The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....DECEMBER 22, 1871.

The Editor's Guest.

[The following concluding stanzas of an admirable poem, entitled as above, was read by Will M. Carlton, author of "Betsey and I are out," at the last meeting of the Michigan Publisher's Association:]

But lo! on the rickety staircase another rellable tread
And entered, amidst the old familiar faces, those
the words he said:
"Good morning, sir. Mr. Editor, how is the
folks to-day?
I owe you for next year's paper; I thought I'd
come and pay.
And Jones is goin' to take it, and this is the
money here;
I shut down lendin' it to him, and then
coaxed him to take it a year.
And here is a few little items that happened
last week in our town;
I thought they'd look good for the paper, and
so I just jotted them down.
And here is a basket of cherries my wife picked
expressly for you;
And a small bunch of flowers from Jennie—she
must send somethin' too.
I've doin' the politics bully, as all of our
family agree;
Just keep your old goose quill a flappin', and
give 'em a good one for me.
And now you're about full of business, and I
know you're busy at times;
I've things of my own to attend to—good day,
sir, I believe I will climb."

The editor sat in his sanctum and brought
down his fist with a thump:
"God bless that jolly old farmer—he's a regular
jolly old trump."
And 'tis thus with our noble profession, and
thus it will ever be still;
There are some who appreciate its labor, and
some, perhaps, never will.
But in the great time that is coming, when Gabriel's trumpet-shell sounds,
And [illegible] the world [illegible]
When they who have striven and suffered to
ennoble the race,
Shall march to the front of the column, each
one in his God-given place—
As they march through the gates of the city
with proud and victorious tread,
The editor, printer and "devil" will not travel
far from the head.

The Magic Work.

BY MRS. M. J. SHERWOOD.

It was one of the lowest, most God forsaken localities in town. Policemen had a hard beat of it there. Their hands were full, what with fights, and petty thieving, and drunken women, and children as vicious as sin could make them.

A rather decent old woman sold apples near the corner; but sometimes it seemed as if she did it at the peril of her life. Decayed and broken housetops, damaged windows, and cellars full of mould, and damp in every crevice, were seen everywhere in their unwholesome proportions, and out of them issued the foulest and vilest of earth's poor, heathen, downcast creatures. Could it be possible these were of the same human family with the fair children and graceful women living within a stone's throw of this dreadful street? Were they alike God's creatures? Up from the same dark cavity came the very will-o-the wisp of a girl; a creature with great rolling black eyes, grimy features and uncertain movements. Was she happy, that she danced, occasionally humming some half-forgotten fragment of song? Presently a swarthy-looking boy, an Italian, came along. No, the girl was not happy. Up went the doubled fists, and oaths and curses rolled from her round, full, red lips. She could not have known the meaning of the words.

"Shut up, you whelp!" cried a greasy, ragged-looking man, who was passing. The girl turned sharply on him.

"Keep your tongue to yourself, or you'll get a sting of mud."

Just then the little Italian saw that the apple woman was gazing up the street, so he caught at an apple and started off.

"Thief! Thief!" cried the girl—"Thief!" cried the old woman. "Stop him!"

Up came a policeman. The tramps gathered from holes reeling and shouting. Two boys began to fight; all the street was howling.

Mag—that was the girl's name, and she had no other that she knew of—stood looking exultant, after the flying thief. How her face worked! What possibilities of beauty lay hidden under those unformed features! Poor child, soiled body and soul!

Presently she too, began to run, and just at this moment a plain looking, well dressed man [illegible] out of an alley. Mag struck against him, and the violence of the recoil threw her down. Her forehead, coming in contact with a sharp stone, was cut badly. She did not care for that, but darted a look of fury at the man who now leant over her.

"My poor child!" he exclaimed, in accents of tenderest pity. "I'm afraid you are very much hurt."

Mag looked up. A strip of blue sky between the filthy houses for the first time arrested her attention. It must have been because of the pitying voice.

"Are you very much hurt, dear?"

"Dear!" Was Mag listening, and in her right senses?

"Oh, no; 'taint nothin'," she said, with a coarse laugh; but the blood ran freely and frightened him.

"Here, come this way," he said, and took her more gently than down the street to a shop. There he had the wound dressed, and it was curious to see the grim of unwashed dirt disappear, till like that strip of blue sky, something in that child's face seemed to tell of possible purity and beauty. Then a piece of plaster was placed over the wound and the doctor gave her something for the dizzy feeling in her head. The good man paid him, and the two went out.

The girl eyed her new friend with shame and half-distrustful glances.

"I think I've got a pair of shoes that will fit you, Mag," he said, and took her into a place that looked something like a clothing shop. Then he found the shoes.

"Do you like them?" he asked, as she stood up in them.

"Yes, sir; they are queer to my feet," she said, faintly.

"But you will wear them, won't you? It's getting cold weather now, and besides you are too large to go without shoes."

Her great eyes sought his. At that moment the soul in them startled him.

"I'll tell you true, sir," she said hurriedly; "my mother'll put them shoes up for liquor."

The gentleman looked perplexed.

"Do you know that a good many women who drink very hard have made good and sober women?" he said—a prayer in his heart.

She shook her head.

"My mother will have it, sir. She don't know what she's doing when she gets it."

"And you, my girl, do you like it?"

"Well, sir," and the girl's face fairly flamed, "I hoitin'."

Poor Mag; when had she had counsel before, such as she listened to on that memorable day? She slyly followed her new found friend into a light, pleasant room, where were pictures and a piano, and girls no older than herself at study, who seemed very contented and happy. Never, in all her life, had she dreamed of such possibilities as, in a diffused way, now floated before her mind.

"You may enjoy all these things, if you will, my child," were the good man's parting words. And she, not the evil, heartless thing she had always seemed, felt something behind swell up in her heart.

She had kept the shoes. He had insisted upon that. Out into the street one of her companions cried—

"Hollow, shoes!" and up went Mag's [illegible] when all vestige of it shrink away from herself—and all at once her [illegible] strip of blue sky, another face reddened, white, perhaps for the first time in her life, she felt that it was wrong to swear, wicked to feel as she did.

She went slowly home. How [illegible], the mockery, the execration, bitterness, of that word when it means want, and misery, and [illegible] and rags, and squalor and sin.

Her mother saw the shoes; her bleared eyes brightened. An aunt lived with the mother. Lived, did I say? She dragged out a miserable, sickening existence, sometimes begging, sometimes starving.

As for Mag, the two women knew not what to make of her conduct. She had become [illegible] of a [illegible] child.

"What ails the young one?" her mother said at last. Somewhere in the bottom of her soul there was a remnant of the woman left.

"I wish I was dead," said Mag, sullenly, and that much all she could.

One morning she looked for her shoes. They were gone. But cursing and swearing were not the remedy now for evils, as they had been before. Something restrained her, that feeble flickering of conscience that the good man's tender words had lighted; feeble indeed, but yet distinctly felt.

One morning, with her basket half full of cold scraps, she met him on Broadway. Forward she started, her face flaming with sudden beauty. He did not at first notice her, and an agony took possession of her spirit, such as nothing but the forgotten outcast can feel. But suddenly some pitying, watchful, unseen angel, touched him on the arm, and he turned.

"Why, this is Mag, I think," he said, going up to her. He had that girl's heart in his hand.

"Yes, sir," she replied, the coming tears changing to smiles.

"Why, Mag! Oh, the shoes are gone."

"I told you, sir," she faltered.

"Yes, yes; I'm not blaming you, my dear." Oh, if Mag could have gone down on her knees to him right there on the gay and crowded street.

"We'll hope for better times," he said, gravely. "What if I should see your mother?"

"Oh, sir," and her mouth began to quiver, "she's gone very low, but I'm since father died; only since father died."

"And how long is that?"

"Five years, sir, or maybe more," was the trembling reply.

Mag could think of nothing else all day but that he had kissed her and had spoken to her. Oh, that one little tender word! What fruit it was to bear.

Mag went home. Death had been there before her. The poor, wretched woman, [illegible] and beautiful a thing, had fallen into a drunken convulsion. No one was near to help, and there she had died—gone forever.

"Oh, Mag," sobbed her aunt, broken and frightened at the sight, "let you and I be better than we have been! I couldn't die so."

Mag no longer had her mother to keep. Poor child, was it possible for her to mourn much? What had she to remember besides blows, and oaths, and cruelty?

She [illegible] till she found her friend—she never rested till she had found a heaven for herself and her aunt.

Will you believe me when I tell you that to-day Mag is a beautiful, aye, a refined young lady?—that she is teaching school in a Western village, [illegible] that all this sprang from one word of tenderness, one little word of four letters which he who kissed the Heaven shut up in his heart, spoke in an impulse of tender pity?

The woman who is indifferent to her looks is no true woman. God meant woman to be attractive, to look well, to please, and it is one of her duties to carry out this intention of her Maker. But that dress is to do it all, and to suffice, is more than we can be brought to believe. Just because we do love to see girls look well, as well as live to some purpose, we would urge upon them such a course of reading and study as will confer such charms as no *modiste* can supply. A well-known author once wrote very pretty sense on the theme of education to beauty. That it absolutely chiselled the features, that he had seen many a clumsy nose and a thick pair of lips so modified by thought awakened and active sentiment as to be unrecognized. And he put it on that ground that we so often see people, homely and unattractive in youth, bloom in middle life into a softened Indian summer of good looks and mellow tones.

It is stated that two-thirds of the women in the lunatic asylums are wives of farmers. If true, it only shows what a grinding, tedious life they lead. In England the larger proportion of women lunatics are servants of all work—so thankless and incessant is their labor, so multifarious their duties; and yet we talk about woman's inability to work.

[illegible] the spring [illegible] stood watching a man with a monkey, a cart came along with a "broth of a boy," who was driving a stout little donkey; [illegible] by way of a joke, "These's a relation of yours in that carriage!" To which she replied, as the donkey she spied, "Ah, yes—a relation by marriage!"

The centenarians are wonderful, certainly. The Amazons could not hold a candle to them. There is a woman of upwards a hundred years residing near Green Lake who eats distinctly without the use of spectacles, and knits without teeth, and bakes bread in four different languages.

A day or two ago some one overturned a chair in Judge Barnard's Court in New York, when his Honor remarked: "Be careful and not break that piece of furniture, as it has already cost the city $440,000 to repair it."

The world is a looking-glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.

A woman purchased a quart of milk, and got a small fish swimming in it. The milkman innocently said, he supposed the cow must have swallowed the fish.

A greenhorn was offered, at a public table, a plate of maccaroni soup, but declined it, declaring that they "couldn't play any biled pipe-stems on him."

It is said that the wind blows with such force in Colorado, that when a man loses his hat he has to telegraph to the next station for some one to stop it.

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The New Northwest is not a Woman's Rights, nor a Temperance organ, but ready to whatever policy may be necessary to secure the greatest good to the greatest number. It knows no sex, no politics, no religion, no party, no color, no creed. Its first mission is to demand the work of Universal Enfranchisement, Emancipation and Untrammeled Progression.

OUR PREMIUM LIST.

As an inducement for our friends to make exertions to secure large clubs for the New Northwest, we offer the following list of valuable premiums:

For twenty subscribers, at $2 00 each, accompanied by the cash, we will give the HOWE ELASTIC SEWING MACHINE, without table, elastically ornamented. Price, $50.

For thirty-five subscribers, at $2 00 each, accompanied by the cash, we will give a HOWE ELASTIC SEWING MACHINE, with Black Walnut table, bronzed and nicely finished. Price, $60.

For forty subscribers, at $2 00 each, accompanied by the cash, we will give a HOWE ELASTIC SEWING MACHINE, finished in extra style, with Black Walnut table and cover. Price, $70.

The above Sewing Machines, which are warranted first-class in every particular, can be seen at the office of Geo. W. Traver, 112 Front street, Portland.

For fifty subscribers, at $2 00 each, accompanied by the cash, we will give a MASON & HAMLIN PORTABLE ORGAN, four octaves, single reed, with black walnut case, automatic bellows swell, two blow pedals, improved center pressure reed valves, etc. Price, $85.

For seventy-five subscribers, at $2 00 each, accompanied by the cash, a double reed MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN; resembles the first except that it has also a Rhee stop. Price, $75.

For seventy-five subscribers, at $2 00 each, accompanied by the cash, and twenty-five dollars additional, we will give a MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN, of FIVE OCTAVES, ONE STOP, SELF-ADJUSTING REED VALVES, IMPROVED BELLOWS, TREMULANT AND KNEE-SWELLS. Price, $125.

For one hundred subscribers, at $2 00 each and twenty dollars additional, we will give a MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN, FIVE OCTAVES, FIVE STOPS, TWO SETS OF REMEDIUM THROUGH-OUT, IMPROVED SELF-ADJUSTING REED VALVES, IMPROVED BELLOWS, TREMULANT AND KNEE-SWELLS. VIOLA, DIAPASON, FLUTE, TREMULANT. Price, $125.

Those who desire to work for these premiums can send the names and money as fast as received. The numbers will be placed to their credit, and if enough names are not received during the year to procure the premium desired they can choose a lesser premium, or they will be entitled to receive twenty-five per cent. in cash of the amount remitted for their labor.

PREMIUM LISTS.

As THE NEW NORTHWEST has already proved a popular success, we are decided that it shall also prove a TRIUMPH.

To enable our friends who may decide to canvass for our paper to benefit both themselves and us by increasing our Subscription Lists, we propose to give the following additional Premiums to canvassers:

Any subscriber who is in arrears for the NEW NORTHWEST, who will send us his or her own subscription fee, and one new subscriber, accompanied by the cash—$5 00—we will give:

A pair Parian Marble Vases;
Or a Bohemian Glass Vase;
Or a pair of Glass Goblets;
Or ½ dozen Ivory Napkin Rings;
Or ½ dozen Plated Tea Spoons;
Or 1 pair Alexandre's Kid Gloves;
Or a gold-plated Lady's Pen, feathered edge;
Or an Album for holding 100 pictures;
Or an Album (extra) for holding 50 pictures;
Or a Fancy Letter Case;
Or a box Toilet Articles, including soap, chalk, perfumery, etc.;
Or a Britannia Tea Pot;
Or a Kerosene Lamp;
Or ½ dozen Glass Goblets;
Or ½ dozen Glass Tumblers;
Or a Glass Fruit Dish;
Or a Work Basket;
Or a Fine Embroidered Handkerchief;
Or ½ dozen Linen Handkerchiefs;
Or a Woolen Table Cover;
Or ½ dozen Table Napkins;
Or ½ dozen Towels;
Or an elegant Portfmonia.

Any subscriber who is in arrears for a year's subscription, and who will send his or her own subscription fee, and two new subscribers, accompanied by the cash—making $7 50—we will send:

A set of Rogers' Table Forks, triple plated, on white metal, warranted;
Or a set of Rogers' Table Spoons, triple plated, on white metal, warranted;
Or a set of Rogers' Tea Spoons, triple plated, on white metal, warranted;
Or ½ dozen Rogers' & Russell's Table Knives, [illegible] warranted;
Or a Gold Pen.

Any person in arrears for subscription to THE NEW NORTHWEST, who will send his or her subscription fee and three new subscribers, accompanied by the cash, making $12 00, we will send:

A handsome Marseilles Quilt;
Or a handsome Woolen Quilt, red and white or blue and white;
Or a pair of Table Cloths;
Or two pairs of Nottingham Lace Curtains;
Or three pairs Alexandre's Kid Gloves, any color desired;
Or a Japanese Inlaid Work Box;
Or 15 yards best yd. wide Sheeting.

For seven subscribers at $3 00 each, amounting to $21 00, we will send:

An extra Castor, triple plated, on white metal valued at $9 00;
Or a Lady's Writing Desk, of equal value;
Or a Cabinet, Japanese Inlaid;
Or an Extra Japanese Inlaid Work Box.

These articles are all valuable, and are guaranteed to be just as we represent them. Persons living in this city or who can visit us can receive these articles from our own hands at an hour's notice; or if not convenient to visit us, we will send the articles by express to any address.

No order of this kind will receive attention, unless the cash accompanies it.

Send money in Postoffice orders at the customary rates of currency, or send draft if preferred.

All orders promptly attended to.

We sincerely hope that this unparalleled offer, which is a new feature in the newspaper business in Oregon, will meet with a hearty response from the friends of progress, who up to this time have seemed to fail to realize that THE NEW NORTHWEST cannot be run without money. Now is the time to make up clubs. Begin before some other person gets the start of you. See what you can do for yourself, the Public and THE NEW NORTHWEST.

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CLOTHING—Large stock of Overcoats, Business and Dress Suits which he will sell at reduced prices to close out.

N. B. Our stock consists of nearly everything in the Dry Goods line, and we will be pleased to show our goods at any time, and his efforts will be spared to sell those who may favor us with a call.

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UNK WEED REMEDY.

THE UNK WEED REMEDY,

OR

Oregon Rheumatic Cure.

HISTORY:

THIS REMEDY IS COMPOSED OF THE Active principle of the Unk Weed, Eng.—Thaspium Cordatum Originis, Lat.—Indigenous to Oregon. Grows most abundantly and perfectly in Washington county.

PROPERTIES, ETC.:

It contains an Active and Volatile Principle, extracted by Ether, and a bitter Tonic Principle.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES AND USES:

It is the most sure and speedy cure for Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout and Rheumatic Pains of all kinds that was ever introduced into the Materia Medica. The UNK WEED REMEDY, as prepared by us, in consequence of the existing bitter principle, possesses the necessary virtue of being a

Powerful Tonic,

Promoting the Appetite and Invigorating the whole Digestive Apparatus, thus building up and strengthening the system, while at the same time the volatile principle, being absorbed by the blood, and specifically on the rheumatic poison, removing it from the circulation and system.

There are few remedies known to the Medical Profession which will remove the Rheumatic Poison from the blood, but whose action is so powerful in depurating the system of the already enfeebled Rheumatic patient, that it can not be administered before specific effects are obtainable, and hence the want of success in treating this prevalent and consequently heretofore incurable disease. Unlike these medicines, already known, the UNK WEED REMEDY, although producing as active and as powerful effects on the blood and system in removing the Rheumatic Poison, also possesses a strong Tonic and Invigorating Element which admits of its continued use even by the most delicate and debilitated. Thus we have the combination for the first time of these two necessary elements in one remedy, which accounts for its superior and never-failing curative effects in Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout and Rheumatic Pains of all kinds.

N. B. The UNK WEED REMEDY is particularly APPLICABLE TO LADIES, in consequence of its Tonic Qualities.

TESTIMONIALS:

We are aware of the fact that it is generally an easy matter to procure certificates attesting the efficacy of patent remedies from a certain class of those who use them. We have selected the following testimonials from persons attached to them are those of men of the most superb and scrupulous character, and because the large class of their acquaintances in Oregon will not, for a moment, accuse or suspect them of any exaggeration in the statements they may make:

Certificate from the Deputy Jailor of Multnomah County Jail:

City Jail, Portland, Oregon, June 7, 1871.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co.: I was attacked with a severe case of rheumatism. It was in my thighs, hips, fingers, shoulder blade—indeed in all the joints of my body I suffered great pain and anguish. I was attended by the best physician, but with no effect. I was induced to try your Unk Weed Remedy, and it immediately cured me up. I consider it, from my experience, the best remedy for rheumatism known.

ALFRED F. TURNER, Deputy Jailor.

This is to certify that the above statement is correct to my own knowledge.

JOHN F. WARD, Jailor.

Alta California Book and Job Printing Office,
San Francisco, June 1, 1871.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co.: For several years I have been subject to rheumatism in my right arm and shoulder, rendering me unable to work. On a recurrence of the attack some time since I was induced to try your "Unk Weed Remedy," and the result was a perfect cure in a few days. I took only two-thirds of the contents of one bottle. My firm belief is that the "Unk" is a certain cure for rheumatism in all its forms, and I cheerfully recommend it to all afflicted with that dreadful disease to try your "Remedy" and be cured.

GEO. R. METCALF.

Certificate of A. R. Shipley, Esq., special contributor to the "Rural Spirit," and Secretary of the Oregon Horticultural Society:

Oswego, Oregon, March 28, 1871.

Dr. A. M. Loryea: Some four weeks ago I was entirely prostrated with rheumatism; in fact I was almost helpless. I sent to you for one ounce bottle of the "Unk Weed Remedy," by the use of which I experienced almost immediate relief, and by the time the bottle was gone the rheumatism was gone. From my own experience, and from what I have heard others say who have used the Unk Weed, I believe it to be a certain cure for rheumatism.

Yours respectfully, A. R. SHIPLEY.

Certificate from Hon. A. J. Dufur, ex-President of the Oregon State Agricultural Society and author of "Statistics of Oregon":

East Portland, April 1, 1871.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co.: I was afflicted with a severe attack of chronic rheumatism; was confined to my bed the fore part of January to July, when I used the Unk Weed, and it cured me up. A. J. DUFUR.

Certificate from James Byben, the celebrated stock-grower and "King of the Oregon Turf":

Sauvie's Island, January 16, 1871.

To Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co.: Time to speak merely the efficacy of your "Unk Weed Remedy, or Oregon Rheumatic Cure." I was afflicted for months with a very serious attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and tried nearly all of the specified remedies, without any relief perceivable. I then tried your Remedy, and its use resulted in the most happy effects—a perfect cure. Truly yours,

JAMES BYBEE.

Certificate from the well-known merchant, O. W. Weaver, Esq.:

The Dalles, May 25, 1871.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co.: I have used the "Unk Weed Remedy," and can cheerfully recommend it to persons afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism. It cured me of that disease. My wrists, ankles, elbows, and all my joints were swollen and very painful.

O. W. WEAVER.

Certificate from Hon. Nat. H. Lane, Pilot Commissioner of Oregon, and a member of the City Council of East Portland:

East Portland, April 18, 1871.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co.: I have been subject for several years past with "weakness in the back," and wandering rheumatic pains, accompanied by severe constipation. By the use of one bottle of your "Unk Weed Remedy, or Oregon Rheumatic Cure," I have been entirely relieved, and I cheerfully recommend it as a most valuable and effective remedy.

NAT. H. LANE.

Certificate from Hon. Gideon Tibbetts, a member of the City council of East Portland:

East Portland, April 7, 1871.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co.—Gentlemen: This is to inform you that I have used your "Unk Weed" for neuralgia and rheumatic pains, and found relief from the use of only one bottle, and can recommend it to those in need of such a remedy. Yours, GIDEON TIBBETTS.

Certificate from Hon. E. L. Quimby, ex-County Commissioner of Multnomah county, Oregon:

East Portland, April 1, 1871.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co.: I have used the "Unk Weed Remedy," and find it a most valuable medicine. It regulates and invigorates the system. This is my experience with the Remedy. Truly yours, E. L. QUIMBY.

Certificate from the celebrated musician, Prof. Otto Vieuxtemps:

Oregon Musical Institute,
Portland, May 8, 1871.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co.: I was attacked with severe inflammatory rheumatism, suffering great pain, and was so prostrated that I was unable to tend to my business. I used one bottle of your "Unk Weed Remedy, or Oregon Rheumatic Cure," and was entirely cured by it alone. OTTO VIEUXTEMPS.

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