

AMIE AND HENRY LEE.

The Spheres of the Sexes.

BY MRS. A. J. DUNWAY.

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CHAPTER X.

Melvin Hastings strode on in the glowing gas-light of the now deserted streets, and out-distancing his father, entered the grand paternal mansion by the aid of his latch key, and, bounding up the broad staircase, sought his luxurious suite of rooms. He turned on a brilliant flood of gas, and took a prolonged survey of the elegant furniture and costly drapery, with which the apartments had been adorned, regardless of expense, for his comfort and accommodation. Ample evidence of his mother's love was visible everywhere. The only surviving son, among a large family of daughters, he was emphatically the pet, and had, unconsciously to himself, long been a sort of autocrat in the household. Here was a beautiful Sevres vase, that had been purchased for a present on his last birthday. It was full of the choicest wax flowers, made by his mother's hands, and covered with a crystal dome, so clear as to be almost invisible. There was an elegantly wrought dressing-gown, which must have cost many months of tedious toil. Yonder was a lounging cap, and beside it a pair of slippers, each bespeaking the care and labor by which they had been adorned. "O, mother," sighed Melvin, wearily, "fashion and wealth have spoiled you in many ways, but they haven't corrupted your mother-heart. How I wish you would come to me to-night!"

Blessings upon a mother's heart! How it clings to us, shines over and through us, and beams upon the dark ways of our lives like a benison from the Divine. How mysterious the band of sympathy that unites the mother soul to the child spirit, and telegraphs the thoughts of each to the other in times of trial. Melvin stretched himself upon his bed and groaned aloud. "What is the matter, dear?" "A soft hand was pressed upon his forehead, and a tender kiss was laid upon his fevered cheek. "Is that you, mother?" "Yes, dear; I felt that you were awake and unhappy. What is the matter?" "I wish I could die!" "O, Melvin! Don't talk that way! Tell your mother just what your trouble is, and I'll see what can be done for you. Your good angels must have sent me here, for I couldn't sleep because of a desire to come and talk with you."

"Father and I have had a quarrel, mother, and he's disinherited me. I told him I wouldn't marry Net O'Toodles, and he thinks I've compromised his honor. If you knew what he's been trying to teach me to-night, you'd be astonished. He wants me to sell my soul and body by marrying O'Toodles, and then he says I can find my favorites in houses of ill-repute. He says all rich men do these things, and he took me to-night to the 'Walk In,' and showed me how married men of means and influence are expected to spend their evenings. Mother, I know I'm not worth much. I don't know how to do anything in particular. Father treats me as if I were nothing but a girl, and he has some reason to do so, for I am very inefficient, but it's all his fault."

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The Woman's Crusade.

It is impossible not to feel a great deal of sympathy in reading the accounts of the liquor crusade of the Western women, not perhaps with the movement itself, but with the despair and disgust which have led to it. It is now quite half a century since the movement for the suppression of intoxication began in this country, and during that time it has been, in the main, in the hands of the male sex; let us examine with what results. At first, the means used was moral suasion; the leagues which sprung up all over the country were purely moral associations, formed for the purpose of encouraging among those who believed in total abstinence the zeal for the good cause. Men were persuaded into signing the pledge in the belief that voluntary resistance of temptation was the best resistance. This was the first stage of the movement. As soon as those who had banded themselves together for the suppression of drunkenness found themselves strong enough, they resorted to that means of effecting their object which to most persons seems to be the natural and obvious means of accomplishing any social or moral object, namely, legislation. They passed laws in a number of States absolutely prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, and brought into action new machinery and novel expedients for its enforcement. But, however, after many experiments, that this did not put an end to drinking, they fell back, or rather were compelled by their natural enemies, the liquor dealers, to seem to fall back, on statutes which were not merely new machinery, but a new theory of law for the suppression of the vice and the traffic in it; hitherto, the theory of law had been that the sale of liquor was like the sale of anything else—an ordinary occupation in which any one might engage, subject to proper restrictions. The new theory (and this theory naturally enough grew out of the previous one) was that the sale of liquor was something different from the sale of other things, and in fact was more like the sale of nitro-glycerine or arsenic, or other dangerous articles, than it ought to do so at its own peril—and it might so, but that there were certain classes in the community affected by the sale in a very peculiar way. Therefore it was prohibited by law that any one related to the purchaser of alcoholic stimulants, by marriage or by blood within certain degrees, might bring an action against the dealer and recover the damages for the injury resulting from the intoxication of the vendee. But this law did not succeed much better than its predecessors; actions were taken under it, but there was considerable difficulty in executing the law. The result was that the traffic still went on, and the triumph of temperance seemed as far off as ever.

It cannot be denied that the supervision of the liquor business has not been a success. There has been a very simple. There has never been any serious attempt on the part of those classes in the country who ought to govern it to grapple with the question. Whenever State legislatures have passed a prohibitory law, the great majority of the intelligent and educated people in the country have assented to it, and said that every one who was not a drunkard was in favor of it. No sooner, on the other hand, does the usual license law succeed it, than everybody says at once, "Now for free run. Notwithstanding the patent that every one has on the subject, increasing one, people content themselves with framing statutes without the slightest desire or expectation that they shall be enforced, and appointing the men to execute them. The ordinary means have been tried. Nothing remained but extraordinary means. The real sufferers from intemperance are undoubtedly the wives, mothers, and children of drunkards. They have been assured for nearly fifty years that intoxication and the traffic in intoxicating liquors should be put an end to. Instead of these promises being kept, drunkenness has been on the increase throughout the country, and the women who suffer from it have been badly off as ever. There is nothing very strange, under these circumstances, that the women of Ohio and other Western States should, under the influence of strong religious and moral excitement, take the law into their own hands, and move on masses on the headquarters of the traffic, themselves, and having received cogent proof that laws and constitutions were of little use, should resort to more primitive means of attack. They do not seem to have used, or to have incited others to use, violence. They have merely descended upon notorious places of sale, and by means of making them publicly odious, have succeeded, in most cases, in inducing the seller to give up business, for the time being, at least. There are, no doubt, questions connected with the law of trespass which may arise out of such proceedings; but it seems to us that it is the remedy of a really oppressed class, who feel that they have been trifled with and imposed upon long enough. That the liquor traffic is going to be put an end to in this way, probably no one imagines. Even that the women are likely to form a permanent organization for its suppression seems highly improbable. But what cannot be doubted is that, for a time, at least, the women have succeeded in convincing the men that, if the latter cannot manage certain functions of government, these must be managed by some one else. This "crusade," as it is called, is nothing more than the women's way of convincing men who have been deceiving them that they will be deceived no longer.—N. Y. Nation.

A LADY OPERATOR.—The Western Union Telegraph office in this place now has a lady operator, Miss Cortz, having assumed the duties lately performed by Mr. Pitts. The change is a popular one; the public are pleased in having obtained a pleasant, obliging and able operator, and we are especially gratified in the vindication of our pet theme of woman's usefulness in many of the vocations now filled by men. We hope Miss Cortz's present relations with the public will be pleasant and long continued.—Olympia Standard.

The Icelander and His Home.

Nature has a good deal to answer for in the wretchedness of an Icelander's lodging and food. There is no timber, the stone is bad for building purposes, and one must not complain of the absence of luxuries where everything comes over a thousand miles of sea. Still the house need not be a mere rabbit-hole, as it is mostly is. It is built of sods, with a few blocks of stone or lava, (unmortared, of course) forming the lower part of some of the chief walls; the roof is made of sods laid over the rafters, and covered on the top with grass and weeds, looking when it stands with a hill behind it, itself so like a hillock that you are in some danger of riding over it, and finding the horse's fore-feet half way down the smoke-ladder before you get to where you are. Inside it is a labyrinth of low, dark and narrow passages, with tiny chambers opening off one, one of which has, perhaps, some little furniture, a table or board, bolted down for a table, a stool or two, and one or two beds (often in the hollow of the wall). There is a small window, but its frame is fixed, so that it cannot be opened. The air, therefore, is not changed, and as the room is damp or never cleaned, as the chambers are half full of dried stock fish, and reek with a variety of other hideous smells, any one can fancy what the interior of an Icelander's farmhouse is like, and can understand why the first thing to be done on entering it is to light a pipe and smoke furiously till the room is in a cloud. There is but one fire, and that a sorry one, consisting of a few stones, with a turf, with a few sticks thrown on when a blaze is wanted to make the pot boil; it is in the central chamber, called the fire-house (eldhus), and of course does not substantially warm the rest of the house; but, although we shivered incessantly, the natives did not seem to find the cold disagreeable. How they got on in winter, having no fires, we could not make out. We suggested that perhaps they spent all winter under the eider-down coverlets, which every house possesses, they replied that at no time of the year were they so little in bed. The furniture and internal appointments generally are what you might expect in such a room; but three things are peculiar to them—books, a coffee-pot and portrait of Jon Sigurdson, the illustrious leader of the patriotic party.

After all, someone will say, this is equal or is not worse than that of the poorest cottagers in Ireland or the Scotch highlands; not so bad, with a few exceptions, as any day in the lowest parts of Liverpool. True enough, but in Liverpool the ignorance and spiritless abasement of the people is in keeping with the wretchedness of their dwellings, and in Iceland the contrast between the man and the house he lives in is the strongest possible, and oversets in a delightful manner all one's English notions of fitness. He is poor, to be sure, but he is not in danger of being the owner of horses, sheep, and oxen, very likely of broad fields which his family has held for centuries. His pedigree not improbably goes back further than that of all but three families in England. He considers himself altogether your equal, behaves as such (though he no longer hesitates to receive remuneration for his hospitality), and, in fact, he is. Although he is a peasant, he is a peasant of a simple courtesy which, as it flows from his heart, is no number of being mistaken for servility. He is, moreover, an educated man, who, if a priest speaks a little Latin, anyhow perhaps a little Danish, has learnt pretty much all that the schoolmaster has to teach him, and is certain to be familiar with the master-pieces of his own ancient literature.

Manners are simple in Iceland, as indeed in all the Scandinavian countries; and all the simpler here, because there is really no distinction of ranks. Nobody is rich, and hardly anybody is poor; everybody has to work for himself, and works hard, to be sure, and a few storekeepers in Reykjavik, and at one or two spots on the coast, with his own hands. Wealth would not raise a man much above his fellows, and there are indeed no rich, and employing it except in supplying a household, which would be thought in England indispensable comforts. Wealth, therefore, is not greatly coveted, although the Icelander likes a good bargain, especially in horseflesh, and an air of cheerful contentment reigns. The farm servant scarcely differs from the farmer, and probably, if a steady fellow, ends by marrying the farmer's daughter and getting a farm himself. There is no title of respect, save Herr to the bishop and Sir to a priest; not even such title as Mr. or Mrs. or Esquire. If you go to call for a lady, you tap at the door and ask if Inghjorg or Valborg is in. Her name, moreover, is her own name, unchanged from birth to death; for as there are no surnames nor family names among the Icelanders, but only Christian names, there is no reason for a wife assuming her husband's name. When such a concession is made to the rights of women, it is a little surprising to find that she is in any other respect treated as inferior, not usually sitting down to the table with the men of the family, but waiting on them, and dining separately. Otherwise, however, women seem sufficiently well off, having full rights of property, and riding valiantly about the country wherever they will.—The Cornhill.

FATAL MEETINGS OF DISINTEGRATED MEN.

Colonel Thomas H. Benton fought several duels, and in one of them killed Mr. Lucas, in 1827, in 1837, in a border county of North Carolina. General Jackson had several affairs, and killed Mr. Dickinson in a duel, described at length in Parton's life of the Iron President. General Alexander Hamilton was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr, in 1804, under circumstances reflecting great discredit upon the latter. David C. Broderick was killed by D. S. Terry, in California, September 16, 1859, in consequence of a difference on the Leconte question. George C. Dromgoole, of Virginia, fought and killed Mr. Dugger, a gentleman of the same name, in 1857, in a border county of North Carolina. The cause and fatal duel between Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, and William J. Graves, of Kentucky, was fought near Washington in 1838. Mr. Cilley was killed after having first previously said that he entertained "the highest respect and most kind feelings" for his adversary. The mortal combat between two past captains in the navy, Stephen Decatur and James Barron, at Bladenburg, on the 22d of March, 1820, will never be forgotten. At the first shot both fell. "They fired so near together," says an eye-witness, "that but one report was heard." Decatur was killed, and Barron severely wounded. General J. W. Denver, a member of the State Senate of California, had a controversy with Hon. Edward Gilbert, ex-member of Congress in 1862, in regard to some legislation, which resulted in a challenge from Gilbert which was accepted by Denver. Rifles were the weapons. The duel fell at the second shot and expired in a few minutes. Among many memorable duels and challenges, some of the most famous were those of Daniel O'Connell, the illustrious Irish "Liberator," for using the phrase "a beggarly corporation" in relation to the city of Dublin, he was challenged by D'Esterre, a member of that body, who would take no apology. O'Connell killed him at the first fire. This was in 1835. A great duel took place near Washington in 1819 between General Armstrong, D. Mason, Senator in Congress from Virginia, and the celebrated John M. McCarty. They were brothers-in-law, and fought with muskets. McCarty did not want to fight, but Mason pressed him. McCarty proposed to fight on a barrel of powder, or with dirks. Both modes were objected to, and finally McCarty accepted the cartel. Colonel McCarty killed General Mason at the first fire, the ball passing through his breast.—Forney's Reminiscences.

The bi-weekly meeting held in Tacoma Hall, last Wednesday, was one of unusual interest, several of the ladies engaging in animated debate of the subjects introduced for consideration. The ladies are rapidly acquiring shrewdness, tact and parliamentary discipline, and appear confident of a favorable result of their labors. The next meeting will be held on Wednesday evening, the 23d inst., at 7 o'clock, at the same place.—Olympia Standard.

Mrs. Hastings had called with a heroic determination to sacrifice her own prejudice against having children in the house, intending to offer Amie a position as chambermaid in her mansion; but when the little beauty stood before her in her quiet grace and dignity, her slight form elegantly arrayed in a cheap buff and white robe, made and fashioned by her own skilled fingers, a bit of

into business, I'll send for you, and give you a place in my office as clerk.

"Are you in earnest?" "Never more so." "Then I'm not sorry you are going away." But her tears told a different story at the final parting on the steamer's deck. "Call on Henry's sister, won't you, Al? She needs a friend, and you can help her with sympathy and love if you have nothing else to offer." "Why do you want me to bestow particular attention upon her?" "For my sake, sister. Do you understand?" "Yes." "Will you promise?" "Certainly." "God bless you, then. You're worth a score of common sisters." Mrs. Hastings parted with her son in his little box of a stateroom off the steamer cabin. The knowledge that her only boy should be compelled to leave the paternal roof under a ban, disgraced, dishonored, and for no fault except the natural and manly assertion of his individuality, while it was a fault, if one at all, of which she was secretly proud, was nevertheless a mortifying concession to make to society, added to the maternal feelings that struggled for the mastery. Contending emotions would have thrown her into violent hysterics but for the presence of mind and enforced calmness of Melvin, who drew a glowing picture of the near-by future when he should return, with a fortune, to engage in vast speculations, to be envied by his father, whom he "never would forgive, no, never."

But the gong sounded for all friends of passengers to go ashore, and the mother departed, leaving many an unspoken "God bless you" behind her. There was one who lingered till the last moment to get and give a parting word; and that one, though less demonstrative than the mother and sisters, suffered as keenly as they. "How can I part with the only friend I have in Portsmouth?" said Henry Lee, as he grasped Melvin's trembling hand and sobbed "good-bye."

"I haven't been the friend I might have been had I been free," was the decisive answer. "But never mind, my boy. I'll never be in leading strings again. All pawns an Etruscan trick to get money for me to travel upon, or I'd have been the scullion of this voyage; and mother gave me a jewel of considerable value, so I'm not penniless; but don't peach to the governor, or he'd be ugly with the ladies. Just do your duty, boy, and take good care of Amie."

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