

TERMS, IN ADVANCE: One Year \$3.00, Six months \$1.75, Three months \$1.00

ADVERTISEMENTS Inserted on Reasonable Terms.

MADGE MORRISON, The Molalla Maid and Matron.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNIWAY, AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN DOWD," "FAITH AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONE WOMAN'S SPHERE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER V.

The house became mournfully still. A cat purring in the corner, or a berry of crickets slogging upon the bare, adobe hearth, would have been a relief to the lone watcher by the invalid's rude bed.

"How's Mary?" asked the invalid's husband, as he re-filled his plate from the bountiful roast before him, and took advantage of a lull in the noise to make himself heard.

"Very poorly, indeed, sir. I see little prospect for her recovery," replied the widow, in a guarded tone.

"No wonder she's had off, when she won't make an effort to get well," said the husband, petulantly. "If I—well, as I am—should give up, an' go to bed, an' stay there, I'd soon be sick, too."

"Sh-se-se! she'll hear you!" said Madge, in a whisper.

"Twin't hurt anything if she does," said Jason.

"Your wife is not able to be up, Mr. Andrews, and I doubt if she ever will be again," said Mrs. Morrison, trying to speak in a low tone, but failing to make herself heard, until compelled to repeat her words in a loud key.

"Who do you want to write to?" asked Jason Andrews, with a show of interest.

"Your wife's mother." "Beg your pardon, ma'am, but you won't do anything of the kind."

"The widow looked astounded. Her own husband had never in his life-time addressed her in that peremptory manner. Why should another dare to do it?"

The New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME V.

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1876.

NUMBER 20.

Alice never talks to me like that." "Alice is a paragon! Guess I'll do my hair in curl-papers and play lady, and then I'll get complimented. She went out with the children to gather fire-wood, and she only bossed the girl. Pity there wasn't a pair of us!"

"There ought always to be one lady in a family for respectability's sake," said Alice, tossing her head imperiously. The quarrel might have proceeded to greater length, but for the noisy clamor of the children that drowned the sisters' voices.

"How's Mary?" asked the invalid's husband, as he re-filled his plate from the bountiful roast before him, and took advantage of a lull in the noise to make himself heard.

"Very poorly, indeed, sir. I see little prospect for her recovery," replied the widow, in a guarded tone.

"No wonder she's had off, when she won't make an effort to get well," said the husband, petulantly. "If I—well, as I am—should give up, an' go to bed, an' stay there, I'd soon be sick, too."

"Sh-se-se! she'll hear you!" said Madge, in a whisper.

"Twin't hurt anything if she does," said Jason.

"Your wife is not able to be up, Mr. Andrews, and I doubt if she ever will be again," said Mrs. Morrison, trying to speak in a low tone, but failing to make herself heard, until compelled to repeat her words in a loud key.

"Who do you want to write to?" asked Jason Andrews, with a show of interest.

"Your wife's mother." "Beg your pardon, ma'am, but you won't do anything of the kind."

"The widow looked astounded. Her own husband had never in his life-time addressed her in that peremptory manner. Why should another dare to do it?"

"Children, this wordy warfare must stop!" cried their mother, as she hurried the younger children away.

"Mr. Andrews," she continued, speaking aside, in a whisper not intended for the invalid's ear, but more audible in reality than if her tones had been pitched in a louder key, "your wife is very dangerously ill. She has requested me to write to her mother, and I shall do it. How the letter is to reach its destination is not clear. You will pardon me, but you are not as kind as you ought to be."

"Kind, eh? Don't I always give her an' the young ones enough to eat? Haven't I worked like a galley slave to git 'em a shelter? And don't I expose myself every day, in all sorts of weather, to git a farm open? I haven't a bit of patience with a whinin', sickly wife!"

After Jason Andrews had slammed the rude door and departed for his labors, taking with him the ax and gun, he strove earnestly to justify his conduct with excuses.

"I always have a tough time of it, and I never was known to grumble," he muttered.

But somehow the vision of Mary Parker as she once was—only seven years ago; she was fourteen then, quite large of her age, and gave promise of being very beautiful—a vision of the little vine-embowered cottage where she and her widowed mother had lived in ease and comfort before he had entered and enticed away the one ewe lamb; a spectacle of the pale face and fast-falling tears of the lonely mother, who being bereft of her lambkin, was bereft indeed; in spite of himself the contrast between Mary's former life and her present one of illness, privation, and discomfort, was in no wise flattering to his vanity.

"Hang it all!" he exclaimed, aloud, "if she'd only forgot that she ever had a mother—"

Ab, Jason Andrews, you are only one man among a score of thousands of mistaken ones, who have foolishly imagined that a few words spoken under a contract, bound by the strong arm of human law, was necessary to bring you present and abiding happiness, despite the violation of a natural law, which designed that the holy ties of consanguinity should never be broken in this world or the next.

Strange that you and the thousand others like you do not realize that human beings of fourteen or fifteen summers are necessarily just as immature, when the gender is feminine, as they are at the same unripe age when the gender is masculine. The average well-kept woman of forty appears quite as youthful as does the average well-kept man of the same age; and yet men continue to make the blunder, over and over again, that mistakes them for mature years that are yet children, vainly imagining that by so doing they can ever after depend upon legal restraints to imprison spirits that, because of violated nature's laws, will necessarily fret their weary, bruised wings against their cages, the poor prisoners themselves often unaware of the causes of their discontent.

What, good sirs, would you think of a woman of forty who should inveigle a boy of fourteen into matrimony? Would you not say, when the boy had grown to manhood, and consequently had outgrown the premature fancy of an unfortunate precocity and become unhappy under the yoke of an unnatural union, that the fates had served him right? If you are unhappy, you deserve your misery, for you have committed a great indiscretion, and are only reaping as you have sown.

"Again I'm happy to know that there's a pair of us!" was the ready rejoinder.

"Children, this wordy warfare must stop!" cried their mother, as she hurried the younger children away.

"Mr. Andrews," she continued, speaking aside, in a whisper not intended for the invalid's ear, but more audible in reality than if her tones had been pitched in a louder key, "your wife is very dangerously ill. She has requested me to write to her mother, and I shall do it. How the letter is to reach its destination is not clear. You will pardon me, but you are not as kind as you ought to be."

"Kind, eh? Don't I always give her an' the young ones enough to eat? Haven't I worked like a galley slave to git 'em a shelter? And don't I expose myself every day, in all sorts of weather, to git a farm open? I haven't a bit of patience with a whinin', sickly wife!"

After Jason Andrews had slammed the rude door and departed for his labors, taking with him the ax and gun, he strove earnestly to justify his conduct with excuses.

"I always have a tough time of it, and I never was known to grumble," he muttered.

But somehow the vision of Mary Parker as she once was—only seven years ago; she was fourteen then, quite large of her age, and gave promise of being very beautiful—a vision of the little vine-embowered cottage where she and her widowed mother had lived in ease and comfort before he had entered and enticed away the one ewe lamb; a spectacle of the pale face and fast-falling tears of the lonely mother, who being bereft of her lambkin, was bereft indeed; in spite of himself the contrast between Mary's former life and her present one of illness, privation, and discomfort, was in no wise flattering to his vanity.

"Hang it all!" he exclaimed, aloud, "if she'd only forgot that she ever had a mother—"

Ab, Jason Andrews, you are only one man among a score of thousands of mistaken ones, who have foolishly imagined that a few words spoken under a contract, bound by the strong arm of human law, was necessary to bring you present and abiding happiness, despite the violation of a natural law, which designed that the holy ties of consanguinity should never be broken in this world or the next.

Strange that you and the thousand others like you do not realize that human beings of fourteen or fifteen summers are necessarily just as immature, when the gender is feminine, as they are at the same unripe age when the gender is masculine. The average well-kept woman of forty appears quite as youthful as does the average well-kept man of the same age; and yet men continue to make the blunder, over and over again, that mistakes them for mature years that are yet children, vainly imagining that by so doing they can ever after depend upon legal restraints to imprison spirits that, because of violated nature's laws, will necessarily fret their weary, bruised wings against their cages, the poor prisoners themselves often unaware of the causes of their discontent.

slight modification, the result always grossness and superstition.

The Romans, with all the pomp and magnificence that adorns their history, were no exception to this rule. We now turn from the Romans as pagans to the Romans as Christians, bringing with them as they did, the mass of mysteries and groveling superstitions, which they mingled with the new faith, at the instance of each fresh convert, until the elements of the new became thoroughly leavened with the idolatries of the old.

Following the history of later religious movements, we find much that is mysterious and visionary, spreading a pall over divine truths, which were so clearly enunciated that none need have been led astray, had they listened to the voice of God, rather than to the voice of man.

As we approach the present time, the multiplicity of ideas becomes more complex, presenting to the thoughtful or speculative mind an idealistic entanglement, of which philosophy has thus far failed to furnish a satisfactory solution.

Astrology has come down to us through the dim ages of the past, to offer its assistance in revealing the hidden things of the future. Spiritualism lifts its aged form, though clothed in modern garb, to direct those willing to yield to its claims. Sciences of every shape, form, and name are presented to thinking minds, ever searching for ideas, and claim the attention of those who are willing, nay, desirous, to examine before condemning, as every person capable of research should be willing to do.

Prejudice is a despicable element, though a strong one, that should be banished from the thoughts of intelligent persons! Ethnology, comparative philology, and comparative theology are made a basis of speculation that is declared to reach back into an immeasurable priority of the scriptural chronology.

Yet these sciences assure us "that nations most widely separated and totally different in physical characteristics, had a common origin," all of which is in exact accordance with Scriptural testimony. Philosophy, whether it emanates from the minds of Chaldean, Egyptian, Greek, or Roman, Indian Veda, or Iranian Avesta, glowing with the subtle force of speculation and poetry, dims not the lustre of divine imagery, the truthfulness of Biblical inscription.

Epitomizing the ethnisms of the past, we have seen the condition in which its subjects were placed, and whether we look to those above enumerated, or turn our attention to the examination of the Sanscrit and Veda, glowing in its annals of Indian tradition uttered through their Vedants, which, after all, only confusedly points out by tradition, that which is so succinctly expressed in Biblical lore, we are left to grope helplessly in semi-darkness, until enlightened by the steady, unvarying truths recorded in the grand utterances of Hebrew and Christian revelation.

Depth of meaning, lofty imagery, completeness adorned with unwavering consistency, is the meed of praise due their pages. Ethical students are sometimes fond of exalting the teachings of Confucius as superior, but what in his wandering idealism is comparable, in the daily needs of mankind, to the golden sentence, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" and this is taught throughout the inspired pages by both the law and the prophets. A great deal of fault is found that God selected a chosen few with whom to deposit law and revelation, but a careful examination of the subject rapidly reveals a good and sufficient reason therefor, which none can consistently fail to accept.

Having glanced over the idealistic forms of religion, we come to the revealed, as particularly specified, among the people of ancient Greece, were proud, haughty, and inconsistent, "wavering with every wind," and carried to the most extreme excesses, in the name of their gods, and the oracular expressions of their attending priests and priestesses. These gods and goddesses were in many instances those who had once inhabited this earth, and whom, irrespective of character, they considered worthy of being worshipped after their decease. While they insisted upon the most delicate and ardent attention in their worship, inasmuch that Socrates fell a victim to their suspicions, they yet permitted their poets and comedians to attribute the vilest characteristics to their Juno, Venus, and Diana, and it is no wonder that Plutarch, even from his standpoint, as a heathen philosopher, should declare that it were better to believe there are no gods than to worship such as these. Open and declared impiety is surely less profane than so gross and absurd a superstition, and it would certainly seem to a reasoning mind that the latter could not be more impious than the former. Indeed, it is impossible to read the record of their blind faith without the conviction that those most zealous in this idolatrous veneration united "the most odious vices, professed immodesty, breach of faith, injustice, and cruelty." It is impossible to notice, in these narrow limits, other than those nations acknowledged to be most enlightened and refined among the heathen, but look where we may, we find the same record, with perhaps

governed by the rule given by Jehovah, embracing all that is needful to a perfect life, yet, having broken, the law, are justly left under condemnation, ransomed from sin and death by the second in the universe, the Son, the "Word of God."

In the majesty of exalted faith in one supreme God, Moses turned from all the allurements of Egyptian grandeur, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season;" albeit he might have reigned monarch over that fertile land. Faith in Jehovah and the Word "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, escaped the edge of the sword; women received their dead raised to life again, and others were tortured; not accepting deliverance, they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, destitute, afflicted, tormented; yet faithful through all, bringing to these later ages the higher faith and purity, the heritage of those willing to walk in their footsteps."

Compare with this the wavering uncertainty and false light of philosophical reasoning and its devotees. Plutarch, while he censured the gross excesses so common among the idolaters of his own time, was yet servile in the observance he paid to the senseless idolatrous customs and usages of priest and people. Angury and soothsaying, the sinister flight of birds, accidental rencontres, the inspection of the intestines of beasts, all these and many more were made the basis of positive calculation, by both king and peasant.

"What!" exclaimed Hannibal to Prusias, whom he had advised to give battle, but who was diverted from it by the inspection of a victim; "have you more confidence in the liver of a beast than in so old and experienced a captain as I am?"

Socrates, noble in intellect, profound in philosophy, than whom the pagan world has never produced a greater; his soul enlightened by glimpses of divine truth which caused him to detest, in secret, the senseless idolatry of the citizens with whom he held daily intercourse, acknowledging at bottom one supreme Divinity, yet worshipping that multitude of infamous idols, which superstitious imagination had heaped together through successive ages, holding peculiar opinions, yet followed the multitudes in the temples.

Seneca was of the opinion that the citizen might not worship "as agreeable to the gods," but as enjoined by law. Thus; he himself acted, and Socrates, while secretly entertaining no faith in pagan deities, yet dies in the bosom of idolatry, professing to adore all the gods of pagan theology. There were sophists in those days, as there are now, who professed to teach everything, claiming to know everything. Indeed, there was nothing they did not profess to understand. Theology, ethics, mathematics, astronomy, physics, music, poetry, rhetoric, philosophy, and eloquence were all under tribute. Pupils, then and now, learned, chiefly, to entertain for themselves a silly esteem, and a lordly contempt for everybody else, so that they gained less in knowledge than in impertinence.

The narrow limits of this article admit of nothing more than merely touching the surface of this deeply-interesting subject, but to sum up, we may properly ask: What has ideal religion accomplished for its most devoted followers? Have they presented a lofty morality, such as their professed admirers would wish their own offspring to imitate? Have the inhabitants of India, through all the ages that scientists declare have been devoted to the wonderful productions contributed to theological literature, served to uplift the most faithful adherents of their teachings to a plane of pure and upright life and practice? Do the disciples of Buddha, or Confucius, present evidence of ennobling virtues and elevating conceptions, as regards the creature and his relations to the Creator, inspiring them with correct principles for the fulfillment of duty, as manifested by purity of life, both public and private? Do those who most admire this literature and its teachings find all these exemplified in the countries of their origin and confirmed adoption? Is it a truth that morality is the outgrowth of man's own nature? Neither history nor our own observations tend to encourage the idea.

In opposition to idealism and the practices of idolatry, Biblical utterance furnishes a steady, unflinching guide to direct its followers into purity and truth. Not as emotional religion, but a tangible faith, that holds the sincere student and disciple to a rule that wherever and whenever practiced, never fails to produce a most highly satisfactory result, of which even its bitter opponents cannot conceal their admiration as they witness the effects of the beauty of holiness.

God affirms of those people who, in their willfulness, forget his work, "Every man is brutish in his knowledge, every founder is confounded by the graven image; for his molten image is falsehood, and there is no breath in them. They are vanity and the work of errors; in the time of their visitation they shall perish."

Christ, in the grief and agony he felt as he gazed on Jerusalem, filled with pride and violence, where if they had not chosen to imitate those who had long since given themselves over to

A Journal for the People. Devoted to the Interests of Humanity. Independent in Politics and Religion. Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrong of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

blindness, instead of love of the pure and true, uttered the sorrowful ejaculation, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" What a depth of tenderness there! Regarding the day of His visitation, He warningly tells us, "And behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be."

OLIVE E. MCCORD. Oregon City, December 27, 1875.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: On the evening of the 28th ult. we held a public temperance meeting in Bishop's Hall, at Brownsville, which was well attended, and was called to order and opened with prayer by Rev. W. R. Bishop, of the C. P. Church. The young friends furnished us with excellent vocal and instrumental music, and all seemed to enjoy the meeting.

On the next evening another public meeting was held under the same management, and the attendance was double what it was the evening before. After the lecture, assisted by Dr. W. H. Rowland, of Valley Lodge, and O. H. Byland, of Crawfordville Lodge, I organized a lodge with sixty charter applicants. G. A. Dyson is W. C. T. U., W. Stanard, W. S., and J. F. Hyde, Lodge Deputy.

Brother B. H. Allen came up with me on the 28th, but had to return on yesterday, and was therefore not present at the work of organizing. W. F. Ross, who has for some days been confined to his bed with sickness, is able to sit up a portion of the time, and will join the lodge as soon as he is able to be out.

I wish to here publicly express my thanks to the kind friends who, during my absence to the Waldo Hills, purchased and placed upon the Christmas tree for me at Halsey some articles of value, that I prize very highly. The names of the donors I do not know, but they may be assured that their act of kindness will be long remembered.

What Brother Bart Allen plucked from the limbs of the tree with his name attached I will not tell you, hoping that he will have it properly cared for and present at the next session of the Grand Lodge, when we can all admire its beauty, if not its usefulness. It is some larger, perhaps older than one of the same species that in days gone by was so kindly sent me through the mails by good friends of Silverton.

During my stay at Brownsville I met many friends, and among others, had a most pleasant visit with Father and Mother McKinney, who are now living there. I am also under many obligations to my old friends, A. E. Ellis and wife, for kindness shown. Leaving Brownsville on the last day of the old year, I rode through the driving rain to this place, in order to comply with the request of some good temperance people of the neighborhood to deliver a lecture.

That evening the appointment was given out by means of the school, and on last evening (New Year's) a goodly number of the citizens came out to the meeting, and after the lecture was over I obtained the names of twenty of the very best ladies and gentlemen in the neighborhood as petitioners for a charter, and was ready to proceed with the work of organizing a lodge, when a long, hungry-looking, coarse-haired scrub, (who is detrimental to the best interests of the district) clothed with a little brief authority, as school director, arose and objected to having a lodge organized in this locality, and especially in that school-house. Of course this brought the matter to a terminus, as there is no other house in this region that could be used for the purposes of a lodge room.

This man, who claims to be one of the servants of the Lord, is, I am told by many of his neighbors, a most efficient instrument of the evil one, and is the cause of all the ill-feeling and contention in the neighborhood. He is certainly standing in the way of the accomplishment of much good. His own son—a member of the church—is, I am told, frequently under the influence of strong drink. Some time I fear this father will feel the fangs of the scorpion he is so madly warming into life—feel it when it shall be too late to crush out its life—feel it in all bitterness when he shall see loved ones plunging perpetually into the very lowest depths of drunken degradation.

The people of the neighborhood are greatly incensed at the action of this man, after such respectable citizens as Gamaliel Parrish, a pioneer of 1844, R. C. Miller, C. W. Richardson, R. E. From, H. E. and G. E. Parrish, T. B. and E. Cleaver, W. Dodge, Clifton Cleaver, and ten others desired and arranged for a lodge here. Poor fellow, it would indeed seem the evil one he professes so loudly to battle has got him in his clutches, and is making a good use of him. Yours in F. H., and C. W. R. DUNBAR. Rock Hill, Oregon, January 2, 1876.

Wyoming has Woman Suffrage and no debt. Boston has no Woman Suffrage and owes \$40,000,000.