

THE WORK IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

Miss Anthony's work goes bravely on. Our multitudinous duties connected with traveling, writing for the paper and sending letters to the loved ones at home, have precluded the possibility of preparing such reports as would at all do justice to our illustrious co-worker.

At Walla Walla (where the people are advanced so far ahead of the ministers as to be justly indignant over the insult to them and their speaker which locked the church doors in the face of the rightful owners of the only decent lecturing places in the beautiful little city) Miss Anthony held wonderful and enthusiastic meetings, first in the new and commodious district school house, which, proving too small to hold the hundreds who flocked to hear her, was reluctantly given up for the only available hall in the place—a hall good enough in its way, but, unfortunately, situated back of a saloon, where the tender-footed preacher who locked his church against us couldn't go in on a complimentary ticket because the hall was in such an unrighteous locality! Miss Anthony made scores of converts, and frightened the few old fogies in the city almost out of their wits. The NEW NORTHWEST gained a large number of new subscribers, and the women are unanimously resolved to use their right to vote.

At Corvallis and other West Side Oregon towns the lecturer and paper were equally successful. But the crowning success was met at the State Fair, where Miss Anthony was invited by the Agricultural Board to lecture on the grounds. She cheerfully complied, and for one hour and a half she held a congregation of three thousand people, who stood, many of them, with a child in arms, spell-bound and eager listeners to the glorious new gospel, which captivated every brain in the vast audience. She held that every woman was in common with all other creations of the good All-Father, brought into existence primarily for her own highest personal good, and secondarily for the good of others. Old men and women, young men and maidens, listened to her words of wisdom, believed and were converted. A handsome harvest for the NEW NORTHWEST was garnered, and our cause goes marching on.

Miss Anthony has sojourned in the Northwest about thirty-five days, has made thirty speeches, traveled one thousand miles, and, we may safely add, has converted fifteen thousand people. Has any other preacher done as much?

As we write the Fannie Troupe is bearing us on the bosom of the broad Columbia to the town of Monticello, where we are to take the stage for Olympia and the Legislature of Washington, where we shall shout for Woman Suffrage in the Olympic Hall.

THE CHICAGO FIRE.

Since our last issue the city of Chicago has been visited by a most destructive fire. The full particulars are not yet received, but it is safe to say that from one-half to two-thirds of the entire property of the city has been destroyed. The fire is almost without a parallel in history for the swiftness and completeness of its destruction. Over one hundred thousand people are destitute and homeless, many of them having been suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty. Subscriptions are being made for the sufferers in every city throughout the civilized world. Here in Portland energetic measures are being made to forward relief. Ten thousand dollars and upwards have already been subscribed. A grand musical concert is to be given to-night by the best talent of our city to procure funds for this worthy object. Portland is responding handsomely. Let the good work go on.

In addition to the suffering by the Chicago fire, appalling accounts come by telegraph of the ravages of fires sweeping over the States of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, consuming in their course entire villages, and often causing immense loss of life. In northern Wisconsin the town of Peshtigo was entirely destroyed on the night of October 8th, and twelve hundred persons were burned to death. Thousands of people are homeless, with nothing to protect them from the inclemency of the coming winter. Verily, here is a chance for the exercise of true and noble philanthropy.

ARMED AND EQUIPPED.

Thanks to the National W. S. Committee at Washington for the receipt of a most valuable package of documents under the frank of B. F. Butler, viz: Mrs. Davis' History of the Woman's Rights Movement, containing Mrs. Stanton's great speech on marriage and divorce; the Woodhull Memorial to Congress, asking law to secure to women the exercise of their right to vote under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, with Judgeingham's report against and General Butler's for; Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker's speech on the Dangers of Restricted Suffrage; Theodore Tilton's tract No. 1—Rights of Women—and several others.

And it is such a package that the Committee's Secretary, Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, sends to every one who forwards name, postoffice address and one dollar. Miss Anthony has gathered up over one hundred in this Northwest, and soon each dollar sent will have in its stead all these, and the sendee be fully armed and equipped to go forth among her neighbors a missionary of the Gospel of Freedom to women.

Owing to the crowd upon our columns several communications are necessarily omitted from this issue.

THE WALLA WALLA FAIR—CONTINUED.

We're almost afraid to hazard a guess about the different points of the compass, as we're sure to make a mistake, but we'll venture to say that the Fair Grounds are situated three miles south or west of Walla Walla. The roads were so incomparably dusty that no person could reach the Grounds without having acquired the begrimed appearance of a forlorn forty-niner, yet, in spite of the outward surroundings, many women were out in fine array, their trailing skirts reminding us of fallen Psyche, and so marring our ideas of the "fitness of things" that we were poorly prepared to appreciate much that would otherwise have appeared harmonious.

The hack driver halted amid the jam of vehicles and mountains of dung in front of the entrance gate, and was ordered to "show his ticket." Jehu refused in high dudgeon, and the altercation that ensued proved to us most painfully that if women are quarrelsome their conduct is the result of precedent and example.

Getting our "clearance card," we scrambled on through the stifling atmosphere and clamoring crowds till we brought up, with a scientific flourish of the driver's whip, in front of the pavilion, where, some trouble having been taken to deluge the thirsty earth, the surrounding objects became visible, and we alighted, glad indeed to have emerged from the suffocation of the public thoroughfare into the clear light of day and the pure breath of heaven.

Entering the pavilion, which differs but little, except in magnitude, from that of our Oregon horse racing grounds, we found a meager display of very creditable home work, showing plainly that the women of Washington Territory can bring forward many meritorious productions of their taste and skill, if any inducements are given them by which they may be assured that the expenses of the exhibition may be met. But, as in Oregon, the mania of the purse-holding half of humanity runs to agricultural horse trots and villainous side shows; so in Washington the same species of hallucination is manifested, and woman's work is in the main ignominious.

The display of fruits and vegetables in the pavilion was particularly meager. Not but that the specimens were excellent, but they were few in number and scant in quantity.

When we go to Washington Territory to deliver an agricultural address upon "what we know about farming," we'll tell the Walla Walla women how to work up a fair.

"Look at home, good sister: Improve your own agricultural races before you preach to us," says one honest and sensible woman, who feels justly indignant at our impertinent insinuations.

This reminds us of a good minister who was continually preaching against the vanities of women. His daughters were excessively vain, and their gaudy attire was the object of much severe criticism.

"Look at home!" sang out a member of his congregation one day, when he had grown particularly severe in his denunciations of vanity.

His gaily-attired wife and daughters were strutting up the aisle.

"God knows, my brethren," said the humiliated minister, "I do look at home till my heart aches."

We trust that Oregonians can see the point.

The grapes and peaches of Walla Walla valley are the finest that we have seen anywhere, if we except the same productions in parts of Eastern Oregon. No description can do them justice. They must be seen and eaten to be appreciated.

The horse races developed many bets, much disappointment, some dissatisfaction and hard swearing enough to satisfy his Satanaic majesty. We were unable to learn any further particulars. It's all in education, and our training in that line has been neglected. We're afraid to venture upon a scientific description of an agricultural horse race.

We made a ridiculous blunder last fall at the Washington county (Oregon) race. We honestly believed the notorious but badly-beaten "Jack Miner" to be a man! Pointing out a haggard, seedy individual, who looked to us the personification of a half a dozen disappointed horse racers, we said in our unsophisticated innocence to a boy of knowing ones, "Is that Jack Miner?"

Yours racing isn't our forte.

Next year, when the Walla Walla valley has a railroad from the head of low water navigation to the metropolis, we'll go to the fair again. We hope that by that time the women will have become awakened to a sense of their political independence, and will show the men of Washington that they can manage the pavilion, cash assets and all, and thereby make a fair more worthy of an intelligent people.

Walla Walla has the country, the climate and all necessary natural advantages to develop a magnificent agricultural, horticultural and industrial display. It remains for her to utilize these resources and teach slow-going Oregon a "fruitful" lesson.

THE LINN COUNTY FAIR.

Whereas, one agricultural race is very much like another; and

Whereas, we have lately "done" the Walla Walla races in a column or so of tedious description;

We therefore think it hardly worth while to make much mention of the meager industrial display in the pavilion at the Linn County Fair. We do not blame the women for neglecting to fill their department. The premiums of any value are all on the outside, and the women, who contributed largely to the chief attractions of the Fair, without hope of adequate share in the dividends, during the Society's infamy, are now resolved to stop the principal part

of their show unless arrangements are made by which they may share some reasonable portion of the profits.

While an irresponsible sporting man may draw hundreds of dollars from the Society's treasury because his horse is nimble legged, the people who produce the necessities, luxuries and ornaments of life are allowed a pittance for their exhibitions which will not pay entrance fees or cost of transportation.

We respectfully suggest to the Honorable Board who control the exhibition's finances the propriety of charging the women an entrance fee to the grounds, thereby placing them upon a pecuniary equality with themselves. Then elect a board of competent women to manage the pavilion, and see if another such failure is made as we were mortified to witness during the last agricultural horse trot in Linn county.

THE OREGON STATE FAIR.

Oregonians are disposed to be happy. They are resolved to make the most of circumstances; consequently, when the time for the Annual Fair approaches, every man, woman and child, who can be spared for the occasion, hieeth to the Donybrook of yesteryear of Wolfcut, prepared to make money, spend money, patronize side shows, camp out, eat dirt, breathe smoke, sleep on the ground, race horses and be gay. Among the numbers thus inclined was the redoubtable staff of the NEW NORTHWEST.

On Monday, Oct. 9th, (the same day being the first of the great jubilee), we mustered our forces, rolled up our tent and blankets, and hied us to the depot, resolved to make a week of it. And—we succeeded.

First, after having run ourselves down to reach the depot in time to catch the train, we found that the time had been changed to a so-called "accommodation" table, which disappointed everybody, so we dropped our feathers and wended our way home, a sadder but wiser people.

Seven o'clock A. M., Tuesday, and we tried it again. Succeeding upon this occasion in getting a seat in an unfinished passenger car, mounted upon trucks, which rocked away like a caution to dyspepsia, we reached the famous Wolfcut Donybrook at ten o'clock, and prepared ourselves to enjoy the many delightful pleasures above enumerated.

As is always the case at these places, horse racing is the principal amusement connected with the agricultural exhibition.

The women here, as in Walla Walla and Albany, are getting too financially sagacious to spend much more time and money to make the pavilion attractive, when all the profit is on the outside. So the show, compared to that of former years, was meager in the extreme.

We saw a committee of men busily engaged in examining the embroidery and "tatting" on a lady's chemise, and we couldn't help feeling that they were slightly "out of their sphere." But, poor fellows! how could they help it? Where women are not on hand to do the women's work the men must do it, and vice versa. These matters regulate themselves in spite of laws or usages.

The general exhibition has been so minutely served up for the public palate in the daily papers that the NEW NORTHWEST will now bring on the "side dishes" and furnish the intellectual feast with such dessert as the opportunities afford.

We have the famous and sprightly Pixley Sisters, who always draw crowded houses, and who made a handsome sum of money; we have the world-renowned Madagascan Family and the famous Circassian Beauty; and the Vancouver Fat Woman, Madam Forestelle and the women of the Aurora Restaurant. In all these "shows" the women do the work and, with the exception of the first, the men pocket the profits, and then boast that they "support the women!" The Pixley Sisters are remarkably successful in their profession. The eldest, Miss Annie, is but eighteen years of age; Minnie is fifteen and Lucy twelve. We learn that their masculine "help," with one exception, struck for higher wages on the last evening, whereupon these heroic young girls "doubled" in the acts and performed without them. To those carping men who boast that women need their "protection," we proudly point to the Pixley Sisters and say, "behold!"

Madam Forestelle, the contortionist, performed her wonderful and dangerous feats every day and evening. The husband who "supports" her by getting men to tie her up on the stage with a fifty foot rope, from which she magically frees herself in a box; by causing her to twist herself in every imaginable contortion for the vulgar gaze of the enraptured; by taking a sledge hammer and breaking a three hundred pound rock upon her breast; and then squanders the money thus earned at the peril of her life at the saloon or gaming table, can't keep the "wood over her eyes" much longer. There's just rebellion a-brewing in that kingdom.

Then the Fat Woman, of 417 pounds avoirdupois, who resembles "Brother Ike," of the Herald, is another example of the capability of man to "support" his wife. This woman is nineteen years old, the mother of two children, and, when found by the appreciative showman who has charge of her, was washing by the day to support her family. She is a stolid specimen of phlegmatic obesity, and agrees with "Brother Ike" on the Woman Question.

Well, this description of the Oregon State Fair has the merit of variety if nothing further.

This is only part of our bill of fare. Well, the fairs are all over, and the NEW NORTHWEST, after a week of rest to its compositors, comes again to greet its many readers with smiling face and joyful mien, refreshed and buoyant from vacation.

"PHILOSOPHY INSTEAD OF CHRISTIANITY."

Under this caption the renowned traveler, who is ruining the Democratic party in Oregon—don't print that word running, dear types, or you'll get your ears tweaked—by wielding a heavy pen, charged with all manner of tedious verbosity and insane silliness, has branched out on a pious strain, in which he is a pretty good match for Satan on the mountain. That our many readers, who never see his obscure publication, may note how pious he is, we print the following delectable extract:

We have seen certain women, filled with all manner of guile, revengeful, censorious, haters and backbiters, roaming up and down this coast, like so many unhappy spirits turned loose from the confines of Pandemonium, busily propagating a vain philosophy, which they are trying to persuade their own sex and everybody, to substitute for that Christianity which is the only rational foundation of human society; and without which man would be what Christianity found him, a mere human brute; somewhat polished, perhaps, in certain quarters; but still, a brute.

Shades of King Cambyesses! How our traveler does pile up redundant adjectives!

The remainder of his article, which wades through one and a half columns, of which the above is a specimen, is devoted to what he calls "free love" as viewed from his own physiological stand-point.

We have learned from extended opportunities for observation to know from the phrenological organization of a man just how he views the Woman Movement. For instance, a man with a well-developed forehead, intelligent eyes and gentlemanly exterior is by nature so much a gentleman that he instinctively gravitates to the side of justice and humanity. Such a man can see no "guile" in women who spend their lives in a noble sacrifice of self for the highest good of humanity. But when a man is so unfortunately organized that two-thirds of his piggy brain lays behind his eyes, and by far the greater proportion of avoirdupois belonging to his body is concentrated in his stomach, he is constitutionally opposed to the "woman movement," because he sees that for woman to own her own person will necessarily circumscribe his animal opportunities.

We wonder whose name "Brother Ike" will next forge to his incendiary documents?

A HERALDIC DODGE.

General Johnson asks us to tell the Herald that if it is necessary for that highly responsible organ to forge his name to imaginary letters, he hopes they (the letters) will hereafter elucidate some point. He indignantly refuses to own such a pusillanimous specimen of namby-pamby composition as that which appeared over his signature in the Herald of Oct. 8th.

"A VIGOROUS GROWL AT TRANSGRESSING POSTMASTERS."

When we returned from Walla Walla last month we found that a chapter of "Judith Reid" which properly belonged to our issue of September 29th had failed to reach our office in time for publication, although mailed eight days previously. We were in great haste to take the train for Albany, so we hadn't time to prepare a notice of the fact, though an apology was due our readers for the non-appearance of the story which is exciting so much public attention.

"What must we say about Judith Reid?" asked one of our boys, who displays considerable genius for composition.

"Get up a vigorous growl at transgressing postmasters and let 'em have it," was our very good-natured suggestion.

We think the public will agree with us that he did.

N. B. We wrote this explanation for the issue of October 6th, but, as we are only a unit among the "boys," it was omitted.

We felt when we saw that "vigorous growl" as we imagine Mark Twain's uncle did under a similar dispensation. Such is fame.

A bill providing for the enfranchisement of the women of Washington Territory has been offered in the Legislature by Mr. Bigelow. It provides that women shall vote on the question of their enfranchisement, and prohibit men from voting upon it, so that if a majority of women want the suffrage they can have it.

MRS. STANTON'S MOTHER.

Mrs. Daniel Cady, the mother of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, has recently taken her departure for the "better land," having fought the good fight and kept the faith for four score and seven years.

"We are glad that she has lived thus long, and glad that she has gone to her reward; nor can we deem that nature did her wrong. Safely to disengage the vital chord. When her weak hand grew hopeless and her eye dim with the mists of age, it was her time to die."

THE MORMON TROUBLE.

Brigham Young has been indicted for living with some one hundred women in Utah, and the question of the legality of polygamy comes before a jury of those who do not believe in it. What the immediate result will be is hard to say, but Mormonism will be surely crumble before advancing civilization as have all the absolute superstitions and heresies of the past.

MR. HENDERSON, ONCE MORE.

We give place to-day to another communication from Rev. Mr. Henderson, and also to the views of one of his townsmen concerning his course. As a personal friend and an advocate of Woman Suffrage we esteem Mr. Henderson highly, but do not propose to enter into any discussion with him at this time. He has already shown in his religious controversies in the Christian Messenger that he likes, if possible, to "have the last word," and if it will afford him any pleasure we freely give it to him, thereby sparing our readers any such infliction of dry and uninteresting controversy as has befallen the subscribers of our religious contemporary named above. The Rev. gentleman thinks we have misrepresented and misquoted him. We think not. Let our readers judge.

"JOAQUIN" MILLER.

While at Salem last week we were informed by the worthy and discarded wife of this erratic sham that he had the audacity to send her a form of renunciation or denial of the charges of desertion, etc., which the NEW NORTHWEST has made against him, seconded by other prominent journals that knew the facts, requesting her to copy and send the same and send it to the Oregonian for publication. This, too, in the face of the fact—as related to us by Mrs. Miller herself—that when the accounts of his fastings and fetings in London reached her his children were in actual need of bread!

Can human audacity any farther go?

MORE DODGES.

"Brother Ike," having utterly failed to vanquish the NEW NORTHWEST over his own signature and through his own verbose common-places, now sends letters to the gentlemanly local of the Herald, signed "A Reader," which the said local demolishes in a humorous and happy spirit. Brother Murphy, you deserve better company.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH.

Miss Eva Ford, a young lady fifteen years of age, was awarded first premium for penmanship over veteran men teachers, who had hitherto been considered invincible. We call upon the Portland Professor of Education to make this artist Professor of Penmanship for the public schools.

FURTHER REPLY TO MRS. DANIELS.

I have read with considerable interest Mrs. O. F. Daniels' letter published in your paper of August 18th; also the reply of "Justice" from Southern Oregon. And now, if you please, I should like to express my views in regard to the matter in a further reply to Mrs. Daniels.

When a woman so far forgets her position in society as to appear in enmity against man, and stoops so low in that regard as to become a "howling scolding monger," she deserves the severest reproof and condemnation; therefore I would say to her, Shame! Shame, Mrs. Daniels! You have sought by howling scandal in the public ear to bring disgrace on a noble and honorable gentleman, but happily your attempt has failed. The shafts of "malice and spite" hurled at me in every way your superior have fallen harmlessly, but you will in no wise be held guiltless. Justice has taken your case in hand, and it is hoped you will receive the full measure of your deserts. Strive as you may to rob Mr. Fay of his title and deprive him of the right of holding office, you are powerless to disturb his calm repose. To all your efforts he can truthfully exclaim: "There is no terror, Mrs. Daniels, in your scribbles, for I am armed so strong in the consciousness of my great moral worth and political importance that I heed them as the barking of a puppy-dog, which I respect not."

Mr. Fay is guilty of no misdeed, but has acted in the best interests of society. The creature you have been pleased to style "the hopeless, heart-broken, ruined girl," is a bold, bad, "disgusting woman," who aimed at becoming Mrs. Fay! Who can estimate the magnitude of such presumption? A woman, "whose past was not spotless," aspiring to the dizzying height of becoming the Honorable Mrs. Fay! To be his mistress would be honor enough for such as her. But to think of becoming his wife, the mother of his lawful children—the idea is preposterous! Finding she could never attain so lofty a height, what does this wicked creature next attempt to do? To blast his reputation—degrade him—ruin him—and then marry him! Marry her victim? The wretch! How richly she deserves the infamy to which she has been consigned!

Contrast her dark design with the conduct of noble man. Does he seek to marry the woman whose reputation he has blasted? Never! His pure, sensitive nature would shrink from uniting in holy matrimony with one so degraded.

Hannah Ralls is accused of attempting a deed the vilest man would blush to contemplate. Surely Mr. Fay is entitled to the lasting gratitude of humanity for placing so terrible a creature where she properly belongs—beneath the feet of society. See how the very life of public morals was imperiled by her freedom! An unchaste woman will infect with moral leprosy every virtuous woman with whom she comes in contact. Happily man, being so infinitely superior to woman, is not subject to moral contamination. He can wade through all manner of filth and uncleanness, and come out pure and undefiled; but let a woman come in contact with evil, and straightway she becomes inoculated with its deadly poison. What nobler work could an honorable gentleman engage in than ferreting out the erring women of the land and pro-

claiming them to the world, that the innocent wives and daughters and sisters of men might avoid their destructive presence? No wonder the "affable mamma's" smile upon him, and the grateful papas' electioneer for him, and the "fair young daughters" flocked around to do him honor! He is the hero of the day!

And yet, Mrs. Daniels, you would punish him! Punish him for violating the law of chastity! Great Heaven! What ruin you would make of all that that is great and grand in the universe! Only think of it! The noblest work of God—the lord of creation—mighty, majestic, irrepressible man—degraded, humiliated, cast out of society for yielding to the instincts of his nobler nature! Woman, you are crazy! You have imbibed the odious doctrine of "Equal Rights" till you have lost your senses. If you wish to be respected you must renounce such extravagant ideas and be reasonable. Say what you please about Hannah Ralls. Ask that she be imprisoned, hung, whipped or burned at the stake, and you will be honored for your love of virtue. There is no danger of hurting the feelings of her friends, for she has none. The whole world is against her. Even Justice does not scruple to give her an additional kick. But don't you dare to say another word against the character of Mr. Fay. He is too "noble game" for an insignificant "puppy-dog" like you to attack with impunity. If he does not see fit to make you "tremble" for the offense he has friends who will do it for him.

Beware! Justice is on your track! Very truly yours, MAN'S RIGHTS, McMinnville, Sept. 28, 1871.

SOME QUERIES.

Editor Walla Walla Statesman:—While groping through the dark last evening to find Miss Anthony's meeting we had some thoughts which shaped themselves into the following queries: 1. What age is this in which we live? 2. What country are we living in? 3. What race of men inhabit this country, and what is their religion?

While in the midst of these questionings we were rewarded with the object of our quest—a school house away in the remote outskirts of the southern portion of the town. In a few moments the house was crowded with the best people of the town, all of whom, for a space of two hours, listened with profound attention to able arguments on behalf of the greatest question of Christian (if the term implies good will to men) reform of this or any other age.

We have attended services in each of the Walla Walla churches, and we have never seen on any occasion during three months more than one-tenth of the congregation that came to hear Miss Anthony lecture last evening. Are not the people gone after this woman? Do the Clergy and the rulers of the churches know that this reform is indeed the Christ?

Here is a woman who stands a peer in the world of Intellect and of Letters. Here is a woman who penetrates and illuminates with wonderful clearness the cause of all our woe. Here is one who proposes a remedy for the great evil incident to human relations. Here is one, and that one a woman, with head and heart and moral force equal to any philanthropy. Among the best minds and greatest reformers of the age she stands recognized and honored. And yet, last night, there was found for her no place in the LIX of the Walla Walla churches. Comment we need not. CHRISTIAN.

The above was handed to us by a gentleman while we were in Walla Walla, who says the editor of the Statesman thinks him crazy and consequently refused to publish it. Well, well, if he is mad, there's no denying that there is much method in his madness. We are anxious to see many such exhibitions of lunacy.

EUGENE CITY, Oct. 5th, 1871.

EDITOR NEW NORTHWEST:

I see that Dicky Henderson has prevailed upon the Journal of this place to reprint his outrageous attack upon yourself, which first appeared in your valuable paper of a recent date. I am sure I do not know which most to admire, your liberality in printing his boiled down bigotry or his impudence in expecting you to do such a thing. If I were you, and he wanted to malign me, I would let him do it at his own expense.

Bravo! my dear madam! Your work is succeeding at a gratifying rate. Do not let anybody intimidate or scare you from your course. God and humanity are with you. The adversary and his limbs are powerless. I send you nine dollars for three copies of the NEW NORTHWEST to be sent as follows: 5—Yours for the right. F.

We do not believe that our friend Henderson really wants to malign us. He is afflicted with newspaper phobia, and the best thing that he can do is to do as we did when we found ourselves incurably afflicted with the same complaint: get a printing office and engage in the newspaper profession.

Mrs. Laura DeFore Gordon received 116 votes, according to the official count, for State Senator, from San Joaquin. Had not Gen. Evans been considered favorable to enlarging the political, personal and property rights of woman, and had she been regarded as practically eligible, under our State Constitution, there were hundreds of voters in that county who would gladly have cast their votes for her promotion, believing that she was the most competent candidate in the field for that position. The diversion of 116 votes, by an independent candidate in a contest where the average majorities range but a little above that number, should teach the parties that important lesson, that it is not safe to trifle with the rights and interests of a large class of citizens, who possess the power and have the disposition to punish those parties in continuous contempt of those rights. We hope yet to see Mrs. Gordon in the field for some important official position, to which she is clearly eligible. Man has had the past, woman will have the future.—S. F. Pioneer.

CHARACTER OF THE "NEW NORTHWEST."

EDITOR NEW NORTHWEST:

I am sorry that you have almost entirely misunderstood the purport and design of my communication, relative to Prof. Chaney's letter on the "Status of Woman," or, at least, greatly misrepresented them. You say, "Our belief on religious matters is a private affair." Now, the fact is, I made no inquiry about your belief on religious matters—in truth was not concerned about it—but did inquire whether the NEW NORTHWEST would advocate Woman Suffrage upon Bible principles, or whether it would pander to the taste of skeptics and infidels. As to your religious belief, I have no disposition to bring it before the public; but I supposed I had a right to know what is to be the character of the periodical I patronize, and that of the political party with which I cooperate. If I have no right to know these things I accept your "scolding" as merited and deserving, but, on the other hand, I regard it as unmerited and out of place.

Again, you say, "We have proved the Bible to be a Woman's Rights organ," etc. I am certainly gratified to learn this fact, for many professed advocates of the cause seem to think the Bible stands right across the path of Woman's Rights, and it must be torn down before the cause can triumph; hence their war upon that book.

Why you thought it necessary to represent me as saying that my "beliefs of Bible doctrines are as impregnable as the eternal hills" I cannot tell. This is certainly mysterious. The fact is, I said nothing about my "views" of Bible doctrines. But I did say that the Bible and Christianity stand as impregnable as the eternal hills. I hope you will hereafter be careful and not represent your correspondents as saying what they neither said nor intimated.

You think it would have been more proper for me to have answered Prof. Chaney's article than to send you for publishing it. I think not; had you not published it, there would have been no necessity for an answer. I think it better to prevent evil than to undertake to cure it.

Again, a forty years acquaintance with the cavils, insincerity and hypocrisy of infidels has taught me the impropriety of honoring their effusions with a formal reply, as they often argue what they do not believe themselves in order to gain notoriety. Again, I have no time to waste in replying to such articles, nor am I disposed to gratify the variety of their authors by so doing. And as men, and women, too, are known by the company they keep, hereafter I shall give all such sympathize with his sentiments a wide berth.

Respectfully, J. H. D. HENDERSON.

Fearful Reports of Fire in Northern Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE, October 15.

Later accounts from Northern Wisconsin confirm previous reports. The loss of life in the neighborhood of the village of Peshtigo will reach over 1,200. The number of persons who were seen to be hurled into the air by the force of the wind, and who were soon observed to fall like meteors in different parts of the town, igniting whatever they touched. People rushed with their children in their arms for a place of safety, but the storm of fire was upon them, and they were hurled into the air, and those that were not able to reach the river were suffocated and roasted alive. This terrible scene happened on Sunday night, the 8th, the same evening of the Chicago horror. The town of Peshtigo numbered two thousand souls; one-third of whom perished.

Reports from the east shore of Green Bay place the loss of life fully as high as at Peshtigo. The account states that the immediate cause of the disaster was a fire in the mill, which was soon observed to fall like meteors in different parts of the town, igniting whatever they touched. People rushed with their children in their arms for a place of safety, but the storm of fire was upon them, and they were hurled into the air, and those that were not able to reach the river were suffocated and roasted alive. This terrible scene happened on Sunday night, the 8th, the same evening of the Chicago horror. The town of Peshtigo numbered two thousand souls; one-third of whom perished.

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"A Reader" wants to know why we