

BEGINNING OF THE SECOND VOLUME

Today we issue the first number of the second volume. Looking back upon the year that is past and gone, we find it crowded with various experiences...

THE "COURIER'S" OPINION.

The Puget Sound Courier—by-the-by a very ably conducted paper—is out with its say on the Woman Question. It frankly acknowledges that woman's condition is not what it should be, and while it is in favor of the Human Rights Reform, wishes its advocates to "hasten slowly" whatever that may mean.

First relieve the suffering, give work to the needy, feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and when this is all done everywhere, you may begin to think about the means of securing all this, and making it permanent by the power of the legislature...

Then, a little further down, follows this advice: Seek free access to every sort of occupation that you are fitted for, and go to work in it, not alone in school teaching or sewing, music and drawing, or in the more homely tasks of washing and ironing, but in clerking and book-keeping, stenography, the art of heating, editing, proof-reading, and proofing...

All very well, friend Courier. But what encouragement is there at present for a woman to do any of the various things you have mentioned? In all the departments of labor you have mentioned, her work, though performed equally as well as man's, is rewarded with half wages. It is to remedy this state of affairs, by making women sovereign voters of the land, and therefore law-makers and rulers, that we demand the ballot. Never until women vote will they have the same rights accorded them in the various avenues of business and labor as men enjoy.

The ballot is the magic key which alone will unlock the door of fogyness and admit women to all the civil and political rights now enjoyed by men.

THE MISTAKE AT CINCINNATI.

The recent Convention at Cincinnati made a serious mistake in ignoring the Woman Movement. It has put forth a platform which has no special meaning, and we suppose the whole aim of the Convention was simply to beat Gen. Grant. A party cannot be built up in opposition to one person. It must needs have some great principle for which to battle. This the Convention might have had, had it endorsed Woman Suffrage. As it is, Horace Greeley for President and Grant Brown for Vice President are but representatives of the personal opposition in the Republican party to President Grant's re-election.

What the effect will be upon the policy and success of the regular Republican ticket it is hard to divine. Much depends upon the tactics the Democrats may adopt.

One thing is clear—a party must be organized specially to bring the question of Woman Suffrage before the people.

PROGRESSING.

The scales of prejudice are at last beginning to fall from the eyes of the legal fraternity. The Supreme Court of the District of Columbia recently so modified its rules as to admit women to practice as attorneys before its bar. Already several ladies have availed themselves of this opportunity. The following, from the Washington Star, of a recent date, explains itself:

In the Supreme Court of the District, yesterday, Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood and Mrs. L. J. Hall-Grafton made application, through Francis Miller, for admission to the bar. The application was referred to Messrs. Hines, Applegate and Fendall, the examining committee. The ladies yesterday afternoon passed a sufficient examination as to proficiency.

Commenting on this the Washington Chronicle says: "We have now a lady lawyer in the Courts. What would Washingtonians have said to this in anti-slavery days?" Truly the legal talent of the country is progressing, even though it does "hasten slowly."

PORTLAND SALOONS.

There are 96 places in this city where intoxicating drinks are sold. One saloon for every 122 2/3 of the men, women and children of the city, allowing the population to be 12,000.—(Portland Daily Express)

Is there an honest, virtuous woman in all Portland who does not desire to have the power to put down this terrible fiend, king Alcohol? Would one refuse to cast a ballot in favor of candidates for office who would abolish from our city limits this infernal liquor traffic?

THE LAST ONE.

Rumor has in the past assigned the post of editorial honor of this paper to nearly every man of any brains at all in the State, the idea seeming to be that a woman is not capable of writing. The last man editor whom rumor (and by-the-by, this is man gossip—oh, no men never gossip!) has provided is Dr. Watts, of Lafayette.

Send on some more, brethren.

A SHAMEFUL PROCEDURE.

The manner in which the Republican primaries were carried last Tuesday for the Holladay wing was anything but creditable to the victors. Nearly thirteen hundred votes were polled. The Republican vote two years ago, at the general election, was not quite one thousand. Then considering that in the primaries last Tuesday many of the rank and file of the honest portion of the Republicans did not vote, there is no way of accounting for the tremendous majority for the Holladay ticket except the most unblushing, shameful and disgraceful use of corruption and importation. Will the honest portion of the Republican party tamely submit to this outrage?

Another feature of the contest is this: During the struggle the Holladay faction has been fighting—ostensibly—for only one object—the Sheriffalty. Not a word was said about what men should be sent to the Legislature. That question was studiously kept in the background. The sequence will be that tomorrow (Saturday) an entire Holladay ticket will be nominated. The candidates for the Legislature, if elected, will do Holladay's bidding and vote to send some tool of his to the United States Senate. Ben Holladay, more than anything else, desires to have a man in the Senate Chamber from Oregon who will assist him to bind our beautiful, young and growing commonwealth with the iron lands of his monopoly. Are the people willing that he should carry out his programme?

We have spoken thus plainly because this is a question which rises above all mere party considerations. We have no choice between Democrats and Republicans—as such. But we do desire to see the people arise in the majesty of their might and effectually rebuke the officious intermeddling of the one man in Oregon who seeks, by the aid of intimidation and money, to bend everything to his will.

TEMPERANCE IN POLITICS.

Much has been said by the Temperance people of Oregon in favor of voting only for known Temperance candidates for office. A great deal of talk has been indulged in and high-sounding resolves made, but yet, we fear, little will come of it all. The Temperance men will vote their straight party ticket, no matter how many whisky candidates are placed upon it. The consequence will be that a whisky Legislature will be elected again, and no temperance legislation can be secured.

Just wait till women vote, and we'll see if a whisky candidate ever gets elected! The Temperance Reform will never accomplish anything except through the aid of woman's vote.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

San Francisco, thank Heaven! And now that our sadly stirred-up organism is enabled to settle its rebellious bile on solid terra firma, we resume the thread of this narrative where it was suddenly snipped short when the steamer was nearing Astoria (as you remember) by sudden bellows for New York, with our heads all thrust suspiciously over the vessel's sides and our countenances distorted into doleful grimaces, while ever and anon was heard Mark Twain's ejaculation from some sea-sick wight, the inevitable "O my!"

We were steaming slowly forward, in the teeth of a strong south-wester, which caused the Oriflamme to shake its timbers with a constant shiver that raised a sort of tintinnabulation in our nerves—the very music of misery—and kept us retching till we almost expected to cast up our boot soles.

On the second day out we met the Ajax, which kindly lay to, like a great lazy whale, and allowed a number of our men to board her (only we never knew a whale to do anything of the kind); she only looked like that, you know, and all her passengers shot up from her hatches to get a peep at us, looking like ants on an anaconda, and we doubtless looked to them—but then, we can't think of anything else but that some of us looked like just then, except victims on a carcass, and if we'd say the like of that Ben Holladay's Man Friday might think we'd slandered the Oregon railroad, so we won't attempt a comparison.

A goodly number of passengers were our companions in misery, and on Tuesday, our last day out, the feckle wind got behind us, filled our main sail, steadied our steamer, and sent us onward with a velocity that was exceedingly gratifying.

Midnight, and we reach the crowded, jammed, crammed, piled-up, running over docks of the Transportation Company, and soon find ourself and friends packed away in a coach and bound for the Russ House. But Mrs. F. F. V.—no men intended, 'pon honor—and ourself, after paying two and a half each for the privilege of leaving the vessel, where we at least had shelter, were met at the Russ House door with the announcement that there were no vacant rooms.

Doubtless our readers remember the adventures of Japhet in search of a father. Two ladies, in a strange city, after midnight, driving from one hotel to another, fruitlessly seeking a place to sleep, after having been so worn by seasickness as to be almost unable to sit up, made a picture ludicrously like poor Japhet in his wanderings; but the reader may, of course, make such application of the simile as suits him.

The International, or Webfoot Hotel, at last gave us rooms. Somehow, wherever Oregonians are in the habit of congregating, there is found the very soul of hospitality.

Representatives of the "Committee of one Hundred" had recently arrived in San Francisco, for the purpose of looking after the railroad interests of St. Louis and the Golden City, and it is presumed that their sudden raid upon the village had blockaded its hotels—hence the scarcity of public accommo-

dations. Got to bed about one o'clock, and to sleep about morning. Spent the day with Emily Pitts Stevens, the Major General of the California Woman Suffragists, one of the sprightliest, busiest bodies with whom we have ever been acquainted. Under her able management the Pioneer is interesting, influential and useful. She is a stump orator of the most popular cast, and is in high favor with the business men of San Francisco.

Dinner in the evening with Hon. John A. Collins and his amiable wife—noble Woman Suffragists, whose lives are devoted to Humanity and Truth—and tomorrow morning we are to be off for New York, with just two hours' dodging room ahead of us if we make our destination by 9 A. M., May 9th, which the Railroad Company says will be easily done.

ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco, which is always on the make, is now terribly excited about mining stocks, and her stock sharps, whose name is legion, are half-delirious, some over their enormous gains and others because they sold out just at the wrong time. The wide side-walks of California street—the Wall street of the Pacific coast—between Montgomery and Sansome, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. are literally black with assemblies and excited brokers, and resemble somewhat the mouth of a bee-hive in the swarming season. A few rich strikes on the Comstock lode, over in Virginia City and Gold Hill, in what is called the sagebrush State of Nevada, have advanced in one year the market money value of the mining stocks, on about four miles of that lead, at least one hundred millions of dollars. Crown Point, that sold about a year since at \$10 a share, sells for \$1,500, and Belcher from \$5 to \$1,500. Men who a few months since were comparatively poor are now rich. It is reported that several have cleared within the past six weeks from one to five millions of dollars each. Speaking of stocks reminds me that one gentleman who owned and ran a very fine and extensive job printing office, becoming suddenly rich by the rise of some mining stocks on his hands, put his office in the market for sale. Mrs. Emily Pitts Stevens, the active and irrepressible proprietor of the Pioneer newspaper, and President of the Woman's Pacific Coast Publishing Company, saw that it was offered at a bargain, closed the contract, made the first payment of \$2,500, and will now carry on an extensive book and job printing business. The capital stock of this Publishing Company is \$25,000, divided into 2,500 shares at the par value of \$10 each. Mrs. Stevens has demonstrated to the business men of San Francisco that woman is not only capable of making a first-class newspaper, but that she is equal to the management of an extensive business. Of her success in her new enterprise no one who knows of her energy, perseverance and business tact entertains the least doubt.

We have not had time to go about much and renew the acquaintances with our old friends made nearly two years since and learn by personal observation as to the growth of the suffrage cause in this city. This labor is not necessary to obtain a knowledge of the fact that the cause has numerous and influential friends both in this city and State.

While neither of the great political parties is at present prepared to incorporate Woman Suffrage as a plank in its platform, the sentiment is very general among all classes that woman's industrial and educational sphere is altogether too limited, and that woman ought to be encouraged to follow any calling or profession for which she has a taste, inclination or capacity, and that she is entitled to equal pay with man for equal services equally well performed. The lower branch of the California Legislature, which adjourned about a month since, adopted two bills by a large majority, to enlarge the personal, industrial and property rights of woman, but these failed to receive the approval of the Senate. One of the bills, adopted by a vote of 43 to 11, allowed the widow to succeed to the estate of her deceased husband, and thus destroy the thieving probate system, so far as it allows the vultures of the law to fleece the estate which belongs to the widow and orphans. The other bill made women, married or single, eligible to any official position in the Public School Department in the State. The next Legislature will doubtless be in a condition to grant to woman all that she now claims.

It would seem that, when "Man's Rights" are so well defined and so well protected by law, all men ought to understand them without further instruction, and would feel perfectly secure from any invasion by women. But the presumption is that the mass of men either do not comprehend the magnitude of such rights, or else that they need to be warned that there is danger of their being usurped. But, whatever the case may be, the fact is before us that the Rev. Mr. Boynton felt that there was a necessity for giving a public lecture on the subject. This was all right, for he, not because of his manhood, but because of his ability to talk, had a right to discuss any subject he chose. Thus far does his right extend, and as much farther as he can use his God-given powers without injury to others. But we protest against his assuming to deprive any one else of the rights that they have derived from the same source that he received his own. There is not only a want of the most ordinary justice in such action, but a want also of that Christianity which is set forth in the words, "As ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them." We were to speak of the clergymen as they were all "free lovers," it would evince anything but a true Christian spirit, although Mr. B. must admit that there are clergymen who are practical "free lovers," and in his own denomination, too. This he would dare not deny, since these men's practices have caused them to be expelled from the church, or at least have deprived them of the ministerial standing. The forgiving of "seventy times seven" for such vile offenses against God's laws has never been practiced in any church where such wrongs to society and to woman have been generally known. It seems that in the number of times that churches forgive offenders they do not come up to the Bible standard.

But I am not deciding at this time whether the churches are right or wrong in determining for themselves how often with safety they may forgive

"free love" wrongs in the clergy, but all must agree that they are not living out the principles of the "seventy times seven" (490) command when they deal with the sorrowing (?) offenders. If to "offend in one point" and not carry out this 490 times forgiving, is to be "guilty of all," where do those who decide upon and enforce church laws stand? The "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" people do some good, but do they not forget that such organizations as churches have it in their power to expel the doers and preachers of "free love" doctrines, while it is not in our power to follow their example?

If the clergy fail to keep up a sentiment that prevents people from the worship of money, it is to be presumed that some weak people morally will be influenced by the pernicious doctrines of those who make a show of money, mixed with some good principle. Whoever fears to attack such persons in an open field clearly shows that he feels incompetent to cope with them, or is not perfectly sure of the stability of his own position. Let all wrongs and errors be brought to light, and then the side of truth, and pure and noble lives, may be made to exhibit such a wide contrast that great good will result. The human mind is so formed that contrasts are almost a necessity in teaching good and preventing evil. But it is neither fair nor Christianlike to wholesale the morals of some of the recent recruits of Woman Suffrage with those of us who have been for many long years working in a cause that our labors have placed before the people in a light that is highly commendable.

I am personally responsible for my own acts and preachings, but as I am not responsible for those of others, I protest against a clergyman, or any one else, making a wholesale sweep in his charges against the women who are now prominent in the suffrage cause. I wish every one who makes a profession of religion were possessed of the same, and I wish as fervently that all who advocate the Woman Suffrage cause were right on all moral questions, and particularly on the subject of marriage. I wish all believed that a marriage should be for life, unless underrable, and then that law and order should be observed in separating. But as there are those who advocate the doctrine of "free love" in its vile acceptance, those of us who do not advocate it ought not to be slandered by clergymen who have never called upon us to ascertain whether they were speaking advisedly or otherwise, and have never read our writings or listened to our speeches upon subjects that they profess to be informed upon.

But I am not speaking for myself alone, for there are many grand and noble women in the front ranks of our cause who would sacrifice life rather than surrender their high moral principles; and if those who are unfortunately without such moral integrity are able and desire to work in the cause of woman's political equality, have they not as much right to do so as have men to work in any cause when they are no better morally?

Every one can reach their own class far better than those whose ideas on other subjects are not at all in common. To excuse or apologize for moral wrongs is one thing, while to tolerate and make the best of what cannot be cured is quite another thing.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Oregon City election last Monday resulted in a Democratic victory. Per consequence the Republican papers think it has no special political significance, while the Democrats profess to see in it a fore-shadowing of the general result in the State election next June. It makes all the difference in the world with the opinion of the party press which side gets whipped.

The Multnomah Republican primary election last Tuesday was carried overwhelmingly by the Holladay wing. The county ticket will be nominated tomorrow (Saturday).

The Cincinnati Convention has met and done its work. Horace Greeley was nominated for President and Grant Brown (Jasper's uncle) for Vice President. The nominations "might have been better and they might have been worse." We are really disappointed that our friend Jasper didn't get the nomination for President, or Vice President anyhow. It would have been such a compliment to Oregon!

CORRESPONDENCE.

This department of THE NEW NORTHWEST is to be a general vehicle for exchange of ideas concerning any and all matters that may be legitimately discussed in our columns. Finding it practically impossible to answer each correspondent by private letter, we adopt this mode of communication to save our friends the disappointment that would otherwise accrue from our inability to answer their queries. We cordially invite everybody that has a question to ask, a suggestion to make, or a scolding to give to contribute to the Correspondents' Column.

Sylvia A. Amity: Yes. Bishop Latta is as becoming as anything. Embroidered bands on such a dress would be fashionable and becoming. You have good taste.

Harry G.: Don't do it. Mary E.: Your conduct is all right in the matter. The gentleman—if he be a gentleman—respects you for it, whatever he may say.

Sylvester C.: We would not advise you to come to the city if, as you say, you have a good home. If you can content yourself there it is better for you to stay. There are many temptations to a boy like you in a city, especially if friendly and unacquainted. However, as we do not know everything connected with your situation, we cannot give any definite opinion in the premises.

Sarah E.: You will find something about the latest fashions in another place. We suppose there is no necessity for a fuller statement of them here.

SONORA HEWITT.

The first chapter of this interesting serial story begins this week. Everybody should read it. Those who do not take THE NEW NORTHWEST should subscribe in order to get it, if for nothing else. Back numbers containing the story can be had at any time.

MAN'S RIGHTS.

The following notice recently appeared in the Washington Star: "The Man Question" is the subject of a lecture to be delivered by Rev. G. B. Boynton at the Assembly Church, corner 1 and 1/2 streets N. Y., tomorrow night. We have issued a good deal of the "woman movement," and it is about time the other sex had a chance.

The substance of his lecture may be imagined by what followed. It would seem that, when "Man's Rights" are so well defined and so well protected by law, all men ought to understand them without further instruction, and would feel perfectly secure from any invasion by women. But the presumption is that the mass of men either do not comprehend the magnitude of such rights, or else that they need to be warned that there is danger of their being usurped. But, whatever the case may be, the fact is before us that the Rev. Mr. Boynton felt that there was a necessity for giving a public lecture on the subject. This was all right, for he, not because of his manhood, but because of his ability to talk, had a right to discuss any subject he chose. Thus far does his right extend, and as much farther as he can use his God-given powers without injury to others. But we protest against his assuming to deprive any one else of the rights that they have derived from the same source that he received his own. There is not only a want of the most ordinary justice in such action, but a want also of that Christianity which is set forth in the words, "As ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them." We were to speak of the clergymen as they were all "free lovers," it would evince anything but a true Christian spirit, although Mr. B. must admit that there are clergymen who are practical "free lovers," and in his own denomination, too. This he would dare not deny, since these men's practices have caused them to be expelled from the church, or at least have deprived them of the ministerial standing. The forgiving of "seventy times seven" for such vile offenses against God's laws has never been practiced in any church where such wrongs to society and to woman have been generally known. It seems that in the number of times that churches forgive offenders they do not come up to the Bible standard.

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marks about the weather, condition of the crops, and such like, when neighbor Mellor came in, and it wasn't no time afore him and Mrs. Marks were engaged in a perillous conversation.

"By the way, I suppose you went to hear Miss Anthony lecture while she was in Walla Walla," said she.

"I? No! I never go to hear any on 'em lectur," said Mellor. "I know enough already to know that this ere woman suffrage business will never do, no, never! And I'll vote agin it every time. I tell you men ars too jealous! Now, for instance, suppose some one was a-runnin' for office that I didn't like, and he'd seek a private interview with my wife and use all the eloquence he was master of to persuade her to vote for him right agin my principles, how d'ye spose I'd feel then? Why, madder than a wet hen. And I tell you now that politics will make more excuses for men to seek private interviews with other men's wives than anything else under the shinin' sun."

Just at this pint Mr. Marks stepped in, and after bowin' very genteel-like to me, askin' about the folks at home and shakin' hands with Mr. Mellor, he said "he was sorry he couldn't stay and jine in the conversation, but some men were a-waitin' to be shown over the farm, and if Mr. Mellor would accompany them he would be glad of his company," whereupon Mr. Mellor looked confused-like, and said that "he would like to accept the invitation, but that he had come to have a little private conversation with Mrs. Marks in regard to his wife's health, as it had been very poor for some time past, and he know'd Mrs. Marks was well posted in such matters."

"All right; you are perfectly excusable," replied Marks.

"We will not talk politics, my dear; therefore you need not be jealous," put in Mrs. Marks, with one of her most bewilderin' smiles, and the pleased look he cast onto her, as he passed out, was most easily interpreted, leastwise so it seem'd to me.

Well, I went out then and pretended to look at the poses, but instead of doin' so I sot right down behind a big rose-bush and wrote this ere letter, hopin' that the Woman Suffragists will not lose sight of the important fact which it contains.

LETTER FROM A "CANDY-DATE."

Dear Editor:—Candidates are about the plentyest commodity in the market now-a-days. Almost every body I meet is a candidate, and them that ain't want to be. I want to run for office, too, but for the life of me I can't tell what office I want. I am just good enough for anybody. I was a soger boy in blue. I was in the army fighting for my country six months. I was most afraid I'd get killed; but they made me go. I couldn't get out of the draft, but I always run before they could shoot me. I wanted Government to give me a mule. Mules don't like work. They are stubborn and unmanageable animals. They frequently—despite their riders—run away from the battlefield, carrying the rider with them. One never stopped until he arrived in Oregon, but I got out here without the aid of a mule, and I go here, too, without having any of my arms shot off. I went to college two weeks, so, that I can say that I am a scholar, and fit for any office on the tikit. I thought I'd like to be Treasurer, but then there are so many already got the promise of that office that I thought I'd like Sheriff, but when I go after that I find the chances equally slim for that; then I thought I'd like to be Constable, but I see no show for that either. I'm afraid my chances for office are slim. But I'll tell you the truth—I don't want office for the money that is in it, or for the good of the people, but I do want it for the honor it will bring me. I'd like to be a big bug and get office, too. So I can be a big bug and get office is all I want. So you say to the people if they will make me Treasurer, or Sheriff, or Constable, I will give them all the office will make, and live off the stealings myself. Now, dear editor, do the very best you can for me, and I'll make Woman Suffrage speeches for you after the election as sure as I'm elected (I might be defeated if I should make them before). Don't put this last part in your paper, or people will think I'm trying to buy your vote. I scorn the idea as being beneath any man of intelligence such as mine. Do your best for me and get me to make Woman Suffrage speeches. I will show the people there can be a great saving in running this Government—that the salaries paid the big bugs can just as well be saved to the people. There is no question in my mind but that this Government can be run without fees or salaries upon stealings alone. Now do the best you can for me, and get me to make Woman Suffrage speeches. Yours,

CANDY-DATE.

P. S.—If you could get the Post Office or Custom House for me, maybe I could afford to give you some of the stealings. They are big things. C.

LEMON JUICE IN DIPHTHERIA.—Dr. Revillon, in a paper presented last summer to the French Academy of Medicine, asserts that lemon juice is one of the most efficacious appliances for diphtheria, and he relates that, when a hair-dresser in the hospital, his own wife was saved by this timely application. He got three dozen lemons, and gargled her throat with the juice, she swallowing a little at the same time, in order to act on the more deep-seated parts. The doctor has noted numerous cases of complete success obtained by this method of treatment.

NAILS IN THE FOOT.—To get relief from the terrible effects of running a nail in the foot of a man or horse, take the hand of a cat, wash it with warm punch leaves, bruise them, apply to the wound, confine with a bandage, and the cure is as if by magic. Repeat the application twice a day, if necessary; one application generally does the work. Both man and horse have, in a few hours, when apparently on the point of having the lockjaw, been cured.

Oregon—A Bird's-eye View.

Oregon is now a part of a beautiful picture. Invisable fairies have been throwing shuttles, weaving the web of grasses that, softer and clearer than royal velvets, carpet all her hills and uplands with richest green. Long months past, the chemists have been at work, compounding and preparing Tyrean dyes, for the busy-fingered artists who now, night and day, are laying them upon buds and blooms. The trees are laden, bending, with delicately painted blossoms, and tinted, swelling leaf-buds. The farmer, cheerfully chirruping to his horses, as the plow turns the rich soil, has no time to lift his eyes to see Mounts Hood, Jefferson, Adams, Saint Helens, and numerous lesser peaks, snow-crowned, lifting their heads far up into bluest skies. Grand domes, clothed with majesty; magnificent pines supporting the floor of heaven; the streams of untold centuries have bent against them; swelling floods, summer suns, and the early and the later rains, are powerless to dissolve their icy, cloud-traped garments.

Then the hills—the everlasting hills—far-sweeping, swelling, wooded hills—miniature mountains, where the bear and the reindeer, the cougar and wolf, and Indian, are still to be seen, and the iron treasures in spurs, and masts, and fire-brained, hard-wood timber, that will enrich busy thousands, after this generation of people shall have passed away. Blue and blue, almost impenetrable, they stand, grim guardians, between the valleys and any possible eruption of volcanoes from the distant mountains.

The meadows—odorous with resin of fir trees, holding in their sturdy springs the sources of innumerable springs—securely guard the bright, leaping streams whose crystal waters make glad all this beautiful land. Forests skirt the valleys, and in many a curve and solid square, stand along the banks of the winding rivers. These fertile valleys, beautiful prairies, and sloping hills, in the near future, produce bread for millions of people. There are thousands of acres where through culture will produce forty bushels of clean, plump wheat to the acre. One valley (the Willamette), contains 8,000,000 of acres, and in many places over 500,000 acres are under cultivation.

None but those who have carefully traveled over the country by private conveyance can fully appreciate the variety, extent, and beauty of the hills and valleys of this young State. Wool and wheat, cattle and horses, flocks and herds, meadows and green pastures, orchards and grain-fields, mills and workshops, and happy homes—a hospitable, kind, and warm-hearted people—this is Oregon.

We will go down the Willamette one hundred and twenty-five miles, to PORTLAND.

and find twelve thousand people, two railroads, the city on both sides of the river. At her wharves are ships and steamers, loading for China and Japan, the Sandwich Islands, Mexico and South America. From the city of Astoria, an extreme North Pacific. In a few months, there will be a line of vessels direct to London and Liverpool. They return with goods, furs, fish, oil, ivory, silks and tea, and the goods of Oregon, and the extreme North Pacific. In a few months, there will be a line of vessels direct to London and Liverpool. They return with goods, furs, fish, oil, ivory, silks and tea, and the goods of Oregon, and the extreme North Pacific. In a few months, there will be a line of vessels direct to London and Liverpool. They return with goods, furs, fish, oil, ivory, silks and tea, and the goods of Oregon, and the extreme North Pacific.

"OREGON LOOKING UP."—Under this head, the San Francisco Herald speaks good words for Oregon and Washington Territory, as follows:

"No longer that out-of-the-way place on the face of the globe, Oregon, on the indomitable energy of her people and the grand system of railroads now being inaugurated and rapidly pushed from point to point in her wide domain, is, as a State, assuming an importance that cannot but attract the attention, if not the envy, of some of her older sister States. Her cities and towns have awakened to renewed life and activity, her population is rapidly increasing, and other evidences of a progressive and prosperous future, from this day onward, are apparent on every hand. A similar spirit of enterprise, with like results, seems abroad in the whole of Oregon, and of Washington Territory, where new and vast improvements are already in progress, that will have no release till a developed country and a mighty people be founded on the rapidly increasing and years we knew but little more of, than as the great Northwest."

DEATH OF THE OLDEST WHITE WOMAN IN OREGON.—The Oregonian of last Friday morning says:

A large assembly of the people of Sauvie's Island met yesterday at the house of Jonathan Moore to attend the funeral of his wife, number 10 of Portland. We were present, among whom was the Rev. Dr. Lindsey, who conducted the solemn services. Mrs. Isabella Moore, formerly Mrs. Logie, was extensively known to the early settlers of Oregon. It is stated that she was the first white woman who settled within the present limits of Oregon. She was a native of Scotland, and came hither under the auspices of the Hudson Bay Company. She was a woman of established Christian character, noted for her usefulness and benevolence. The news of her sudden and unexpected death will carry mourning to a wide circle of friends. She was nearly 90 years of age, and doubtless lived longer in the limits of the State than any other white woman in it.

PREMATURE BURIALS.—A great many people indulge in serious apprehensions of being buried alive; and, indeed, no idea can be more horrible. About ten or fifteen years ago the French Academy of Medicine took up the subject of premature burials, and finding their astonishment that no infallible and speedy test was known, offered a premium of fifty thousand francs to any person who should discover one. After several years of investigation two were found, and a duplicate reward given:

1. Hold the finger of the supposed deceased to the flame of a candle, and if it smokes rise. After a few moments puncture it, and if water exudes life still remains in the body; if only air fills the blister, death is certain.

2. If the hand of the patient, when held between the observer and a strong light, shows ruddy between the fingers, life remains; if colorless, or if a whitish blue, death has supervened.

WHAT SHE SAYS.—An elderly maiden, who has suffered some disappointment, thus defines the human race: Man—A conglomerate mass of hair, tobacco smoke, confusion, conceit and boots. Woman—The wailer, perforce, on the aforesaid animal. Husband—An instrument constructed to growl over shirt buttons that "damn socks." Wife—A machine for darning socks, sewing on shirt buttons, and making puddings and other things. Father—A being who thrashes the boys, and won't "fork over" as his fair olive branches desire. Mother—A pleasant song—a sweet vision of childhood. Child—A compound of delightful and distressing applications generally does the work. For both man and horse have, in a few hours, when apparently on the point of having the lockjaw, been cured.