was before the failure of Jay Cooke or the temporary supension of the works beyond Tenino. The company of mutes in charge of Mr. Knight contributed very materially to the edification of the passengers. We were treated to an unlimited amount of alphabet and sign-talking, in which our friend, the minister, proved such an adept that we were forcibly reminded of one of Capt. Crandall's local jokes on Col. John McCraken. The Colonel, disguised as an Indian, was singing that classic aboriginal ode entitled, "Wake Cumtux Nika." The Captain was delighted with the performance—he's known to be a judge of good acting—and he said in the papers that "John McCraken was the most intellectual Indian on the coast." His idea suits Mr. Knight exactly, except that we would substitute the word "mute" for "Indian." Mr. Knight's object in going to Olympia from Oregon was to secure the co-operation of Washington Territory in educating the mutes in one school under both jurisdictions. Certainly the ladies and gentlemen whom he had with him as specimens of the ability of the school to educate these unfortunates, are deserving of more than a passing notice, and Mr. Knight's philanthropic interest in them is worthy of all praise. Arrived at Kalama at noon, where we spent an hour with congenial friends and secured a capital dinner. Then, made a call at the *Beacon* office, which is the subject of an editorial to be found elsewhere, and were soon bound for Tenino on the N. P. R. R. train. This journey has been so often well described by tourists that it is needless to attempt a repetition here. Suffice it to say that the scenery is various, being sometimes grand, sometimes beautiful, often majestically ugly and always wild. The railroad accommodations are on a par with those of Oregon, but the traveler feels that the road-bed is not yet as secure as it will be by another year.

George Coggan's stage line connects with Tenino for Olympia, and the ride of fifteen miles over a good road and behind a well-trained team of six horses is very pleasant. There is also an "opposition line," and both seem well sustained by the ever-increasing travel bebetween Portland and Puget Sound.

Arrived at Olympia at 8 P. M. The first hotel we tried was full, but in the second we found good accommodations. Our first inquiry was in regard to the Legislature, and we learned, to our amusement, that the Honorable Members, probably hearing that we were coming, had decided on a recess for a week. Its too bad, the way men in public life are overtaxed, wearing out their lives in the service of an ungrateful country.

Some of our friends assured us that the opposition to us, personally, was so intense among a portion of the worthy members that they had declared their intention to kill the Woman Suffrage Bill provided we we were allowed to "harangue" them. They thought a bill *might* be *smuggled* through, but it would never do to *agitate* it.

"What!" we said, "do you want us to go before the world and proclaim the news that your Legislators are such *fools* and *cowards* that you do not *dare* present them with a courteous investigation of great, important *facts?*"

They are reconsidering the proposition, and the probability is that we shall have bearded the Legislatorial lion in his Olympic den before this meets the eye of the reader. If not, we will have the satisfaction of making Washington Territory ashamed of the stupidity, ignorance and cowardice of her Representatives; an accusation concerning them which we are not yet ready, and will never be willing to believe.

Wednesday found us a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester, in whose elegant home we retired for a day, in a dreamy, delicious quietude that can never be appreciated by those who are not often weary in the wear and worry and toil of life. A preliminary Woman Suffrage meeting was held in the parlors of Mrs. Allen, in the evening, where arrangements were made for the holding of an Annual Meeting, of which full particulars will be published next week.

Petitions, for the signatures of ladies and gentlemen, urging the passage of a bill to remove all legal barriers from woman's road to political freedom, are being extensively circulated and their effect on the Legislature will also be published in our next issue.

Thursday was another day of needed solitude. This evening was spent at a party under the auspices of the Unitarian Club, and our Presbyterian toes almost *ached* to beat in active time with the heavy tramp, tramp, tramp of many an electric heel. As one grows older the prejudices of youth are either strengthened or dispelled, and we confess that many an amusement looks harmless now to us, when viewed in the light of a broad experience, which in our youth was considered desperately wicked. The party broke up at eleven, as all such parties should, and our dreams that night were of bright young faces, and music, and of gay colors and mazy dances, mingled with vocal arias and many a sweet acclaim.

Friday at 10 A. M., and behold us on the steamer Alida, going out with the tide, bound for Tacoma and Seattle. All day we plowed the waters of this mighty river-sea, mountains to the right of us, mountains to the left us, and the grand forests clothing them in a vivid green of many varied tints, while torrents dashed from steep acclivities and bright islands rose like smiling oasis from the watery desert of the Sound, whose billows rolled away—away in the calm Autumn day like wastes of wind-piled sand.

Steilacoom, which once could boast great expectations as a terminus-to-be, sits, as do all the embryo cities of the Sound, high upon a succession of rolling hill-sides, and gazes hopelessly out upon the waters, a monument of blighted hopes.

It is two o'clock when we reach Tacoma. The usual number of idle men, who seem forever to have nothing to do but wait for cars and steamers, and gaze from docks or stations, come trooping down the stairways that lead from the town to the bay. A number of rough, rudely-finished houses loom up in the foreground, and great business signs, proclaiming restaurants, saloons, bakeries and stores, show that somebody has faith in Tacoma, and is showing faith by works. We are told that the scenery back of the town is beautiful, the drives and lakes and natural parks magnificent, and we are anxious to go ashore and see for ourselves. But the steamer only tarries for a few moments and we stay on deck and picture the prospects of fifty years hence, when this minature New York shall, perhaps, command the commerce of the North Pacific seas. At present, immense stacks of lumber crowd the docks, and great piles of sawdust are encroaching on the beach where vessels may not lie at anchor because of the great depth of water in the mighty bay. The announcement, "Free Reading Room," is very conspicuous, over a rudely constructed building, and hard by, the Episcopal Church, also unfinished, looms up clumsily against a back-ground of fire-blackened trees. This was Tacoma as we saw it from the steamer. How will it look when we see it again?

Slowly our steamer plowed her onward way. The elegant North Pacific being laid up for repairs, we are plodding on in a little packet, which, if slow, is sure; if small, is comfortable and neat. The Vivian troupe are on board, and jovial, good-natured, but civil company they seem. Old friends from Albany are also fellow travelers, and in the forward cabin is a Greeley *chir* of the Brown, Buys and Pickett class, who talks politics and tells lies, and speaks our name sometimes in a badgering tone, saying he has heard us say so and so in public lectures (which we never said) and then retract the same in other lectures (which we never did). There is but one way to get clear ideas into the silly noddles of such models of morality, and that can never be until they're dead. You must cut off their whisky and let their stomachs cool, and that would kill them outright.

But we are nearing Seattle now. Dark, leaden clowds hang low upon the hills, and cloud the mountains in a veil of gloom. The omnipresent lumbering mill is sending forth the merry whirr of active work, and men are hurrying to and fro with lights. The little steamer groans and creaks and grumbles. After an unlimited amount of maneuvering she is moored along side the docks and we go ashore, and meet dear friends and true, in whose cheery parlor we scribble the last lines of this letter, knowing that it must be mailed in five minutes or miss insertion in the NEW NORTHWEST. A. J. D.

October 31, 1813.

## MAN'S FEAR OF WOMAN'S POWER.

We are certain that all intelligent gentlemen who have kept themselves informed in regard to our "mission of peace on earth and good will to men and women," will agree with us when we state that it has been a strict line of action with us as a journalist and public speaker, as well as conversationalist, to treat all men as gentlemen unless, when, in extreme cases, we find it necessary to defend ourself from the coarse and brutal attacks of masculine monstrosities. The other day, while we were in Kalama, waiting for the Olympia-bound train, we called, as is our custom, upon Mrs. Money, of the *Beacon*. While we were enjoying a minute's hurried chat with her upon sprightly, common-place topics, a burley fellow, who is employed in the office as type-setter, and whom we had formerly known by sight as editor of the Albany *Journal*, came up, and standing before us, began a coarse, cowardly and brutal wordy attack upon us personally, accusing us of being "no lady," "a political harridan," "out of our sphere," and everything else that was low and ungentlemanly which he could command his filthy tongue to utter. When the conversation first began, we had no idea that the man was intending to offer such insults, so we answered some of his mildest accusations jocularly, but pointedly. When he threw off the mask, and began to use the names above alluded to, we turned to Mrs. Money, and remembering that the fellow had been a habitual drunkard in Albany, as well as the first occupant of the Kalama jail, we said, "Is he drunk?" Mrs. M. answered in the negative; but, as she and her husband both seemed afraid to to command the bully to respect their house or guest, we felt as the Quaker did who was compelled to fight for himself and his religion, and we fought; not as the Quaker with sword and battle-ax, but with a woman's legitimate weapon, argument and common sense. Among other rediculous and outrageous charges, the fellow had accused us of having introduced into Kalama, by letter, we believe, a disreputable dog, whom we remember to have met but once only, and concerning whom we know nothing but felt such an aversion to as we have seldom experienced in anyone's company; although, in the few moments we saw him, he behaved himself properly, which is more than we can say of Pickett. We indignantly dedied the abominable accusation, and with a calmness and dignity that surprised us after it was over, gave the low-minded, impudent scoundrel our opinion of him and his ilk, which sent him off instanter. A few moments after, as Mrs. Money and ourself were standing on the front steps, regretting such an encounter, Mr. Money came to the door and said that Mr. Pickett had returned, and said that "Mrs. C——," a lady friend of ours, who was, of course, absent, "had testified that we *had* introduced" the disreputable fellow above alluded to. Said we in reply: "Tell Mr. Pickett that I *don't believe it*. After hearing his recent conversation in your house, sir, I could not believe his oath, unless it were backed by the word of a respectable man." The Pickett did not show himself again, and we went our way, feeling more than ever the conviction that woman's aid is needed in making laws to punish the slandering tongues of dirty villains against whose machinations they have no legal redress.

Man's protection (?) of woman means just this: "You must obey us implicitly, never once daring to assume that you are other than legal nonentities, called into existence to cater to our comfort, and we will bow and smile at you if we are gentlemanly; and defame you if we are villains or cowards; but if you dare to use the intellect that God in His mistaken idea of your proper sphere has endowed you with, such of us as are low in mentality and brutal in instinct will insult you, because your conduct in thinking for yourselves justifies the outrage."

Now, let everybody know by these presents, that, while we adhere to our first proposition, to treat all men as gentlemen as long they will let us, we are not afraid to stand by our duty as we understand it, nor defend ourself when necessary, as God has given us power. We consider ourself an infinitely better judge of our own duty than any man can be; and while our judgment lasts, shall use it, no matter what man or set of men shall essay to advise, abuse, run from or attack us. We know that while there are thousands and tens of thousands of noble men, whose idea of womanhood is exalted and pure, there are tens of thousands of other men who, by virtue of their political supremacy, hold the balance of power against women and degrade the idea of womanhood by their innate brutality. If the better days of men could all be made to realize the sense of degradation which sensible, intelligent women feel when compelled to submit to the political superiority of brutes like Pickett, while paying taxes to support a Government in which they have no power to make laws to restrain or punish them, they would, with one accord, cry out against such dire injustice and see to it right speedily that women should be armed with legal power with which to protect themselves. We do not wonder that ruffians, drunkards, cowards, fools and bullies fear the advent of woman's power; neither are we surprised that they should fight it, but we confess that we are sometimes astronished when good men, who have no personal cause to fear us, get frightened lest we'll bite them.

## "YOURS TRULY" ON "MAN."

Yours Truly has come to the unwilling conviction that man is a constitutional dullard. He will get a single-pated, angularly-twisted idea into his pate and stick to it and harp upon it and abide by it with a pertinacity that is born of stupidity or mulishness, or both. Professor Royal had excused Yours Truly from active duty on a recent Friday afternoon, and she deemed it proper to improve the occasion by augmenting her account at Clark & Henderson's. She had ruined her best winter rigging in the rain of the State Fair deluge, and was busily engaged in selecting the very necessary accoutrements in the way of ornament required by a girl of the period, when, the clerks being called away for the time being, her attention was arrested by a conversation between a lady and gentleman regarding "Mrs. Duniway." Said the lady, in a pleasant voice, "Won't you let me have three dollars?" "What do you want with three dollars?" was her companion's impertinent question. "I want to go and subscribe for the NEW NORTHWEST." "I've no money to spare for anything of that kind," was the uncivil reply. "Why," said the lady, deprecatingly, "you said once that it was the ablest paper in the State. I should think you'd want to encourage home enterprise. Besides, *I* want it, and you never ask me if *you* want a paper." "But Mrs. Duniway is a corrupt politician," said the man. ["I don't see it," soliloquized Yours Truly.] "I don't know what makes you think so," was the lady's answer, with a tone of sadness in her voice. "Well," was the decisive comment, and the words were spoken as though the man were throwing logic away upon an inferior being, "she don't look at all at principle in politics. If it hadn't been for her, I really believe Mitchell would have resigned his seat in the Senate. Then her stump speaking; packing the crimes of such a man upon her back"— "Did you hear her speech?" interrupted Yours Truly. It might have been an impudent thing for an unsophisticated girl of the period to do, but the break was made before she hardly knew it. "No!" said the man pompously, and with an affected air that would impress you, if you didn't know better, with the idea that he was perfection personified, "and I don't want to hear any woman speak who upholds social iniquity." Yours Truly was about to reply, when the lady called her attention to a patent bustle on the other side of the store, and taking advantage of the occasion, whispered, "Its no use to try to answer him. He'll have the last word, and you can't get him to see that he's making a fool of himself." "Is he your husband?" queried Yours Truly, opening her eyes to their fullest extent in her astonishment. "Yes," was the apathetic answer, "but that's no sign he knows everything."

The clerk came back to his place at the counter and Yours Truly went on with her purchasing, stopping once to see what became of the sensible wife who wanted the NEW NORTHWEST, and the silly husband who was too moral to read it, and would you believe it, Mrs. D., that pattern man left that woman who needed his protection to keep her from reading your paper or hearing you speak, to go alone to her hotel or other place of destination, while he skulked into the nearest saloon, where the voices of frail wantons were heard in seductive laughter and the pure spirit of the guileless man could be regaled on Havanas and whisky. Now, Yours Truly has no idea but that this model husband received his first and false impressions of you and the NEW NORTHWEST from the wantons with whom he associated, and having once had an idea *set*, he was like an over-scalded pig, you might *skin* him, but you could make no impression upon his mental cuticle in any other way.

Again, there are other men, plenty of them, who think you stumped the State and controlled thousands of votes for *Senator Mitchell* instead of *Hiram Smith*. That idea, like the hair of the pig, is *set*, and were it not for Yours Truly's faith in your energy and perseverance, she'd despair of your ever making them know any better.

This stupidity in men would be more endurable were they not in possession of all the *power*.

If the clear-brained wife of that model man could have owned three dollars in her own right, she might have had the power to purchase a year's subscription to the NEW NORTHWEST, thereby enjoying your aid as well as Yours Truly's in removing her stupid lord's fast-set ideas; but as brute force is *boss* and intellect is *bound*, there is no help for the present generation of masculine blockheads or their much-to-be-pitied thralls in wedlock. The very next time Yours Truly meets her ideal young man with the honest face and broad shoulders she intends to see if his intellect is as obtuse as that of most men, and if it proves to be so, she will give him his walking papers with a blessing and continue to subscribe herself YOURS TRULY.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

OLYMPIA, Nov. 9, 1873.

Just returned from the Seattle journey. Spoke last night to a fine audience; subject, "What is Government?" Voyaged on the opposition steamer Zephyr, Captain Wright, commander, making the trip in five hours.

Legislature again in session. The Suffrage Bill has been presented, read and referred to Committee, to be reported on to-morrow.

Convention meets to-morrow. Expect a busy time.

The excitement over the Hardman affair is intense. Another evidence of the "safety" of woman in trusting the protection—instead of commanding the *respect*—of men; another evidence that something is wanting in our social superstructure to ensure, even to the unborn, right to life and protection.

## WOMAN.

HER OFFICE IN THE WORLD—HER LIBERATION THE BASIS OF ALL REFORMS!

BY MRS. MARY S. HUBBARD.

The following article was written to be read at a Woman's Meeting held in Rochester (N. Y.) City Hall, in May last, but no opportunity then presented. It was afterward, by request, read before the Radical Club, met at the house of Isaac Post. Sojourner Truth, referred to in the article, was present at the meeting in City Hall, and made startling revelations of the revolting social corruption which came to her knowledge during her residence in the National Capitol:

There is a question before the world to-day, which woman is destined to answer, and that is: "What can be done to remove the evils that oppress society?" There are many who have earnestly endeavored, not only by voice and pen, but by unceasing labor to lessen vice in the world;—why have they not been successful? Philanthropists and reformers have failed of great accomplishment, unless when their efforts have run parallel with the currents of spiritual forces, which has been rarely. Isolated cases of relief are unsatisfactory, as they have little or no bearing upon general evils. Men have legislated long, and evils yet exist. We suggest that a system of underdraining be applied to society.

About a hundred years ago a woman dared to say (for the first time in the world) what she thought of woman's condition. With a vigorous intellect and a clear perception she grapsed a truth in an age and among people where, in regard to this subject, impotency of thought abounded. With superior powers of penetration she saw beneath the existing surface of things, and perceived the impediment which everywhere lay strewn in woman's way, and her efforts to discover the cause of the difficulty were not fruitless, for the truth, to which she gave bold expression, has come down the years and inspired others with the spirit of reform; and the name of Mary Walstonecraft is honored and respected by all advocates of free thought. Since then a host of others has arisen into whose consciousness the truth has been reflected, but they have been ignored and abused, yet they have persevered and endured with patience, knowing that ignorance *only* crucifies truth and crowns it with thorns—an enlightened understanding, never.

There has been sojourning among us a sister woman, held as a chattel slave for many years, yet she came to us, who have never called ourselves free, to teach and baptize us with the spirit of human justice. Her energies have been generously thrown into, and all her impulses are in favor of, universal liberty. She has dived into the ocean of truth and brought many pearls to the surface, and the name of Sojourner Truth is added to those who have toiled that you and I might be free. Soon, however, her enfranchised soul will find an abiding home on that ever-green shore where the rights of none are disputed.

I have often thought that all had been said that was needful to convince the people of the justice of the woman's cause; but when we consider the vital importance of a just legislation, and realize that enfranchisement and liberation of woman is the basis of all future reform, then we see that the necessities of the case call loudly for the expression of every favorable sentiment—for it is ideas expressed and outwrought that is to bring about every desired result. This demand of noble women for political franchise is but the voice of humanity demanding a holy motherhood and a wise legislation. It is not to place herself in high positions, nor to wrest from her brothers prerogatives especially their own, for common sense teaches us that all places of honor and trust should be filled by those who, by natural ability and attainments, are best qualified, whether it be man or woman. Neither is it desirable for woman to assume masculinity of demeanor, for feminine qualities in their purity are too essential to the character of a true woman to be by suicidal acts lightly set aside or ignored; but what woman demands, and what she will surely obtain, is wider scope for her powers. Men have tried hard to impress us with the idea that making laws is a masculine privilege, and that obedience to those laws is essentially a feminine privilege. Woman is rapidly learning to see the absurdity of such a positon. Confine woman in narrow limits—let her soul be fed only on facts, upon that which comes from the external, through the avenues of the senses—and the powers of her mind contract and her soul easily becomes the receptacle of evil thoughts, when it ought to be the beautiful home of divine virtues. It is needful that woman should learn to know herself—that she should understand more of the possibilities of her nature. It is blasphemous to give utterance to the idea that woman, by strengthening and enlarging her capacities, is thereby less a woman, or less feminine in her characteristics. There is a law in nature, which science acknowledges, that in the ascension of every element from the grosser to the higher form of manifestation, it loses none of its essential properties, but the full measure of what it throws off is given in added power; and while the forces in nature are struggling for higher and still higher expression, shall that spiritual essence, of which woman is the divine embodiment, be longer turned into unhealthy channels, and produce so many abnormal results? Every force in nature seeks to escape oppression, but whenever the feminine principle has sought to escape bondage, it has been hindered by the presence of an external force.

The world is oppressed with masculinity. The masculine element is now the conservative elementr The mass of men seek to repress all high expression of the feminine principle; they seek to keep alive a condition that makes the weakness and dependence of woman keep measured tread with their own sensuality. Men soil the waters of life, then force the generations to drink.

War, rapine and sensuality, the triune demons of the past and present, are the legitimate creations of the active forces of the masculine period. When a piece property is ablaze and likely to be destroyed, men rush and ring the bells loudly until the midnight is alive with activity; but when a sister soul is sinking down, down to perdition, who is on hand to save?

Those members of society are most corrupt, who are the most satisfied with existing conditions. Individually they are not to be blamed, for, their perception being darkened, they know not that they have ever drawn, and are now drawing, their sustenance from corrupt fountains.

More than jails, more than houses of correction, are needed throughout the length and breadth of the land, homes for homeless, defenceless women, so that in no instance will she be forced by necessity into a life of degradation. Nature has given to the mothers of men a right to homes of comfort, and whenever it is otherwise, they are robbed of their birthright. Woman has ever given into man's keeeping her life's best interests, and in return she has received only the privilege to creep along on the road of progress wholly in his shadow. All the vices that run rampant through the world are chargeable to masculinity, because woman is forced by man-made laws and institutions to be the mothers of unbalanced organizations; but those vices are destined to be uprooted by the overwhelming currents of divine forces.

So long as woman consents to be controlled by a power less virtuous than herself, evils will exist; so long as woman consents to be the scavenger of the masculine element, so long will crime be perpetuated; so long as she continues to be the mothers of diseased spiritual and physical organizations, so long will she continue to be the commissariat of hell.

Man will ever be blind, ever deaf to this truth until touched by the magic wand of female power. Conditions of remote ages have been borne down to the present upon the swollen currents of masculine forces, which have deluged the centuries, leaving in the valleys and all the low places the debris of institutions based upon law of force, not only blockading the avenues to true and beautiful lives, but exhaling a magnetism out of which are builded high the walls of hell. The house-cleaning of the nation is essentially woman's work, however revolting to her refined sensibilities.

Nature kindly pushes before us symbols for our encouragement, and if we but read those symbols aright, we will see this truth: that all institutions based upon an unbalanced condition of vital forces, must, in the nature of things, pass away; when they no longer subserve the purpose of humanity, they begin to die, notwithstanding the tenacity with which conservatism clings to them. They are weighed in the balance and found wanting.

In the evolution of atoms it has ever been the "sphere" of the positive forces to externalize principles; and of the negative or feminine forces to weave into beauty and harmony the interior essences of being. The "good men" whom we daily meet have ceased to challenge our admiration because their voices are so feebly raised against acknowledged wrongs that they exert little or no political influence, leaving the political arena to be controlled by influences the evils of which are distributed throughout the land. The names of politicians and legislators have become a by-word and a hissing, so that those who are morally pure avoid all such poisonous honors, and women are forced at this hour, by short-sightedness of men and their inability to appreciate or recognize the true dignity and importance of the love principle in the evolution of human affairs, into outward circles of action in order to externalize those truths with which their thoughts are burdened.

The results of the late war are deeper and broader than many think. The prison of Andersonville and kindred horrors of war have taught the mothers of this generation that Spartan courage is not in keeping with the truths that are illuminating this latter half of the nineteenth century. As the blood oozed out of broken hearts beside desolate hearth-stones, the desire to rear sons for soldiers spilled out with it, and the thousands of mothers now see that it is more honorable, more glorious for their sons to be virtuous men than to lead armies to battle. There is not probably a mother among us who, while standing beside the cradle, and taking that cradle as a stand-point of observation, but has seen spiral pathways, starting from the little sleeper, and stretching far up and away into the azure depths of the sky of intelligence, where it would be lost were it not for the telescopic vision of a true mother's mentality, which discovers a nebulæ there through which the spiral pathway leads to brighter heavens and broader fields of action beyond. But enshroud the little sleeper, fond mother—coffin him—pillow him up for the grave, and make the grave large enough to hold all your high aspirations concerning him, for it is better thus than that your darling should lose his innocence and absorb into its consciousness the poisonous influence of foul institutions fostered and cherished by an unbalanced government.

We see in the history of the race that in ages past an active condition of the positive principle was needful to enable mankind to emerge from barbarism and the grossest kind of materialism, corresponding to a past geological period. The exceeding activity of that principle caused it to grow to large proportions, and there has long been an unbalanced condition of things. The positive and negative forces must come to a perfect state of equilibrium in all social and governmental arrangements, as well as in the mental and physical organizations of individuals, in order that morality and virtue be developed among us. The internal economy of governments and nations, as well as the internal economy of isolated homes, should depend upon feminine ingenuity for harmonious adjustment. We have learned from observation this fact, that only one-half of the universe is masculine, the other half we claim to be essentially feminine.

There are in the realms of intelligence many truths waiting humanity's acceptance; but they will never find entrance into this world of ours until woman is released from bondage of public opinion. Then there will be an influence of truth to the world hitherto unknown, for the faculties of woman's mind (she being the mother and legitimate educator of the race) are the only avenues through which these truths can flow to humanity. To a distant observer the people appear like the Yorkshire school, as described by Dickens. The priests, the rulers, and teachers of humanity occupy the place of "Squeers" and his delectable spouse, who are standing spoon and cup in hand, while men and women like an army of poor "Smikes" with out-grown clothes and open mouths, are swallowing with meekness their doses of brimstone and treacle. The strong arm of many a Nicholas will be needed, backed by muscles of virtue and honor, to aid in removing by the levers of truth those boulders of error underneath which the slimy forms of ignorance and superstition have so long nestled.

We cannot wonder that in those years when barbarism and sensuality enveloped the earth like a cloud, that the feminine principle in its purest forms of manifestation could not live. The cross and the fagot stood ever ready to crucify and burn such specimens of the love principle.

It has rarely been the case that pure woman could breathe the outer air of external life, unless wrapped in the swaddling clothes of imperfections. But the principle of love has been carefully husbanded by nature, and, silently gaining strength, she has waited for Time, who, with sharpened scythe, has moved down the ages to make room for her appearing. At times the clouds of ignorance and sin were rolled away, and in valley and upon the mountain top have burst into existence rare specimens of woman character, and the pages of history hold up to us many women who have been the embodiment of sublime virtues, but they have appeared as meteoric lights against a blackened sky, to be quickly quenched by the darkness of the ages. What woman can be found among us but what has aspirations beyond her grasp? Beneath all this rubbish of fashion there are desires and aspirations which, if realized, would lead us directly up to the true and beautiful. We want our hearts to beat in unison and our lives to keep time and tune with Nature's orchestra, with the music of rolling worlds. We want the windows that open on the shady side of life closed, and those thrown wide open that look skyward, so that the warm rays of justice and mercy and loving kindness may illuminate all the cold, dark corners of our lives. How long shall we wait?

The people do not realize that in throwing obstacles in the way of woman's progress, they are really crucifying Christ. The effort of a principle to escape its narrow limits and enter brighter fields of life and activity is, in essence, the second coming of Christ. Those qualities possessed by Jesus which have made him an object of worship for eighteen centuries were mainly inherited from his mother. That purity which permeated her being and gave character to her life became photographed upon the nature and consciousness of her child, and in Jesus' purity lay his power, and his life is a beautiful prophecy of what we all may be. Woman, in loving Jesus, loves the divinity within herself; in worshipping God, she worships him who stands on the lofty heights of a noble manhood.

To the same extent that the babe is dependent on the mother for life and nourishment, is the race dependent upon woman for a full and perfect development. The recuperative energies of nature are so abundant that nothing of value in all the universe can be threatened but immediately through all the avenues leading to the thing thus threatened rush vitalizing essences to harmonize and to save; but if the thing in danger lack receptive ability to appropriate those aids, then a downward tendency is the result. Now there are certain powers in woman's mind that have lain dormant, that have never been quickened into activity, and by long disuse are weak. Women have too long depended upon men for guidance, support and protection; too long, also depended upon Jesus for salvation. As independent, thinking beings, we must trust ourselves. Out of the depths of our beings must spring forth those qualities that are to redeem and save. For what other redemption is there, what other redemption can there be, that no escape from a condition of ignorance into the light of certain knowledge?

And now before our mental vision comes that beautiful romance, where Rebecca, all wrapped in the folds of divine strength, is awaiting her champion. Word is brought to her that the shades are changing upon the circle of the dial; the tempter is at her side, but her faith and her heroism have grown to such proportions that she can say to him: "My soul and senses keep touch and time; the flames may have my body, but my soul shall not be made a thing of barter." And now the hour allotted has passed, and she is living only by the sufferance of her foes. She has transferred her hopes from man to God, when into the lists come weary horse and dust-besprinkled rider, and Brian De Bois Guilbert is unhorsed. So hath woman in her extremity and her pain flung down the gauntlet, and taught by an intuitive faith in principle, she is certain that the sun will not "throw lengthened shadows across the lists" ere *her* champion appears; and lo! a greater than man comes to the rescue, for the infinite God has accepted the challenge. When the angel of progress roll away the stone from the sepulchre where the love principle lies entombed, then will burst upon the world the resurrection morn. Already there are signs of breaking day. Those who are standing upon the watch-towers of thought tell us that a star has arisen which betokens dawn, and which will guide woman to a holier destiny; and that star proclaims the rising of the sun of intelligence, whose rays will drink up all the damp and the dew, and dispel the chill and the mould that has gathered over earth through the long dark night of masculine rule. And as this sun of righteousness arises and ushers in this beautiful morning, the thinkers and the workers will be aroused to a sublime activity, and the chasm between ignorance and real knowledge will be bridged, that sorrowing, suffering humanity may walk fearlessly to the kingdom of the gods.

The nuptials of ages will then be solemnized. All of value in the masculine age will have been preserved and carried forward to quicken and vitalize the active forces of subsequent periods. The masculine and feminine forces, having by and through sad experience thrown off their imperfections and weakness, will, as wisdom and love, be joined in holy wedlock, and the millenial age will be the divine child of this divine marriage. All the vital forces in the realm of mind and matter will be in a state of equilibrium; pure marriages will be the rule and not the exception among the children of men, and governments will be based upon justice and equity. And there will be little or no sickness, for, harmony prevailing, there will be a power generated in each individuality that will repel disease. And as harmony is developed, sin will disappear to give place to every deific virtue embodied in the human soul. And then will have passed away the conditions which make depraved women, they having eaten of the tree of knowledge which ever inspires to choose the right, they will have gained a footing on the higher plane of female excellene—not by the efficacy of the blood of anybody's lamb, but by the heroic efforts of their own noble deeds in the law of growth, as one vast sisterhood march on to higher and still higher conceptions of fadeless truth.

## The Women Heard.

HOW THE LADIES OF BUSHNELL SPOKE AT THE BALLOT-BOX ON THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

BUSHNELL, Ill., Oct. 13.—An election was held here on Saturdry, called for an expression of the citizens for or against licenses for the sale of intoxicating drinks. The judges of the election decided, as the election was for a general expression of sentiment, that they would receive the votes of the ladies. In a few hours 125 of the most respectable and independent ladies in the city assembled at the Methodist Episcopal Church, and from there marched to the polls and deposited their ballots, it is needless to say, against license. This emphatic and resolute example of the ladies aroused the temperance element, and whisky was defeated by an overwhelming majority. Put Bushnell down as ahead in progression, it being the first instance within our remembrance within the State wheret he ladies have demanded and have been heard upon a subject of such interest to them. The whisky men were enraged and threatened prosecution, but all to no avail.

Mr. W. P. Evans, on quitting the editorial chair of the Ida county (Iowa) *Pioneer*, wrote his valedictory in two words: "Good night." His successor, Mr. J. Vail, began with an equally terse article, consisting of the expression, "Good morning."

Miss Virginia Vaughan has been giving lectures at Newport.

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