

Oregon has a commissioner at New Orleans whose sole duty seems to be to prevent his one little car-load from becoming lost among the scores sent by other States. Yet he might find time to distribute a few thousand pamphlets descriptive of Oregon. The publisher presented him with a thousand copies of THE WEST SHORE for that purpose, and when these are all gone he can, no doubt, borrow a few pamphlets from the Dakota, Nebraska or Kansas commissioners, who are supplied with enormous quantities of them. The Board of Trade might send him a written request to the representative of Dakota to grant him such favors. This is only a suggestion, however, and perhaps some one else can think of something even better.

Take it all in all, there was never a more characteristic exhibition of Oregon enterprise than that we have witnessed during the snow blockade the past few weeks. Passengers, express and mail were snowed in some fifty miles from the city, and yet, though individuals walked in to the city from the beleaguered train, the business men permitted the mail to lie there in the snow, and more to accumulate at Wallula daily, for three weeks, before an order was procured by telegraph from Washington, authorizing the Postmaster to bring it in on sleds. All this time business remained stagnant. What other community in America would have been so nerveless and inert? Not long since the Chicago post office was destroyed by fire early in the morning, and before night a new one was opened and the regular delivery of the mail of 500,000 people resumed. The Postmaster did not bother his head with what was done in '62 or '52, or even '43, but confined his attention to what ought to be done right then. Possibly the Superintendent of the Mails will say that he had no authority to spend the department money for any such purpose; but there is no doubt our liberal Board of Trade would have supplied the means had an appeal been made, even though its enterprising members did not happen to think of such a thing themselves. Then the energy and public spirit displayed in clearing the snow from walks and street car tracks are worthy of comment. It was in the height of the holiday season, when it was hoped that trade would be good enough to compensate for the great dullness of the previous few months, and yet the street car lines were permitted to become blockaded and remain so for days at a time, the old Oregonian reason, that it "cost too much," being given for not keeping them clear. Thus Christmas came and went and the holiday trade was lost, while only one merchant seemed to appreciate the situation enough to offer to bear part of the expense of opening the lines. A labored walk about the city revealed the fact that it was chiefly the poorer classes and those whose sojourn in Webfoot had been brief, who made any effort to clear the snow from off their walks. Our model capitalists, many of them, can boast of still having on their front porches the snow that fell the first day of the storm; and had the elements permitted, these same men would be in possession of the snow that fell in 1862. It is possible they look upon snow as an Eastern import which they should

not encourage by too much attention; for these men are patriotic in the highest degree, and are opposed to the importation of manufactured articles. They do not express their sentiments by establishing here glove, hat and other factories; it would be too much to ask of them when they can loan their money on an assured percentage; but they discourage importation of such things by refusing to purchase gloves and trusting to their pants' pockets to keep their hands warm, and wearing their old hats till they become, like ancient Babylon, "a crumbling ruin." To be sure, this has also a tendency to reduce the volume of trade, make times hard, and discourage home manufactures as well; but that cannot be helped; those patriotic men cannot be expected to carry water on both shoulders. Verily do we exclaim with the much afflicted Job, "There is no relief but in the grave."

OREGON'S PARALYZER.

E. W. ALLEN is one of Oregon's representatives at New Orleans. Everybody knows Allen—some frequently—and general satisfaction was expressed when he was selected for the position. By dint of considerable scratching around, he and the other gentlemen appointed by the Governor succeeded in raking together enough of the milk and honey of divers kinds with which Oregon is overflowing to make a car-load. When this was done, Mr. Allen tacked a big yellow placard on the door, and waybilled it to New Orleans, confident that he had something there which would "just paralyze them fellers down there," as a bystander expressed it, when it should be displayed before the admiring eyes of those to whom Providence had denied the boon of a residence in Webfoot. A few days later, having fortified himself with a volume of THE WEST SHORE, the blonde Commissioner chartered a limited portion of a Pullman and hied him to the Creole capital. Somehow—and just how will always remain a mystery to strangers—it became whispered on the train that he was not as other men were, but a Commissioner. His fellow-passengers gazed upon that graceful form, in which reposed all the dignity of the great State of Oregon, with feelings akin to awe. The porter, usually so skilled in "sizing up" his passengers, felt ashamed of himself, and immediately raised his former estimate of a silver dollar to five—one for Allen and four for the sovereign State of Oregon. He was all right as far as Allen was concerned, but most sadly deceived on Oregon. Poor fellow, he had not lived here as long as some of us. He knows better now. It was while under the hilarious enthusiasm for commissioners, caused by this sudden unexpected raise in the possible amount of his perquisites, that the sable porter inserted Allen's title in the list of passengers telegraphed to St. Paul. The result was that thenceforth the Commissioner's journey eclipsed the brilliant meteoric flight across the continent executed by the famous Cronin in 1876. He was besieged with questions, interviewed by item-hungry reporters, solicited for the privilege of transferring his baggage and august person from depot to depot, warmly urged to write letters of introduction to the Governor and