

EDITORIAL OPPOSITION.

We have six classes of man's rights editors in Oregon. First in order comes the lowest or brutal type of the fraternity. They judge all women by those with whom they have been most intimate, as well as by their own ideal standard. They think that nothing but the strong arm of the law keeps any woman virtuous. Such editors would receive no notice from their public, their pertinacity and unblushingly virtuous thrusts at all sensible and virtuous women who dare think for themselves, render it necessary to sometimes show them up in their true colors. This is a disagreeable task, and one which we hope will not often fall to us as a duty.

The next in the upward grade is the pugilistic politician. He bases right upon the theory of combativeness and the practical development of muscle. If a woman so far forgets her state of "clinging" gentleness as to engage in a game of fistfights or inveterate swearing, or if she uses Derringers and whisky, straightway they willingly acknowledge her right to vote. These men are one remove above the brutal type.

The next in order above the pugilistic politician is the sexual type. They recognize gender as being far superior to intellect. The only requirement or qualification that a voter possesses, according to their standard, is that such voter be of the genus masculine. They vibrate to the "gender" of one-half the human family within the "sphere" wherein themselves have circumscribed it, and they are to-day in mortal terror over their certain defeat.

Then we have the timid politician—those who fear that women will degrade herself by purifying the moral atmosphere that is daily breathed by herself and children. They have set up an ideal woman, whom they affect to "worship," and then, by way of exercising consistency, point proudly to the "courtesan"—the legitimate result of their system of imposed dependence—as evidence that woman, the holy creature, would be degraded by possessing an equal power with them to help themselves.

Then we have the pious editor. He fears that woman's devotion to the preparation of chicken stews and French pastry for the good of his stomach will be turned into active participation in public affairs; so he searches his Bible for such scriptures as "wives, submit," etc. We haven't any more to say about him.

Then we have another—and by far the largest—class of editors who really wish our cause to succeed, who know that it will succeed, but who fear to come out and say so lest they thereby lose caste among politicians and forfeit future political possibilities. Let all such take timely warning, for the day of retribution is at hand. Women will bear in grateful remembrance these policy-before-principle Sir Oracles, and will use their coming political influence to keep them out of public places of enrollment and trust.

A PUZZLE FOR LAWYERS.

An odd case is puzzling Hartford lawyers. A man died a few months ago, leaving a handsome property. His widow was expected to soon give birth to a child, and the dying man left a will giving two-thirds of his property to the child yet to be born if it proved to be a girl, the other third to the widow; but if a girl, she was to receive one-third and his mother two-thirds. The widow has however, given birth to twins—a boy and a girl. And now how to dispose of the property in accordance with the will is the knotty question.

We call upon the wives and mothers of Oregon to gravely consider the above "puzzle." We are free to acknowledge that it is not the equitable distribution of the property between the mother and her two children which puzzles us, but the idea that any man has power to reach his hand out of the grave and clutch and hold the property of his wife after he no longer has need of it, is indeed to us a "knotty" and questionable proceeding. Let "the woman who has all the rights she wants" consider for a moment if she would not want more rights if her husband should make a will like the above, and dying, leave her to grapple helplessly with lawyers—and their fees—who fall to see that the wife's control of the husband's property belongs by right, if not by law, as much to herself in case of his decease as that same property would belong to the husband in case the wife should not survive him. The idea that the husband owns the property that is jointly earned by himself and wife is an outgrowth of man's rights, and one of the most flagrant acts of injustice which the woman movement is destined to overcome.

EXCORCIATING.

Our gracious friend of the O. C. Enterprise has been informed that we said something about him in Oregon City, "but he doesn't feel called upon to notice it." We feel hardly able to endure notice of his success in our behalf. We have more subscribers in Oregon City than in any other town in Oregon in the State, and we publicly attribute our large subscription list to the efforts of our friend. And now he slights us! Oh, dear!

PHYSIOLOGICAL INQUEST.

This article was prepared for Mrs. Carrie F. Young's Women's Pacific Coast Journal for September. We are pleased to be enabled to give it a place in our columns in advance, and invite its careful perusal by parents. Mrs. Young's work is one in which the people are vitally concerned, whether they heed their own best interests or not.

PETTIFOGGING.

Some of the lesser lights of the Oregon masculine editorial fraternity are engaged in a species of pitiful pettifoggery, the object of which seems to be to hold the large and increasing class of conscientious, intelligent and moral people in our country who are in favor of extending the franchise to women responsible for the peculiar—and we think erroneous—views upon the marriage relation advanced by Mrs. Woodhull. There would be just as much propriety in holding every member of the Republican party to-day responsible for the insane attack of John Brown upon Harper's Ferry, or the votaries of republican government the world over for the excesses of the Paris Commune. Abstractly considered, John Brown was right, for no one will deny that liberty is the universal heritage of our common nature, and a boon sacred above all else. But then, when he made the effort to free the negro race, he erred in not taking into consideration the external circumstances and surroundings of the enslaved people for whom he sacrificed his life, and the wild disorder and tumult which would inevitably have followed the success of his revolutionary project. And so, Mrs. Woodhull's theory of marriage, so long as mankind are deceitful, selfish and brutal, would result in wide-spread disaster to our race. Never until men and women are educated up to the angelic state can her idea of the true marriage condition be realized.

It has been the fate of all reforms to be clogged and hindered in their onward march by the honest, but ill-directed efforts and utopian views of a few zealous enthusiasts. Mrs. Woodhull is emphatically one of these. Seeing much that is obnoxious in the marriage state as at present regulated, and having tasted its bitter fruits herself by sad experience, she vainly would reform society by striking at its very roots, not comprehending that while she would thus better the condition of a few of her own sex, the vast majority of women would be infinitely worse off than before.

And now we hope we have heard the last of this twaddle about women insisting to abrogate the marriage relation from our man's rights brethren. From the way in which some of them have seen exercised about it, one would think they considered themselves in imminent danger of losing their helpmeet under the "new dispensation," and had been spending some sleepless nights over it. Rest easy, gentlemen. Women do not intend to abrogate the marriage relation; they would only purify and renovate it.

VANCOUVER.

The town of Vancouver is handsomely situated upon the right bank of the Columbia river, a few miles above the mouth of the Willamette. It is, we believe, the oldest town in Washington Territory, and is destined at no very distant day to make a commercial emporium of considerable importance. The distance from East Portland to this place is but five miles, including the width of the Columbia river, which we judge to be at this place at least one mile from bank to bank.

We learn that Jay Cooke has issued a pamphlet containing a plan for a railroad bridge at this point, to connect East Portland with Vancouver, thus rendering the latter place a convenient and agreeable resort or residence for people whose business regularly calls them to the pent-up city of Portland. Certainly a more handsome or healthier location could not be chosen for suburban residences, and we suggest to those of our citizens who feel unable to purchase situations for suburban homes at the present ruling rates in Portland, the propriety of taking a good look at the future prospects of Vancouver.

The citizens of this place are peculiarly affable, agreeable and friendly. While there is here to be found all the refinement peculiar to the city, there is also a heartiness of village hospitality that is as genuine and refreshing.

Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon and herself were pleasantly entertained a short time since at the genial home of Major Adams, in a style fit for a President and his suite.

The hotel kept by Mr. J. M. Hidden is well ordered and comfortable; the Government works have an inviting look; and what is best of all the people, subscribed liberally for the New Northwest. We're going to Vancouver again.

THE "NEW HERALD" ARISES TO EXPLAIN.

The new editor of the Herald is a very interesting and agreeable writer. His jottings of his journey westward are very interesting, and we would have an almost unalloyed good opinion of him up to this date had it not been for his silly skimp-skamble about a "smiling valley," which he likened unto a weak-minded woman; and from his rhapsodies over the ridiculous metaphor we judge that he is of the same namby-pamby man's rights stamp of egotistical, one-sided politicians to which John A. Bingham belongs. Well, well, sensible women must bear with the frailties of editorial man's rights humanity. The rising generation of masculine editors will redeem the reputation of the present weak-minded fraternity.—New Northwest Women's Rights-ism.

"Why, dear madam, that 'metaphor' was not intended for you 'strong-minded women,' who are so anxious not to be any better than us men. It was directed exclusively to those weak-minded ladies, who are silly enough to acknowledge that they are of the feminine gender, and foolish enough to accept the situation."—Herald (Man's Rights-ism).

If in the puerile specimen of sexual pomposity which originated the above lies the last hope of the Oregon Democracy, we pity the trembling cause. But there are gentlemen among the Democratic fraternity who are too wise to make such ridiculous assertions, and we are sorry that they are not employed upon the Herald in lieu of this tender-pated carpet-bagger.

IS WOMAN POWERLESS?

The following article, which we clip from the editorial columns of the Dallas Republican, evinces such a spirit of tolerance and fair dealing that we are pleased to give it place in our columns:

"IS WOMAN POWERLESS?" This question is brought to our minds by reading an article from a Salem correspondent, published in the last issue of the NEW NORTHWEST, in which the writer of an excellent article uses the following expression: 'Woman is powerless, so long as she eats the bread of dependence, to prevent the aggression brought outly consideration of this point is—Is woman any more dependent upon man than men are mutually dependent upon each other? From the cradle to the grave, we need the assistance of each other, and are mutually dependent. In the business concerns of life, in the social relation, and in the domestic circle, we see that it is impossible, in the very nature of things, for anyone to be entirely independent. In business we find men dependent upon each other; and as water will find its level, so we find men assuming their relative positions, in accordance with their merits and surroundings may dictate. The same rule is applicable to the social and domestic circles. In the latter, how often do we see the woman the dominant spirit, ruling business affairs, as well as the household, as she seems for the best, with none to molest or make her afraid. Although she is the best qualified for some of the thoughtful ones of the community, yet the wiser and more far-seeing will take it as a matter of course, and deem that, if the woman rules, it is because she is the best qualified for a ruler. As to her being 'powerless to prevent man's aggression,' while we have no sympathy for the man referred to in the writer's article, yet we are fair to believe that when women rise to the dignity which is their right, they will exert in the right direction the power they really possess, there will be fewer such cases to record. As to woman's power, we see it demonstrated daily. The influence she exerts is felt in all the walks of life. She inspires man with high and noble aspirations, and we see him, under her guidance, putting forth herculean efforts for the accomplishment of great and noble ends. The influence for good which can be exerted by a noble, high-minded woman can hardly be estimated; and while we are sorry to say that in many instances her power is exerted for evil, as would naturally follow, we think that a careful consideration of the relative relations of the two sexes would convince the most skeptical that, as for power, the women hold the balance."

We respectfully ask our brother if he thinks it right, or even expedient, to longer politically legislate to circumscribe woman's opportunities?

BERIAH BROWN AND THE NEW DISPENSATION.

Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon lectured at Olympia recently, and here is Beriah Brown's comment: As for the subject matter of her lecture we hardly know how to treat it; it seems to us too absurd to argue against, and yet it is becoming too formidable to be laughed at. The abstract right of a woman to follow the bent of her own tastes and inclinations in many ways not now regarded as strictly conventional, cannot be logically controverted. We cordially agree with our brother when he says he does not know how to treat the subject of woman's suffrage. He hasn't yet conceived the first principles of harmonious government, and of course the ethics of such government "seem absurd" as viewed from his standpoint. He tells another truth when he says the movement "is becoming too formidable to be laughed at." Is it possible that he has just made this discovery? We have known it for half a score of years. He acknowledges that "the abstract right of a woman" to follow the dictates of her own judgment "cannot be logically controverted."

SPARE HIM, NEIGHBOR, SPARE HIM!

The following from the Vancouver Register is just a little too bad: We notice that the Portland Herald has a new editor. He is just from old Pike. His name is not Bowers, but Taylor. His style, however, so nearly resembles that of the noted Missourian, first mentioned, that the coincidence is certainly wonderful; and, to make the matter still more remarkable, he follows in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, and the first thing he does is to—"How he came here, and how he came to remain, and leave his dear old mammy as some so far from home." We beg our brother not to be too hard on the "New Herald." Every time you touch him you make him so "witty" that we tremble lest he effervesce into rapidity.

THWARTED JUSTICE.

A notorious woman seducer named Robert Hayward has again escaped the fiat of justice. He was arraigned some days since by a young girl upon a charge of seduction under promise of matrimony. We learn that she went on Monday of this week before the court and stood the galling fire of masculine cross-questioning, until even that gloating tribunal was wated for the nonce, after which the conclusion of the trial was postponed until Wednesday; but, as the complaining witness failed to appear, a warrant was issued to arrest her for contempt of court, although her stricken father testified that she had disappeared on Tuesday, and was tracked to the river's edge, where all trace of her was lost. We deeply sympathize with the bereaved (?) child whose contempt the poor, ruined court forfeited, most likely, by drowsing herself.

AMENDE HONORABLE.

We see that the editor-in-chief of the Oregonian is "not a little annoyed" because the locals on that journal made erroneous statements one day about real estate transactions. We have waited patiently for a week or more to see if the "gross misinformation" that appeared in the Oregonian concerning the reputation of Elizabeth Cady Stanton would "amoy" him just a "little," but, as Mrs. Stanton is not yet a voter, this obtuse politician does not think it worth while to treat her with simple decency. Well, well; she'll have the appointive power one of these days, and we'll see somebody ousted from the Portland Custom House. That's some comfort.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Mrs. Danway complains of too much church bell-ringing in Portland on Sundays. On Friday evening last, however, in the city, on the occasion of Mrs. Gordon's lecture, it seemed to us the Congressional bell would never cease ringing, its "ding-dong-ding" confounding through the greater portion of an hour. But we suppose it was only ringing for a change.—Enterprise.

We are sorry our friend's nerves were so acutely tortured over the expected "change" in masculine monopolies. That bell must have tolled the death-knell of his hopes.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Woman for the last thousand of years has been meeting on the ramparts of man. But it is only within the last five or twenty years that they have made any decided progress in the world which was undertaken a few decades prior by two or three women. As an evidence of the progressive spirit of our age, we would only mention that women now edit a number of papers almost wholly devoted to their sex, and in which they demand the enfranchisement of woman as necessary to the purity of our politics. Among the organs advocating the political equality of woman we have had the pleasure of perusing Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly, of New York; the Revolution, of Washington; the Liberator, of San Francisco, and the New Northwest, of Portland.

They are all ably conducted papers, and evince a high order of talent. We thank the Eugene Journal for having given its readers the above neat compliment. If it had held on when it had said enough, however, it would have been a high stroke of sensible reticence, for the New Northwest will not support a candidate for State Printer's emoluments under the New Dispensation, unless he proves his right to our patronage by ceasing to try to hold the woman suffrage movement up to ridicule. Evidently Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly is his special study, since he has culled more delectable tidbits from its columns for one issue of the Journal than we had the least idea the Weekly contained in a twelvemonth.

MRS. CARRIE F. YOUNG'S LECTURE.

This talented lady delivered a very able lecture on the temperance question last Monday evening at the Court House in this city. The court room was crowded to its full capacity, and the lecture was very well received. Mrs. Young is a very pleasing, affable and fluent speaker, has a ready command of language and a peculiar gift or faculty of swaying an audience such as but few possess. She is doing a good work for the elevation of her own sex and of humanity at large. She believes that the true solution of the temperance question is the arming of woman with that most potent of all political weapons, the ballot. Let those timid women who are afraid of the ballot listen to her eloquent portrayal of the advantages it would confer in putting down the rum fiend alone, and we are satisfied that their fears would vanish like magic.

Mrs. Young is present lecturing and canvassing at Astoria and other points on the Columbia. The people of Portland will have opportunity to hear her again soon.

YOURS FOR JUSTICE.

"Who Stole the Purse?" A SKETCH FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A PRISON CHAPLAIN. Every one committed to durance ville is not guilty of the crime laid in his charge. The experience of years, in one of the largest prisons in England, proves that a considerable per centage suffer unjustly. Give a dog a bad name and the whole city is in arms against him, and he is hunted to desperation or death. Circumstantial evidence alone is a very dangerous theory, as the following will clearly illustrate.

In 1869, a pale-faced, emaciated, but intelligent-looking boy of fourteen years came before me in my capacity of Prison Magistrate, and was charged with having stolen a sum of money from the shop of his employer. The poor little fellow was in the deepest distress, and felt keenly the degradation of standing in the felon's dock.

"What's your name?" asked the magistrate. "With a faltering tone he sobbed out his name, which, however, was not brought to the bench. The officious police officer, in a tone which made the little fellow shake in his shoes, "Don't be snivelling, you young rascal, but hold up your head and answer his honor. Tell him your name." "Harry Esmond," humbly replied the boy. "Where do you live?" "In Jerry Hill street, Toxteth Park, sir." "Now, Mr. Stubbs, what is the case," said the magistrate with some interest. "The old story, your honor," replied the clerk, rather familiarly. "Thieving. He's stolen a purse containing over twenty pounds, and won't give any account of it whatever." "Where are the witnesses?" "Here, your honor. The gentleman who lost the money and the boy's employer."

"You go on with the case." The boy's master stood forward, and after swearing upon the book, proceeded to state the case. He was a keener-looking man, a love of gain stamping his manner and acts with shrewdness and self-sufficiency. He grasped the rail of the witness box with a firmness which showed his self-possession and determination to have the accused made an example of for the whole fraternity of shop boys.

"With a pompous tone he thus stated the case: 'This gentleman came into my shop, your honor, to purchase some goods. He paid the sum of four eight-teen six, ordered the parcel to be sent home, and left the shop; but in the course of ten minutes returned for his pocket-book, which he missed, and was confident that he had forgot it on my counter. This boy, Harry, had been with me but a few weeks, and I recognized that he had hurried away out of my shop immediately, and I did not lay my eyes on him for three days afterwards. There was no one in the shop at the time Harry and myself. The pocket-book was gone, and no one in the world would suppose I stole it. This lad must have stolen it, for he can't or won't give any account of it. I verily believe he is an unrepentable young thief and vagabond. He is one of those 'street Arabs' whom I took out of charity and set to work, and this is the return he makes me. He was poor, naked little beggar, whom I clothed and fed, and he thus adds ingratitude to his villainy.' " "Is that all, sir?" "Yes, your honor. I hope you will give him at least five years to a Reformatory, to teach other lads not to rob their employers." The owner of the lost purse then stated

LETTER FROM SOUTHERN OREGON.

REPLY TO MRS. C. F. YOUNG. SOUTH OREGON, AUGUST 22, 1871. Mrs. A. J. Danway:—Your paper of August 18th contains a letter from Mrs. O. T. Daniels, to which I would ask the privilege of making some replies.

To her first sentence I would say that woman makes and controls the whole social world. Her associates are the select few of "Upper Ten." She welcomes to her circle profligate men and bars profligate women. If Mrs. Daniels would change the moral status of society, she must ask her sisters to help her—theirs is the power. Affable mammas receive the Mr. Pays of the world, offer them their fair young daughters, and smile forgetfulness of past offences. If Mrs. Daniels would have both parties treated equally, let her ask some Hannah Balls to meet those affable mammas, and then see if woman has any pity for "An erring sister's shame."

Mrs. Daniels' "heart burns with contempt and indignation" (hope it did not set her clothes on fire!) because the newspapers call Mr. Fay Honorable—a prefix to which he is entitled by law—and suggests that no more offices be given him. She shows a spirit of malice and spite towards him which suggests the thought that sometime he has been remiss in gallantry to herself.

It is not "cash and brass" alone which gives him a free passport everywhere—for he has little of the first—but where he is a man who has been tried and found always faithful and true to friends and party. He has relatives and friends who feel deeply every slanderous word spoken against him, but he himself cares little for lady scribblers who sent their efforts to the papers merely because, unless they published themselves, their insignificant names would never appear in print; who, puppy-dog style, attack some noble game, imagining that it will abound to their credit. That woman does not wisely who courts the enmity of a bad man. Were Mr. Fay the bad man she calls him, Mrs. Daniels might well trouble for her own safety. When the woman was brought to the Saviour he bade the one of her accusers who was innocent to "cast the first stone."

Could Mrs. Daniels bear that test? "The hopeless, heart-broken, ruined girl" (who, by the way, was engaged to another man all the time), is a woman of twenty-two or three, whose past was not spotless, and whose family experience was not such as to leave her in ignorance of the consequences of indiscretion. She is a designing woman who aimed at becoming Mrs. Fay, and was abetted by her family. She hoped by blasting his reputation and lowering it to her own to compel him to marry her. She has succeeded partially in the first—for there are enough of howling scandal-mongers to keep the thing afloat before the public—but in the last Tojine that she will fail.

"The following day a note was left on my desk, bearing the official blue stamp of the Central Police Court, calling my attention to this boy.

I found him crying, as if his heart were bursting, and sobbing out, "Oh! Eddie! Eddie! will you take me with you now?" The moment he saw who it was, he rushed to the door, and seizing me by the arm in the most piteous and entreating tones said, "Oh! sir, will you will you look after my little brother Eddie? He is in the Boys' Refuge. We have no father, and mother died three weeks ago. Do, sir, if you please, take care of Eddie?"

Having heard this sad story, I promised to go to find Eddie and place him in the Boys' Refuge. "But what about this purse and the twenty pounds?" "I didn't steal it, sir, for I never saw it, and what's more, know nothing of it." "He was stolen in the upper crust of society, with an open, genuine disposition, and I felt that he was telling the truth. A lad at his age who had been knocking about the streets so long, and showing so much love and respect for his little orphan brother, could neither be a liar nor a thief."

I determined to be present in court on the day fixed for his further examination. When the case was called on, the magistrate asked me if I had any remarks to make. To which I simply replied, this boy does not look like a thief, and from his disposition, I am quite convinced that he did not steal the purse.

"All very well, but the evidence is against him. Are the witnesses in court?" "Yes," replied the clerk. The gentleman who lost the money was again in the witness box, and, having taken the oath, proceeded to detail, as before, the circumstances of the case. "Now, sir, you hear yourself what the gentleman states. Do you any longer doubt that the boy stole the purse?" "I admit that all the circumstances are against him. I believe him innocent. Permit me, though I know I have no right to such a privilege, to ask the witness a question or two."

"You stated you missed your purse after leaving Mr. Dow's shop?" "Yes, sir—with over twenty pounds in it." "You are quite positive that you didn't take it away with you when you left?" "No, sir; I did not." "Did you not see him?" "But, I am as certain as I am standing here that I did not."

"Could you not have dropped it, then, in your hurry?" "I tell you, sir, I hadn't it to drop. I placed it upon the counter, near to where this boy was making up a parcel. Look, you, reverend sir, I am as certain that that young rascal took my purse, as I am sure that you are sitting next to his lordship."

"You came back to the shop—how soon?" "Within five minutes or so." "And the boy was gone?" "Yes, sir, and my purse, too," added the witness very sharply.

The witness seemed to have the best of the case, and the court believed that here was another confirmatory proof that prison chaplains have more heart than head, and that "Lady Green" can always be gulled. My belief in the lad's innocence was still unshaken. "May I ask the prisoner a question or two, your worship?" "Certainly, sir, certainly." "Harry, did you steal that gentleman's purse?" "No, sir. I never touched it, for I never saw it." "Then why did you leave Mr. Brown's shop in such a dreadful hurry that night, as soon as that gentleman left, as he says you did?" "Why, sir, the mother was sick and dying," he said, his big tears streaming down his cheeks, "and me and my little Eddie was all she had to take care of her. I went straight home, for she told me in the morning that she was dying, and that before many days we would be orphans." "You went home, then, because your mother was ill? How long had she been ill?" "A good long time, sir?" "But why did you not go back to your place? Why were you away three days?"

that the shop-keeper's evidence was correct. He had lost over twenty pounds in the way described—and he saw no one in the shop but this boy and his master, and he had made his escape before he returned to tell his loss. He was quite positive he had not lifted the purse, for he remembered distinctly where he laid it upon the counter, near where this boy was lying up the parcel of goods. He had not the least doubt in the world that he had stolen it, and made off with it during his short absence. His not turning up to his work for three days was a proof against him. He hoped his honor would give him a sentence which he would not soon forget.

These young rogues ought to be made an example of. It wasn't good trying to lift them out of the gutter. "What's bred in the bone is sure to come out in the flesh." "Now my boy," said the magistrate, "have you anything to say? You have heard the evidence of your master and this gentleman, who lost his money, and the case looks very black against you." "Do you wish to say anything, or to explain?"

The poor little fellow was so much alarmed with the surroundings of the court and the apparent severity of his honor, though he was a kind and large-hearted man, who did not wish in any way to intimidate this almost infant culprit—that he sobbed out in a confused manner—

"No, sir; please, sir, I didn't steal it." "Do you know anything of this lad?" asked his worship.

"No, sir," answered the officer; "but, I believe him to be an ungrateful young thief."

"Remand him for seven days, for enquiry. Stubbs, call the chaplain's attention to this boy; possibly he may get him to tell what he has done with this money. If no light is brought to bear upon the case we must commit him for five years to a Reformatory school. Evil must be checked in the bud and must teach these street urchins that kindness must not be repaid by such base ingratitude."

Poor Harry Esmond was taken down to the bridewell cells, sobbing and sighing as if his heart would break. He sat down upon the wooden stool, and the cell rang with his cries of, "Oh! what will become of poor Eddie? Oh! what will he do?" This was his little orphan brother, the only kith and kin he had in the world. Outcast and friendless as he was now left, he had a warm, affectionate heart, and a noble, generous spirit. But three weeks before, he promised his mother upon her death-bed that he would love and protect little Eddie. The destitute and helpless condition of his orphan brother made him weep and sob more than his own critical position. He was innocent, but poor Eddie was on the streets homeless and in the hands of one who would teach the boy to look after him. Where would he sleep, and who would now find him bread? He was too little to work, and among the crowd of boys who "shined" and begged at the South End, he had no chance of getting a crust of bread. This thought and his own knowledge of the dangers and of the temptations of the streets, made him inconsolable.

The following day a note was left on my desk, bearing the official blue stamp of the Central Police Court, calling my attention to this boy. I found him crying, as if his heart were bursting, and sobbing out, "Oh! Eddie! Eddie! will you take me with you now?" The moment he saw who it was, he rushed to the door, and seizing me by the arm in the most piteous and entreating tones said, "Oh! sir, will you will you look after my little brother Eddie? He is in the Boys' Refuge. We have no father, and mother died three weeks ago. Do, sir, if you please, take care of Eddie?"

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"All very well, but the evidence is against him. Are the witnesses in court?" "Yes," replied the clerk. The gentleman who lost the money was again in the witness box, and, having taken the oath, proceeded to detail, as before, the circumstances of the case. "Now, sir, you hear yourself what the gentleman states. Do you any longer doubt that the boy stole the purse?" "I admit that all the circumstances are against him. I believe him innocent. Permit me, though I know I have no right to such a privilege, to ask the witness a question or two."

"You stated you missed your purse after leaving Mr. Dow's shop?" "Yes, sir—with over twenty pounds in it." "You are quite positive that you didn't take it away with you when you left?" "No, sir; I did not." "Did you not see him?" "But, I am as certain as I am standing here that I did not."

"Could you not have dropped it, then, in your hurry?" "I tell you, sir, I hadn't it to drop. I placed it upon the counter, near to where this boy was making up a parcel. Look, you, reverend sir, I am as certain that that young rascal took my purse, as I am sure that you are sitting next to his lordship."

"You came back to the shop—how soon?" "Within five minutes or so." "And the boy was gone?" "Yes, sir, and my purse, too," added the witness very sharply.

The witness seemed to have the best of the case, and the court believed that here was another confirmatory proof that prison chaplains have more heart than head, and that "Lady Green" can always be gulled. My belief in the lad's innocence was still unshaken. "May I ask the prisoner a question or two, your worship?" "Certainly, sir, certainly." "Harry, did you steal that gentleman's purse?" "No, sir. I never touched it, for I never saw it." "Then why did you leave Mr. Brown's shop in such a dreadful hurry that night, as soon as that gentleman left, as he says you did?" "Why, sir, the mother was sick and dying," he said, his big tears streaming down his cheeks, "and me and my little Eddie was all she had to take care of her. I went straight home, for she told me in the morning that she was dying, and that before many days we would be orphans." "You went home, then, because your mother was ill? How long had she been ill?" "A good long time, sir?" "But why did you not go back to your place? Why were you away three days?"

"Oh! sir, mother that last night, and there was no one with her then but poor little Eddie and me."

The poor little fellow wept bitterly as he said, "Yes, sir, just as she was dying he raised her hands and blessed us boys, and prayed that God would raise up a friend to protect her two helpless orphans. Her last words were, 'Oh! Harry, as you love me, take care and look after Eddie; my own darling child, keep away from bad boys—rather starve than steal or tell a lie.' I am a poor orphan boy, but I didn't steal the purse, and I'm telling no lie about it."

There were few dry eyes in the Police Court. Even the stern police wiped his face with the cuff of his blue uniform, and the reporter's notes were bleared with tears. "Your worship," I said, after a moment's silence, and gaining a mastery over my feelings, "there is no evidence to convict this boy. My firm conviction is that he knows nothing about the purse, and anything against him rests upon circumstantial evidence. He has no friends in the world, and I propose to find shelter for him in the same establishment."

The worthy magistrate at once ordered the boy to be discharged. Harry and Eddie are now together, both receiving a solid and useful education, combined with an industrial training which will fit them to gain hereafter an honest and respectable living.

Some months afterwards I was pleasantly gratified by receiving a note from Mr. Brown saying that the purse, with its contents, over twenty pounds, had been found by his customer. It turned out that Mr. Brown himself had rolled it up along with the goods, and that all the while it was secretly in the possession of its owner. The case, along with others which are constantly occurring, show how dangerous it is to convict upon circumstantial evidence only, however strong that evidence may be. Many an honest, poor boy has grown into a confirmed criminal through the demoralizing influence of prison life. It was a mere name that Harry Esmond escaped. How many bright, intelligent orphan boys now wander in our streets, uneducated and in poverty, who would sooner starve than seek a livelihood in such a way which would disgrace the memory of their poor mother!

Love and loyalty to the sweet name of "mother" are not merely aristocratic virtues, but, strange to say, they flourish most in the hearts of the poor. Men rarely recognize facts which are daily passing under their eyes. They must seek some out of the way place to find them. No better school can be found for probing human nature and looking at man without his masks, than in a prison. There you see things in their true light, and find out that among the poor and suffering classes virtue has more grit than among the upper crust of society. Rags and poverty often become the educators of the innocent, and secure a conviction, whilst the criminal in purple and gold gets off scot free.

A felon's dress and his number are no infallible proofs of guilt. Just as his cloth is not an honest heart.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

The famine in Persia is more terrible than was previously reported. There have been 2,000,000 deaths in Esfahan alone from starvation, and the condition of the provinces is still worse. The rice crop is a complete failure, and the cattle plague, small-pox, typhus fever and cholera prevail.

A newly discovered quarry of marble, ten miles from Baxter Springs, Kansas, covers 15,000 acres.

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