The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....NOVEMBER 10, 1871.

WOMAN'S LACK OF INDIVIDUALITY.

Many are the false ideas prevailing in society in consequence of woman's esteemed inferiority to man, and to them are traceable nearly all the woes which to-day render the marriage state so full of misery. The gallantry which men profess towards women is in many instances really hurtful in its tendencies and results. For instance, a poor but meritorious young man keeps company with a young lady, and being suited to each other they form a matrimonial engagement. But the happy time when they can be united is far off. The young man has no dowry except a clear brain, sound body and good constitution, and must labor long and faithfully to amass a fortune sufficient to maintain a wife in keeping with the requirements of the false and extravagant ideas which pertain to society. His intended wife, instead of helping him hoard up the little fortune which is to start them on the matrimonial voyage, is really a hindrance. In the first place, were she disposed (which she is not) to also labor for the consummation of the cherished object both have in view and forward to which both look so expectantly and hopefully and joyfully, the wages paid to woman are so very small that her efforts would amount to little indeed. The idea of sex is even carried into the world of employment, and if woman wishes to compete therein she must consent to receive but a moiety of what is paid her masculine co-laborers. Surely there is little encouragement for woman to enter the avenues of labor, unless compelled to do so by stern necessity.

Then it is considered indelicate and unwomanly by society for a young lady to provide for that event in which she certainly has as much interest as her intended husband. Instead of that it is expected that he shall devote a large share of his earnings to vain pleasures and amusements. What if he sees the folly of this course, and protests? In nine cases out of ten the engagement is broken off. If not, the same state of things is kept up until marriage, after which it generally turns out that the wife is subjected to rigid, galling economy to make up for the previous lavish expenditure. The husband has the power now, and must not be blamed too much if he exercises it a little harshly. His wife had the power once, and was arbitrary in its use, and it is only natural that he should evince the same disposition when the conditions are reversed.

Often, after the young man has toiled for years, his affianced bride, lured by the sordid temptation of gold, proves false and marries another; or he himself, seeing naught but continual poverty in the future, struggle and delve and toil as he may, abandons the love of his heart and weds some favored daughter of fortune.

Is it necessary to go on and trace out the legitimate result of such unions? In the courts all over the land may be seen the sad sequence in the thousands of divorce suits, and there are hundreds of thousands more who would fain be free did opportunity and circumstances offer.

We contend that every woman should learn a trade or profession, whether she intends to follow it or not. She should qualify herself to bear her due proportion of the business cares of life. Her labor should be just as well rewarded as that of man's. It is also the place of woman, unquestionably, to be present with her growing children, if possible, and train their youthful minds as none but a mother can. Her services, while performing this important duty, should be considered fully equal to those of her husband, instead of being treated so slightingly as they are to-day.

We think we have plainly shown in the foregoing that the great cause of trouble in the marital relation as it at present exists is woman's lack of individuality. It is charged that the Woman Suffrage Movement, if successful, will bring discord into families by arraying husband and wife in hostility to each other, whereas nothing is more patent than that the success of the movement, by clothing woman with that individuality which rightfully belongs to her, will tend, more than all else, to ameliorate the hardships now experienced in matrimony.

"JOAQUIN" MILLER.

A short time ago a paragraph appeared in the NEW NORTHWEST under the above heading, which has called forth various and conflicting opinions and statements from the Oregon press. The information contained in the paragraph was not intended by Mrs. Miller for the public, and we are sorry it was not so understood.

Elsewhere is published a letter from Mrs. Miller, in which the charges made against "Joaquin" Miller of failure to provide for his offspring are abundantly verified. We are not in the least disposed to do Mr. Miller injustice, as has been charged. That his poetry has merit we have never denied, but that its construction and sentiment are alike often deserving of severe criticism, we firmly believe. Much of his present success is owing to the novelty of the scenes presented—in which the wild and wierd and rugged in nature, so general on the Pacific slope, always have a leading part—rather than to greatness of thought or depth of sentiment. This accounts for the fact that Mr. Miller is more favorably known as a poet in the Old World and in the Eastern States than here in Oregon, his old home. We who live here need no poet to sing to us of glorious old Mt. Hood and stately Jefferson, for those mountain giants as we gaze at them are grander poems than were ever penned, and baffle all description. Neither do we care to have sung the rippling flow of the beautiful Willamette as it travels on as if to some "fair Mecca," till it joins the "mighty Oregon" as he marches down to meet the sea. Mr. Miller's descriptions are generally good, but these subjects are in themselves so surpassingly grand that it need not be wondered at if he fail to do them complete justice. It would take a Homer or a Milton indeed to do that. In the Old World and the Eastern States, where sketches of this far Western country read like romance, "Joaquin" Miller's poems have elicited very commendatory criticisms, while in the West they are not so favorably regarded. Hence we infer that much of the laudation bestowed upon our poet by the press of England and the Eastern States is made in the enthusiasm of the moment, and cannot be considered the deliberate judgment of the critics.

But "Joaquin" Miller will soon be among us. Contrary to the practice of some of our contemporaries, the opinions we have passed upon him while abroad we still hold to. Whatever may be his talents, whatever fame he may achieve, his conduct towards his discarded wife and his almost starving babes will always tarnish the brightness of his poet's crown. We think Mrs. Miller entirely too lenient in her judgment of the conduct of her inconstant lord. No man or woman has the right to fame, when the price is marital and parental neglect.

THE BASIS OF SUFFRAGE.

The Port Townsend *Argus* wants none but intelligent women to vote. It says:

Put the right of suffrage on a basis of intelligence, with a proper qualification—so that the voter would know what voting meant and have personal interest enough to make him vote right—and then let the women who have the qualifications have the same rights as men. Such a plan would effectually shut out corruption, and would be a reform. We respectfully offer this amendment to woman suffrage to Miss Anthony and her co-workers, and if she and they see fit to adopt it, we will put ourself beside Brother Murphy and go in to make it win.

To which we reply that a "basis of intelligence," to be applied to *all*, would, we suppose, be objected to but by very few, provided that it could be satisfactorily adjusted. But while *all* men are allowed the ballot, we most emphatically claim that there should be no discriminating rule giving only the most intelligent women the right to vote. There should be the same test for all.

A property qualification would often cause injustice and hardship. A person possessing property sufficient to vote, may on the very day after election lose all that property. In that case, which has voted, the person or the property? If intelligence is to be also a basis, it will most assuredly conflict with any property qualification. The *mind* should vote, and not mere dollars and cents.

The editor of the *Argus* wishes the advocates of Woman Suffrage to demand the ballot only for women possessing the qualifications he has named, and promises, if they will, to put himself by the side of Bro. Murphy and "go in to make it win." If this is the ultimation we are afraid his services will not be accepted. One rule for all, Bro. *Argus*.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE FOR FAME.

On Thursday and Friday evenings of this week, Mrs. B. Brown, the celebrated lecturess and tourist, delivered a lecture at the Court House in opposition to "Woman's Rights." Other duties deprived us the privilege of hearing her, but we are informed that the house, on Thursday evening, was not rendered uncomfortable by the thronging multitude. Owing to the shortness of notice, or the dilapidated condition of their purses, we presume, but one anxious listener, a young man of official notoriety, was able to be present, and he, we understand, had been employed as doorkeeper. We are not apprized as to the nature of the lecture, whether curtain or otherwise, but understand that the audience was very orderly and well-behaved.—*Corvallis Gazette.*

So it seems Madam Frost is not alone. Who this Mrs. Brown is we do not know, although it is announced that she is a "celebrated lecturer and tourist." We presume, however, from the evident popularity of her lectures, that she will not fail to come to Portland and demolish the heinous work done here by that emissary of wickedness, Miss Anthony, in teaching women the pernicious doctrine of equal rights, since Mrs. Frost's ignominious failure to perform that herculean task. Mrs. Brown, it is needless to state, is opposed to woman's speaking in public, which probably accounts for the fact that she is not generally troubled with much of a "public" to speak to.

THE LATEST CASE OF MONOMANIA.

This time it is the Walla Walla *Union*, the editor of which is scared to within an inch of his life for fear the women of Washington Territory will have the chance to exercise their inherent right to the ballot. He has resorted to the old experiment, so often tried by baffled man's rights advocates, of endeavoring to beslime those who are opposed to him with blackguardism. When such tactics are adopted in lieu of argument, the case is generally very desperate, and appeals to our commiseration rather than to our anger or indignation.

A late number of the Corvallis *Gazette* endeavors to be exceedingly facetious over a typographical error which appeared in the local columns of the NEW NORTHWEST a short time since. We commend to the astute editor's consideration the following dastardly assault upon the English language which occurs in the same number of the *Gazette:*

The general laws of the Government, since George L. Woods, that man-fearing American statesman has been placed at the head as chief executor of the Territory, is being rigidly enforced.

That fellow should be principal of a grammar school.

Subscribe for the NEW NORTHWEST.

WOMEN AS AMENUENSES.

The San Francisco *Bulletin*, in an article entitled "All about Phonography," speaks as follows of Mrs. H. A. Johnstone. The lady mentioned is a candidate for Engrossing Clerk of the Assembly in California:

There is, however, at the present moment, a field open to women as amanuenses. Several in the city are earning considerable money at the profession, although but one is what might be called a good amanuensis. This one, Mrs. H. A. Johnstone, deserves special mention. She has employment much of the time, whenever there is a crowd of work; and being one of the best, if not *the* best amanuensis of either sex in the city, has the preference over all the others, and her services are in almost constant demand. She has had long experience in Washington and in the New York Legislature. She is qualified to report testimony or public speeches, and has done much of this; but she can and does earn ten dollars per day as an amanuensis, and prefers to take this rather than to enter into the sharp lists of competition for work at first hands. She writes long-hand with exceeding rapidity, and reads her notes with such ease that she scarcely takes her pen from the paper to decipher her short-hand. Her long-hand manuscript is exceedingly free from errors, and is written in a plain, bold and elegant hand. Ofcourse, she works hard—very hard—and is sometimes exceedingly fatigued. Ten hours at a desk, writing, even to earn ten or twelve dollars, is what very few women can endure, although there are many who would willingly work five hours a day for five dollars, and could do it without injuring their health. One or two women in Stockton are learning, the legal business there calling for additional amanuenses.

On reading the foregoing no one can help being impressed with the idea that there are thousands of stout, hearty men employed in this field of labor, while multitudes of women who could perform its duties just as well are obliged to work in harder avocations. How much longer will the strong oppress the weak?

THE "GATEWAYS TO THE POLES."

An expidition sent from Germany has reached the open Polar Sea which was seen by Dr. Kane. The expedition is confident of being able to sail directly past the Pole. Whales and water fowl abound in this open sea. Thus is another triumph of science achieved. It will be remembered that this expedition followed the Gulf Stream by way of Nova Zembla. Further particulars will be awaited with interest. The "Gateways to the Poles" have been passed at last.

THE ELECTIONS.

Elections have just been held in New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Maryland and Virginia. The Republicans have carried all the States mentioned except Maryland and Virginia. The Tammany frauds have undoubtedly done much to produce this result. It is hardly probable that the Democratic party can survive the overthrow of the Tammany Ring, which has been for years the great central power of the organization.

THE REVOLUTION.

This sterling journal has passed into the hands of J. A. Hallock, a New York publisher, and has been enlarged and improved in various other ways. Mr. W. T. Clarke, a well known and popular journalist, succeeds Laura Curtis Bullard as editor. The *Revolution* is to the Woman Suffrage Movement what the New York *Tribune* was to the anti-slavery movement. It is an indispensable co-worker, and the evidences of its present prosperity are gratifying in the extreme.

THE "PIONEER."

Our California contemporary comes to us freighted with good things as usual. Dr. Holland's iniquitous bill to regulate the social evil has received a rough handling in its columns, and its inconsistencies and immorality have been made plain to the comprehension of all. The *Pioneer* deserves success, and should be well sustained by the friends of Woman Suffrage in the Golden State.

Proceedings of the Seattle Woman Suffrage Convention.

At a meeting held in the Brown Church at Seattle on the 3d inst., by resident ladies in favor of organizing a Society with a view of lending their aid toward securing to their sex the right of suffrage, after addresses by Miss Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Duniway, the following proceedings were had:

Miss Anthony, taking the chair, stated that motions looking to a permanent organization of a Woman Suffrage Society in Seattle were in order and would be acted upon. Whereupon a motion was made and seconded that a committee be appointed for the purpose of reporting the names of suitable persons as officers of such society.

The motion having been carried, the following ladies were apwointed on said committee, viz: Mrs. A. M. Tweed, Mrs. S. B. Yesler, Mrs. P. T. Snyder, Mrs. P. L. Price, Miss Lizzie Peebles and Mrs. M. O. Brown, who soon handed in their report, recommending Mrs. S. B. Yesler for President, Miss L. M. Ordway for Vice President, Mrs. Jacobs for Treasurer and Mrs. Nellie Higgins for Secretary.

The report of the Committee was accepted and adopted, and the respective officers took their seats.

A motion was then made for the appointment of an Executive Committee, consisting of three members, which was carried, and Mrs. A. M. Tweed, Miss Lizzie Peebles and Mrs. M. O. Brown were appointed as such committee.

The meeting proceeded to the election of six delegates to the Convention to be held at Olympia on the 8th of November. Mrs. M. O. Brown, Mrs. Wiggins, Mrs. Laura Hall, Mrs. L. M. Ordway, Mrs. S. B. Yesler and Mrs. May were duly elected.

On motion, the Hon. John Denny, Rev. J. F. Damon and Rev. Daniel Bagley were elected as additional delegates, their consent thereto having been first obtained.

Several addresses were then made, and a vote of thanks was tendered to Miss Anthony for the aid she had extended to the society, and also to Rev. D. Bagley for the use of his church.

Whereupon the meeting adjourned.

MRS. S. B. YESLER, President.
MRS. NELLIE M. HIGGINS, Sec'y.

LETTER FROM SOUTHERN OREGON.

SOUTHERN OREGON, Oct. 28, 1871.

EDITOR NEW NORTHWEST:

"Man's Rights," in his "further reply to Mrs. O. T. Daniels," in your issue of the 20th, makes some not very covert attacks upon Justice; evidently aiming to defeat the ends, pervert the meaning and misconstrue the efforts of Justice.

Justice would mete out to the offender the full letter of the old Mosaic law, "eye for an eye, tooth for tooth;" would punish crime and evil doers with unsparing rigor; would forever shut out from the companionship of Innocence and Virtue all that would contaminate or degrade. Justice has sought to make no defense of sin and of sinners, nor to protect them from censure or abuse, nor to shield them from merited condemnation. Justice would not hide guilt from punishment, or crime from infamy.

But there is a class of people, generally women or effeminate men, who are never so happy as when pondering over some heinous crime; whose minds are so given to the worship of all that is most revolting and disgusting that they fairly gloat over the contemplation of vice and shame; who so dearly love to parade and discuss their favorite subject that under the plea of condemning the perpetrator they find excuse to display all the sickening details of the deed; who, in their anxiety to condemn some one, become quite reckless whether their abuse is launced at innocence or guilt, and with the same feeling that prompts children to throw mud at a white wall, they delight to have for their victim some one who has hitherto been free from reproach, that his or her degradation may be the more complete when it does come.

Justice has no desire to shield criminals—not even from the attacks of these human ghouls—but would suggest that it is a maxim of law, as well as humanity, to consider a man innocent until proved guilty. The *real criminal, if that may be considered criminal which the law licenses*, has hitherto entirely escaped. Nor was there any injury done to the woman except by herself in becoming an offender in the first place, and in exposing herself to the weather in the senseless and uncalled for manner that she did. It is perfectly absurd to blame any one except herself for this, which was the worst feature of the whole affair. Neither Mr. Fay or the real author of her misery can justly be censured for her own reckless and foolish acts. She went of her own free will out into the storm and darkness and the forest, periling the lives of herself and her child. Mr. Fay, by taking her to his house and caring for her there after she was found, shows that he did not send her away, nor does she accuse him of doing so.

Mr. F. did not "blast her reputation;" he did not "place her beneath the feet of society;" did not "ferret her out" and "proclaim her to the world." All the evils of notoriety that have come upon this woman, now so cursed with evil fame, have come from her own acts and from the over-eager partizanship of those who have made her name and wrongs the excuse to attack and malign an innocent man. "Man's Rights," Mrs. Daniels, and even Justice, have been far more instrumental in fastening her disgrace upon her than he, for he has said and written nothing about her in any way—not even made one attempt to "consign her to the infamy" that "Man's Rights" thinks "she so richly deserves."

Justice still holds to the opinion that "Man's Rights" and Mrs. Daniels are not so much *her* friends as *his* enemies. Had the person accused been other than the very man whose influence and talents make him hated and feared by a certain political ring, even had he been *proved* guilty of far deeper crime than that of which Mr. Fay has been unjustly accused, Hannah Ralls might have buried her wrongs and her sorrows in oblivion, unpitied and undefended. Mrs. Daniels would not then have rushed to the newspapers, eager to acquire fame like

"That inspired youth who fired the Athenian dome."

"Man's Rights" would not then have had opportunity to "pay off old scores."

Women may not ban all impure men from their society, for the simple reason that society would be too greatly thinned, but they may ban those of their own sex who become so degraded as to sink to man's moral level. Because her moral status *is* higher, woman may hope by keeping it so, to keep the world still evenly balanced between good and evil. Her's is the Sampsonian labor, her's the saving grace. She must encourage reformation wherever found. She must unhesitatingly consign vice and error to the stern decrees of

JUSTICE.

BRIGHAM IN TROUBLE.

It is reported that Brigham has left Salt Lake City, bidding it a final adieu. His power seems broken. The Mormons no longer believe in him as heretofore. His infallibility, like that of the Pope's, amounts to very little when applied to temporal affairs. The institution of polygamy, of which Brigham was the founder and chief exponent, is in a rapid decline.

At the recent session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of California, held in San Francisco, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we commend to the Sons and Daughters of Temperance the *Woman's Journal*, published by Brother William J. and Sister Carrie F. Young, expressing confidence in it as an exponent and advocate of temperance principles.

"Doctor," said a wealthy patient to his physician, "I want you to be thorough. Strike at the root of the disease!" "Well, I will," said the doctor, as he lifted his cane and brought it down hard enough to break into pieces a bottle and glasses which stood upon the side-board. It was his last professional visit to that house.

SEVERE.

The *Golden City*, the leading literary journal of San Francisco, has the following severe paragraph about "Joaquin" Miller, which is in decided contrast to some of the fulsome flattery bestowed upon him in the East:

Joaquin Miller, the rhyming rhapsodist, is still in this city—lionized by a few SOI DISANT poets, impecunious Bohemians and gunny-bag aristocrats.

[From the Oregonian.]

The Poet Joaquin Miller.

A COMMUNICATION TO THE PUBLIC FROM MRS. M. M. MILLER.

Sir: As Joaquin Miller is now expected to arrive in Portland, I deem it my duty to say a few words in his behalf to the people of Oregon. I have received many letters from different sources requesting me to disclose as much of his conduct toward his children as I will. Although I feel that these things concern no one on the face of earth but my children and me, still he belongs to the world now, and I have remained silent until remarks have been carried so far as to make my children subjects of idle gossip, and deem it right to now ask a truce to charges and accusations, and request of you to behold the poet and receive him in a manner that will give due tribute to his genius and success. Mr. Miller has earned a fame, and an appreciation of his efforts should be awarded him. He is a man of literary culture and research; he has read constantly, industriously, and had command of the very best of literature, ancient and modern. It had been his sole ambition, for years, to go to Europe and acquire a literary fame; he felt, and justly, that he was gifted, and his mind being of fine, poetic structure, and his brain very delicately organized, the coarse and practical duties of providing for a family, and the annoyance of children, conflicted with his dreams and literary whims. So, when he wrote me that he would be absent in Europe five or six years, and in the meantime, I need not expect to hear from him often, as he should be very busy, I asked for and obtained a divorce in the courts of Lane county, and your singer was loosed and free, and no longer chained to the annoying cares of a family; he could give his whole attention to his poems. I, myself, sympathize with him in his desire to have time and money to "tamper with the Muses," and cultivate his taste and talent for literature, and I feel that all poets and authors will also sympathize with him.

I did not intend that my misfortunes should be publicly known. Illness overtook me in Portland, and by irregularities of the mails and accidents we were cut off for a time from communication with our friends. My younger brother was with me, and I did not ask for assistance; but by accident my friends found me. I must ever remain grateful to them for their timely and generous assistance, but they can bear me witness that I made no public complaint, and the charges made against Mr. M. were not made with my knowledge. I was as much surprised to see them as any one. If, in five years of labor and complete isolation from my relatives and the world, I worked with him, and not even my nearest neighbor or dearest friend heard one complaint or murmur from my lips; if, through that long winter in Portland, I sewed humbly day after day, and day after day, as long as I was able; passed the offices and residences of our mutual friends, who were leading and wealthy people, and chose rather to let my babes come upon the verge of starvation than to blemish his reputation by letting my circumstances be known, it is not likely that after the day of hope came, and all was over, I should publicly make known what I had tried so hard to conceal. As I said before Mr. Miller felt that he had gifts of mind, and if his system of economy was rigid and hard to endure, it was, at least, a success; and if he needed all his money to carry out his plans, I am satisfied that he thus used it. The bitter experience of the past cannot come again. My babes lived through all, and I am *more* than satisfied. I am grateful, and all is well.

The absurd statement of the Eugene *Journal*, that I had indignantly returned money that Mr. M. sent me, is incorrect; and his informers are as economical of truth as they are of affection for their own flesh and blood. It would be a sad time to show indignation towards a father when his babes were suffering for the necessaries of life. Joaquin Miller does not claim that he has ever sent a dollar to his children, or provided anything for them in any way from the time of his leaving Oregon until about two months ago, when he sent me twenty-five dollars. He has since sent fifty dollars to Mrs. B. Cooke, for my little girl, and twenty-five to my mother, who has the care of my younger children. He will doubtless make explanations, which will be satisfactory to those interested, when he returns. It is true that I had a home with my widowed mother, but the place was dreary and secluded, and there was not a church or schoolhouse within fifty miles of my mother's home. So I did not deem it a proper place to educate my children, and I came away bringing them with me, which was contrary to the decree of the Court, which gave the two older children to the care of my mother. As I brought them away he was released by law from caring for them, and I have no reason to complain, nor can any one have, justly. Two hundred dollars a year alimony was allowed, but as it was not secured, you will readily see that Mr. M. was entirely released from any obligations.

The marital relations between Mr. Miller and myself are dissolved, but that does not prevent our holding our precious babes in mutual love and protection; and although there are many false sentiments in society in regard to these things, I beg the privilege of exercising my own judgment in regard to my duty towards the father of my children, and my children.

As we are both mortals, it would be affectation in me were I to profess to take upon myself all the blame, but I ask to bear my full share. The many who feel an interest in him are of more consequence than the few who know and love me, and henceforth I would have you deal only with him as a poet and author. Pronounce your judgment upon his books. Know him by his epic heroes. No mortal man can go beyond himself in any conception; when he attempts to, he only strikes against the border of his imagination, and rebounds further back, and when man attempts to image a God he takes a step back and puts upon the shoulders of his God wings which belong to a lower order of creation. Good sometimes comes of evil; the most deadly pistil exhales a delicate perfume, and our separation and sorrows produced the poems of "Myrrh" and "Even So." If I have, after all, recovered my health and sometimes smile, as others do, I feel that I have some kind of apology. If I am not to-day the shadowy, faded woman that might be expected, I beg pardon; and if, as a facetious editor writes, I must go "down the stream of life alongside of Lady Byron, Mrs. Bulwer and the obstreperous wife of the author of 'Boz,'" let that be my punishment. M. M. MILLER.

SALEM Oregon, Nov, 5, 1871.

Spinsters and Mothers.

"No, I shall never marry; but it saddens me that by missing the experience of a wife and mother, I shall always be less of a woman than I should have been with those experiences."

So said my friend, Sarah Weston, one of the truest and sweetest women I have ever known. She is what the world calls an old maid, a woman of refined tastes, ripe culture and generous impulses. Her girlhood had its love-dream, with its bright anticipations of home, and the joys and interests of wedded life. The dream ended in her lover's grave, and to a nature like hers it could never return; no second love was possible. But she did not therefore devote herself to nursing a selfish sorrow, nor darken her own life or that of her friends with useless lamentations. Thanking God for the love which, having entered into her life, had made it richer for all the future, she shut in her own heart all the sweet and sorrowful memories of the past, and went forth to her work. Many a sad heart has been uplifted and strengthened, many a heavy one lightened of its load, by the sympathy born of that experience. Every year has added strength to her character, given her a broader horizon, and a more satisfying life. Children are irresistibly attracted to her, young men and women make her their confidant, and the old brighten at her coming, and grow young in her presence. Emancipated from mere personal interest, she has a disengaged attention and ready sympathy for all with whom she comes in contact. Looking in her bright, cheerful face, thinking of her character, so strong and sweet, the full flowering of a perfected womanhood, I pondered her words. Is it true that any nature is necessarily impoverished by the missing of certain experiences? I cannot think so. Such an idea seems to be a reflection upon the justice of God. I cannot think that his best gifts are put beyond the reach of any of his children, or that a soul can miss of its highest development through the force of circumstances beyond its control.

In my first public utterance on the Woman Question, I claimed that womanhood was a greater fact than wifehood or maternity, and all my thought on the subject since has but emphasized that utterance. Some of the best and wisest mothers I have ever known were women who had never borne children, while on the contrary I have seen mothers of large families whose love was a mere animal instinct, and who knew absolutely nothing of the claims of a true motherhood. Half the love that is sentimentalized over as motherly has in it no higher elements than animal instinct and self-love. The undue indulgence, the showing off and elaborate dressing of children, proceed not from love, not from a wise consideration of their best good, but from a weak fondness that can deny them nothing, and from personal vanity that plumes itself on its own. A witty friend of mine, commenting upon a family of sadly spoiled children, exclaimed, "Poor things! how they do need a good, judicious stepmother." And many an individual of that much-abused class has done incomparably better for a family of children than their own mother would have done. Women who take the place of mother to children not their own are apt to be actuated by higher motives than mere instinct or self-love; the best interests of the child are considered more important than its inclinations, and weak indulgence and disastrous "yes-es" are superseded by a wise control.

In one of our large Western cities lives an unmarried woman, who has adopted and filled the place of mother to more than twenty children, and in her care and training of them shown a self-sacrificing tenderness, a devotedness and wisdom, which no mother could have surpassed. To train children was her natural vocation; from childhood she had shown an aptitude for it, and, attaining womanhood, this was the one strong desire of her heart. Her brother, a successful business man, with whom she lived, had large means and a life filled with varied interests. She had a handsome room in his house, plenty of money for the gratification of her personal wants, and an aimless life. "I wish I were a man," she exclaimed impatiently one day, as he was unfolding some new project that was sure to result in a golden harvest. "No, I don't either," she added; "but I wish I had a man's opportunities for making money."

"Why, Mary," exclaimed her brother in a tone of grieved surprise, "don't you have all the money you want? I am sure I wish you to have."

He was one of those large-brained, active men, who, had he been doomed to a life of dependence and inaction, would have gone mad or committed suicide, and here was his sister, only a year or two younger than himself, sharing the same nature, and he was astonished that, being sumptously housed and clothed, she was still unsatisfied.

"No, Harry," she replied, "I don't have all the money I want; I want enough to do a work in the world and have something to live for, instead of having everything provided for me, and the days left so dark and empty that when I wake in the morning I wonder how I shall manage to exist till night. I am bored to death with an existenec that is fit only for a canary-bird or a lap-dog, but which is enough to drive any woman with an active mind and a healthy body into a lunatic asylum."

The brother was an exceptional man, for he neither laughed at her, nor asked why she didn't get married and have a house and children to occupy her, but he asked a much more sensible question, "What would you like to do?"

"I would like to have a large house and fill it with children who need a home and be a mother to them. That would interest me as much as great business enterprises do you."

The brother made no reply. He walked the length of the room and back again, went to the window, and with both hands thrust in his pockets as if he hoped to find at the bottom the solution of the difficulty, stood looking out. Suddenly his face brightened, he turned on his heel, and went briskly out of the house.

"Well, Molly," he exclaimed gayly as he met her at the tea-table, "I have bought you a house, and you can begin to gather your flock of vagabonds as soon as you like." And it was no joke. His sister's word had set him thinking. He had gone back to the time when, hardly more than children, they were thrown, a pair of penniless orphans, upon the world; of all she had been to him during those years when the conflict with fortune seemed so unequal, and more than once his heart failed him, and but for her love and trust he would have been ready to despair. Never during those years had she failed or doubted him, never added to his discouragement and weariness the weight of her own; and now that fortune had smiled on him, and he had won success, now that his life was enriched by the love of wife and children, why should he not see to it, that she, too, had the means of being happy in her own way? So the house was bought and furnished, and a sum appropriated to meet its demands. One after another the rooms were filled with homeless waifs, and the life of the lonely woman, before so purposeless and barren, blossomed with loving interests and beneficent cares. And what a family gathered about her—made up of all ages from the week-old baby to the girl on the verge of womanhood; of all nationalities and every shade of color; but harmonized and attuned by the strong will and loving heart of the genius of the home.

"Aunt Mary" was not the slave of tradition; she had no inflexible theories about government. She managed one child this way, and another that. A self-satisfied, obstreperous boy was sent to the public school to find his level and learn subordination, while a shy, sensitive little fellow was sent to be cuddled and made much of at a little private school, kept by another spinster with a warm, motherly heart. As the years went by, some were fitted for college, and others apprenticed to learn trades; some of the girls fitted themselves to be housekeepers and nurses, while others learned horticulture and telegraph. To develop each one according to the best of his genius, to find out what was in him, and make the most and the best of his powers, this was the purpose kept steadily in view. The only two things that Miss Mary set her face resolutely against, were sewing and teaching. No girl of her training, she said, was to take the bread out of any other woman's mouth by entering these sadly overcrowded departments of work.

What has this woman missed by being a mother to these children instead of bearing children of her own? Will she, think you, in the hereafter find her woman's nature impoverished by not having the experience of maternity? I think, rather, that when she passes to her rest, and her works follow her to be compared with the work of ordinary mothers, the verdict passed upon it will be, "Many daughters have done well, but thou hast exceeded them all."

CELIA BURLEIGH.

Our position is one easy to understand. We *propose to defeat, if possible, every anti-suffrage candidate.* We shall leave no honest measures untried to accomplish this. Opposition to Woman Suffrage is opposition to a woman's right to ownership of herself—ownership of her legitimately born minor children—to her control of her own property—to her having a voice in the laws by which she is governed—to her trial by a jury of her peers—to her having a representation when she pays taxes—in short, to her being lifted out of the minority, guardianship, childhood and inferiority to which the partial and one-sided legislation of the world has doomed her from time immemorial. It is idle to tell us of the goodness of a man who stands in this attitude to woman. He may not be a thief, a burglar, or a criminal of any grade, but he is unjust to woman; stands in the pathway of her development, and must not be backed up in this position by the suffrages of people!—*Boston Woman's Journal.*

Ohio expended this last year in an educational way $7,150,560,08.

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