The New Northwest.

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OFFICE—Cor. Third and Washington Sts

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

One year.....$2 00
Six months.....1 25
Three months.....1 00

ADVERTISEMENTS Inserted on Reasonable Terms.

The New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME II. PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1872. NUMBER 3.

The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

[Written for the New Northwest.]

Vespers.

I watch and weep for thee,
While evening shadows flee;—
Why com'st thou not to me,
Thou fount of life?

The mournful stars appear,
And, like affection's tear,
Shine, though none be near
To prize their light.

The gaudy tulips sleep;
The heavens o'er them weep
Drops from that azure deep
Where oft we gaze.

The bleeding heart droops low,
The violet's tear drops glow,
And swaying to and fro
Narcissus grieves.

Hast thou forgotten me,
Whose spirit yearns for thee?
So fast earth's friendships flee,
We live in woe.

O love! once fondly told!
O ring of virgin gold!
Have ye to him grown old
Alas, so soon?

If thus life's morning bloom
Is marred by sorrow's gloom,
O what must be the doom
Of future years?

But numbered soon life's sands;
All hushed the heart's demands.
And, folding weary hands
I'll sleep at last.

Nor feel the cold earth's chill,
Nor love's magnetic thrill,
No human good or ill
Shall wake me more.

SALEM, April 17th, 1872. CONSTANCE.

[Written for the New Northwest.]

Picture of a Ship at Sea.

A bark whose prow points to the fading day,
Far out upon the restless, rolling sea,
A snow-winged bird from kindred far away,
She glides an atom 'midst infinity;
Swiftly she flees from gath'ring gloom astern,
But swifter still night's sable shafts are hurled,
Till northward now the sea-boy can discern
His beacon star;—then every sail's unfurled,
And speeds she through the night, steered by
yon glim'ring world.

STEPHEN MAYBELL.

SONORA HEWITT.

BY MRS. SUSIE WITHERELL.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Susie Witherell, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE PROPOSAL, AND AN ADVENTURE.

Harry had intended to have remained home but one week when he first came. But as "circumstances alter cases," so it proved in his case. His friend, Clarence Pierpont, who had complained for a day or two of a severe headache, was taken sick the day following their arrival with an attack of bilious fever, which confined him to his bed for ten days, and Blanche's party being about to take place in the course of another week, they were prevailed upon to give up returning till the commencement of another term. Mrs. Hewitt, who preferred pleasure to a sick room, could scarcely be prevailed upon, even for politeness sake, to come in once or twice during the day to see her son's friend, and the entire care devolved upon Harry and Sonora, who did all that lay in their power to render his illness as comfortable as possible. One or the other remained with him constantly, but upon Sonora fell the gentle task of administering his medicines and arranging the pillows, so that he might rest more comfortably. Her hands also arranged the delicate nosegay upon the table every morning, or looped back the curtains to admit the sweet breeze of summer. No voice had ever seemed so gentle to the ear of the patient as hers as she read from that good book which to him had been a comfort and a staff from childhood. He was well versed in its mysteries, having labored hard to store his mind with its sacred truths. Mrs. Hewitt scarcely knew how he was getting along, so seldom did she inquire, now that she knew he was out of danger, till the morning after the sail was proposed. Looking from the window of her room she beheld Mr. Pierpont, with her son on one side of him and her daughter on the other, walking down the long avenue in front.

"Oh, he is well," said she, to herself. "I must keep Sonora away from him, for I am determined she shall never marry a poor student who has nothing to commend him but beauty. A pretty sound that would be in the world of fashion! The rich and handsome Sonora Hewitt marry a student? Never!" and she curled her lips disdainfully as she watched their retreating forms. "I do not think the girl cares anything for him yet, but I must be in time, ere her father becomes enraptured with the unsophisticated youth," and retiring from the window, she began preparing for a ride with her husband.

Soon after her departure our three friends returned to the house, Sonora and Mr. Pierpont wending their way to the sitting room, while Harry amused himself with hunting up and mending sundry fishing tackle, preparatory to having some sport on the following day.

"Will you sing me that charming little song of Burns', 'Should old acquaintance be forgot?'" asked Clarence, as he placed the ribbon of Sonora's guitar string around her neck.

"With pleasure. It is one whose words echo back my own feelings. The words, though simple, express so much. But I fear my vocal efforts will fail to give full justice to the musical Scotchman. You should hear my friend Blanche sing. I am sure you would never care to hear me again."

"Then I have no such desire, for I am only too happy when listening to Miss Hewit."

"Now no flattering!" and with a merry little laugh she began playing the accompaniment.

As her voice died away so sweetly on the "auld lang syne," she trilled a few notes and then sang those exquisite words:

"I have been dreaming strange wild dreams too long—
Sweet dreams of earth, but passionless and vain—
I have been singing o'er the self-same song
Till my heart beats an echo to the strain.
The dreams, the song—there's none can paint or tell
The strange sweet thoughts that in my bosom dwell."

"There, will that do?"

"Thank you," said Clarence, as Sonora finished, and arising, he took the guitar from his companion and laid it upon the piano. Then, taking a seat beside her, he said: "Those words express what I would say. Do not frown upon me, Miss Hewitt, at least till I have finished. But listen—from the first time I saw you I have loved you—not with a love that will wear off with the next new object, but with a love that nothing can ever obliterate, nothing, not even death, for God is love, and I know I shall be permitted to love you still in that Heaven to which I look forward. Do you love me? Can you love me? Only answer me and let me know my fate, be it good or bad—only let me hear it from the lips of her I love alone and I shall be content;" and kneeling before her, he took the little trembling hand within his own as he continued, "I loved you ere I scarcely knew it myself, but when I saw you the ministering angel hovering around my pillow; when your gentle hand bathed my heated brow; when your low sweet voice read to me the sacred word of God, but above all when I heard your prayers ascend to the Father on high for my recovery, when you thought I slept, then, ah then, I loved you! I could have clasped you to my heart and bid farewell to earth and earthly things. Can you, do you blame me? Love me, only love me, 'not in fancy, not in fear, but love me as if life doubled in you when I was near.' Speak! dear Sonora, speak! and let me know the worst," and without moving he still knelt before her.

For a few moments there was a dead silence; then, rising, he again took the seat beside her, still holding her hand. At last Sonora broke the stillness.

"Clarence, dear Clarence!" was all that she could utter, and bursting into tears she hid her face upon his bosom.

Pushing back her curls, he imprinted his first kiss upon her pure brow, as he murmured, "God bless you for this much, dear girl," and clasping her still tighter to his manly breast, he added: "Sonora, I have opened my heart to you and laid bare its inmost feelings, but by so doing let me not influence you, nor cause you to yield your love in return, for the sake perhaps of saving moments of anguish to the heart of the strange youth who has sued for your first, pure love. Let your own feelings, exactly as they are, prompt your answer, be it what it may, for I know you will speak the words kindly, even though they should be the means of breaking my heart; 'for this earth can no pleasure or happiness give; if I cannot live with thee, I ask not to live.' I am a poor young man. I am studying for the ministry, and have yet another year to remain at college. At the expiration of that time I expect, should God spare my life, to take charge of the Episcopal church at D——, Georgia, which is my native place. Left an orphan at an early age, I was brought up and educated by a wealthy uncle, whose home I still call my own. Should I prove successful in my expectations and become settled, at the close of two years, providing our lives are spared, may I, at least, hope to call you mine?"

Sonora raised her head, while her hand still remained in its former resting-place, as she replied:

"Perhaps you are already aware of mamma's prejudices to a poor person, for any one with less penetrating eyes than you could see this; I, therefore, cannot promise you my hand, though you have my heart already; but, dear Clarence—for so I love to call you—can you obtain the consent of my parents? I am yours—yes, I will promise before God never to yield my heart to another's keeping," and raising her eyes to his, she added, "From the first time I saw you I loved you, so you see our love must have been congenial," and smiling sweetly, she arose as she said, "Yours and no other's."

Clarence, rising, placed his arm around her waist as he said, "Remember your promise."

Then, walking towards the door, the lovers parted, Sonora to her room, to think over the golden era of her existence, and Clarence to find Harry and relate to him his happiness, for he was cognizant of affairs since his friend's convalescence, and was perfectly delighted at the idea of Clarence for a brother.

Meeting her daughter in the hall, Mrs. Hewitt said laughingly, "Sis, you should have been with us this morning."

"Why so?" questioned Sonora.

"Oh, such an adventure! Come into my room and I will tell you about it," and opening the door, they entered, Mrs. Hewitt throwing herself into the large easy rocking chair, and taking off her bonnet, began:

"After riding about three miles, your father insisted upon going to the woods to see old Cato, who lies sick with the consumption. I never saw such a man, always running around to console some sick person, or investigating their financial affairs, with the hope of bettering their condition. Well, we had just got into the thickest part of the forest, about two miles this side of Cato's, when the horses, becoming frightened at something, reared and plunged into the midst of the trees, perfectly unmanageable. I never was so frightened in my life!" and panting for breath, she seemed utterly exhausted even while thinking about it. "The Colonel told me not to be alarmed, there was no danger, but I had no notion of having my neck broken, and screamed with all my might. Just then, as I was about to jump out—much against your father's wish—the thick brush was pushed one side and a gentleman came forward, leading a splendid horse by the bridle. Leaving his horse standing, with one bound he seized our horses by the bit, and before we had time to think had curbed them into perfect submission. Then, coming up to the carriage, inquired if we were unhurt, and offering me his hand, said 'I had better get out and rest,' while he assisted your father to mend some parts of the wheel, which was broken. Then, taking an elegant handkerchief from his pocket, spread it upon the stump of an old tree for me to sit down upon with as much gallantry as if he were waiting upon some young lady of sixteen instead of thirty-five. After mending the wheel and seeing that all was right once more, and without giving us time to thank him, he mounted his horse, and tipping his hat—oh, so gracefully—he was out of sight in a few moments. I did wish you was along so much!"

"Why, what for? I should think you would have been glad I was not, for I might have been frightened and jumped out, and perhaps killed my precious little self," said Sonora, laughing.

"Oh, no, there was no danger, for he would have saved you as he did me. Oh, he was so handsome and had such a distinguished way with him. Perhaps he was a count or some rich lord on a visit to this country in search of an American wife—who knows? I do wish I had inquired his name. I have no doubt it was an aristocratic one," continued Mrs. Hewitt, as she rolled and unrolled the rich brocaded strings of her bonnet.

"Well, this is quite romantic," said Sonora, as her mother finished, "but you seem to have taken a great interest in him, mamma. If you were a young lady, I should think you had fallen in love with him."

"And so I should, providing I knew he had the one thing needful," responded Mrs. Hewitt. "I only hope that chance may throw him in our way once more, that you may have ocular demonstration of his beauty."

"And perhaps become charmed by his fascinating manners and lose my poor heart, and what then?" said Sonora, drawing down her mouth, as she mischievously looked at her mother. Then, looking serious, she added, "But, mamma, I have something to say to you. What if I should tell you such was already the case?"

"What! You surely have not seen him?"

"No, dear mamma, not the *him* you speak of, but another, one whom you have seen, and whose goodness you could not fail to admire."

"And pray who is the person whose goodness you so highly appreciate?" asked her mother, sneeringly.

"None other than our guest, Clarence Pierpont," blushingly answered Sonora.

"Clarence Pierpont!" and Mrs. Hewitt's lip curled disdainfully. "Why not call him *Mr.* Pierpont? I think familiarity very unbecoming in so young a girl."

"Well, *Mr.*, then, mother," and seating herself on a stool at her mother's feet, told her all, and ended by asking her sanction to their marriage, should nothing prevent, at the time appointed.

Mrs. Hewitt's face first became pale, then turned red again, as she pushed her daughter from her.

"What do you mean? How dare you give your affections to any one without first consulting with your parents?" Though her father will no doubt be delighted, thought she to herself. Then, in an angry tone, she went on, "I command you, from this time forward, to keep out of *Mr.* Pierpont's way. He can never be anything more to you than he is at present. If you have no pride I will exercise mine for you; and besides, you are yet a school girl. Wait till he broaches the subject to me, and I will give him a piece of my mind, you may depend. Say nothing to your father upon this subject," and stamping her foot on the floor, said, "The mean, contemptible fellow!"

"Why do you speak so, mother?" said Sonora, mildly. "I am sure he is a perfect gentleman, both by birth and education. He has done nothing to merit your anger. He cannot help his affection, even though he had not declared it, any more than I can mine; and as for me doing without consulting you, I am sure I have not, for I have just told you, and would rather tell papa at once than not."

"Yes, I know you would," interrupted Mrs. Hewitt. "I suppose you think he will favor the suit, which no doubt he would, but I am determined he shall not have it in his power. I intend for you to marry some one of wealth and distinction, or have you remain single, just which you please; but you shall not throw yourself away upon a poor student—so you may set your heart at rest."

"Dear mother," said Sonora, advancing towards the door, "I will say no more at present, but leave you to think the matter over; but remember, mother, my every hope of happiness lies within your answer. Be it such that it may not entirely obscure the light of my young days and I am willing to abide your own time, though it may be years," and closing the door behind her, she proceeded to her own room, where, throwing herself upon her knees, she wept while she prayed for strength from on High to submit to her fate, even should it prove a bitter one.

(To be continued.)

[From the Banner of Light.]

Abandoned Women.

"Abandoned women"—that's the phrase in common parlance. Abandoned of whom? Not of God; for owning, loving all, "his mercy endureth forever;" not of Jesus, for from that pure, affectional soul there still comes the gentle words, "neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no more;" not of the angels, for there continues to be "joy in heaven," when, through angelic pleadings and interceding, an erring one is brought to repentance; not of the spirits of the "just made perfect," for they delight to minister to the least and lowest for redemptive purposes; not of philanthropists, or reformers, of the good or the true. Abandoned of whom? If by anybody, by those passional men instrumental in their temporary ruin, and such of their sister sex as, from a vivid consciousness of being themselves human, with a taking tendency to the weakness of yielded temptation, put on the extraneous airs of a purity too exalted to touch or snatch from further degradation a sister, once pure as the crystal snow, and still God's child, bearing the divine image. These pretensions, not Jesusonian, are thoroughly Shakspearean—"If thou hast no virtue, *assume* to have it."

In the sight of God, angels, heavenly hosts, and constellations of philanthropists on earth quite unknown to fame, there are no abandoned women, no abandoned men, for God, heaven, sympathy, mercy, love and redemptive efforts are over and around all.

Under the oily crust of city life there lies half-concealed a huge, hideous vice, that often those who are too delicate to talk about, are not too delicate to practice. It is frequently termed the "social cancer." With venomous roots pushing out and down in every direction, it is the destroyer of inward peace, the enemy of happy households, and fatal to the mental and spiritual growth of the soul.

Saying nothing of Brooklyn and adjoining cities, New York has, at least, twelve thousand of those styled "abandoned women." The actual census of 1858 gave the number then as seven thousand eight hundred and fifty. The increase of population, with the demoralizing influences of the war, have numerically greatly increased this ghastly army. Credible testimony proves that more than one half of these frail women are under twenty years of age. After fully yielding themselves to boily trade and traffic, their average life is less than four years. Wines and champagnes, midnight revelry, and poisonous rum, with back-brain indulgencies, reduce the earthly of fresh beautiful girlhood to loathsome masses of disease, to be hidden quietly, tearlessly in paupers' graves.

Besides these twelve thousand public fallen ones, it is estimated there are thirty thousand who are either kept as "mistresses," or frequenters of houses of assignation. Were the full names of these published in the city dailies, as they are kept in the soul's memory-chamber, and read by angels, it would produce a most fearful social earthquake. Dazzling behind marble halls and imposing brown fronts, are the glittering fruits of sin, as under silks, Parisian laces and "Grecian bends" are aching, cankering hearts, and souls too, stung with keenest remorse.

Great social crimes abound most in populous cities, under sanctimonious pretences to piety and respectability. Fifth avenue, Fourteenth, and even Bond street, were shocked, a few years since, from reading in the New York morning papers of a licentious husband, rich in this world's goods, being conducted by a friend to a house of infamy and there finding his own wife awaiting her paramour. Each, till then, had supposed the other faithful.

The facts touching these cancerous crimes are apparent. Enough of statistics. Causes and remedies are the subjects that most interest living thoughtful men. With the more positive and guiltier sex, it is generally animal indulgence and violent outbreaks of passion, rooted in ante-natal perversions, often intensified by rich diet, tobacco, liquors and other stimulants. Relative to the other sex, in a majority of cases, the primal causes are ante-natal tendencies, pyschological susceptibilities and stern life necessities. Not choice, but poverty, love of costly dress, temptations to indolence, harsh treatment of parents, sensual crossness of husbands, and the wiles and false promises of seducers—*these* are the more immediate and prominent causes.

Full one-third of the women wandering in towns and cities, under the gaslight, are driven into the streets and dens of pollution from pressure of poverty and extreme want. Think of it! Woman, with the original seal of innocence and sweetness upon her countenance, compelled to choose between starvation and prostitution!

Society—another name for gilded sham—and even women in the higher walks of life, of whom we are heartily ashamed, will, while smiling upon, waltzing and flirting with the libertine full fed and gay, turn sneeringly away or mercilessly trample upon the starved victim of his lust. To the fallen sister their language virtually is: "I am holier than thou!" Heaven save us from a pharisaic self-righteousness! "None is *good* (absolutely good)," said Jesus, "but *one;* that is God. A boasting, satisfied, selfish, do-nothing purity will find itself outside the walls of the city celestial long after negative, errring women have, though fiery trials and severest discipline, been permitted to pass into those upper kingdoms of God to put on robes of beauty. Sainted sisters, ye who are safe from terrible temptations, because moving in circles above penury, and walking in the sunlight of noble souls, be sparing of the stones you hurl at those who fell, through miserable wages, psychological influences, and a fashionable world's crushing coldness!

Efforts of Magdalene Societies, in this country, have done something; but the "Midnight meetings of London" have done more for this class in England. A living writer tells us that—

"To one of these meetings an afflicted mother sent her own daguereotype, in hopes that her erring daughter would recognize the face, and be won by its mute pleadings to a better life. The picture was passed around in several meetings, until at last it met the eye for which it was intended, and the guilty girl burst into tears, and set off for the home of her childhood."

The evil is patent. Where and what is the remedy? Centralized into a sentence, it is this: *The independence of woman!* Make her, or help her to make herself, socially, maritally, politically and financially independent, and you have laid the axe at the root of this deadly upas tree. Systematized, the method will bear this general statement: A full recognition of woman's primal equality with man.

Ignoring such specials as "woman's rights," "man's rights," "freedmen's right," "Indian's rights," "Chinamen's rights," "children's rights," we prefer that better term, at once broad and comprehensive, HUMAN RIGHTS! As related to woman, they may be classified in this wise:

I. The right to vote, hold office, and select that life vocation best adapted to her glowing genius.

II. The justice and moral necessity of paying her the same wages paid to men for the same amount of labor accomplished.

III. The exercise of the same privileges that are granted to men in such civic advances as look to friendship, courtship, love and the marriage relation.

IV. The creation of such a high public sentiment as shall gladly guarantee equal rights to all, with no rivalry save that which would strive to build up, beautify and bless the most souls.

The constituents of our social edifice should not be cemented by the force of interest, habit or circumstance, but by virtue, integrity, purity, justice, sympathy and love—the mightiest principles in the universe of God. Society constituted of individuals, should look after the highest interests of each member, remembering that whatever benefits even the least, benefits a world-wide humanity.

Theorists must make their reform-theories practical. "What have you done?" is the question the angels ask. To gossip, tea-party fashion, about these "unfortunate women upon the town," amounts to nothing. Up and do something! To talk about their condition deploringly, to pray for them devotedly, to think of them tenderly, to shun them in the streets gracefully, to speak of them sisterly, is talk—cheap talk! nothing more. Away with this silver-tongued hypocrisy! Do something! Redeem them! and the blessings of the angel world shall be yours.

A Sensible Letter from a Sensible Woman.

[From the Oregon Good Templar.]

Ed. Good Templar:—In a late issue of your paper there was a correspondence from Junction City, signed Van, which I wish to answer if you will give me space, for I don't really think he does the women justice. In the first place we will admit that Dr. Boswell and Dickey Henderson are good temperance lecturers, but they can neither of them, notwithstanding one of them has been to Congress, compare works with Mrs. Carrie F. Young in the temperance cause, and by works are we to judge this temperance movement and not by flowery speeches, notwithstanding she can make as good a speech as either of them. You speak of a good sister throwing a bombshell into the camp at Salem, and in the next place compare her to the devil, or rather say the devil appeared through her. Now, sir, can you put so low an estimate on woman as to compare her to a devil, when you owe your existence to a woman, and are indebted to her for your first and most noble ideas? You say it would be just as disgraceful for women to hold office and fight their country's battles as for drunkards to rule. Now we women never expect to fight our country's battles on the actual field only when men turn cowards and run, and we always teach our sons to fight when their country calls them, so there will be no necessity for women fighting their country's battles on the active field. You talk about the disgrace of women holding office; now, sir, would you be afraid of your mother or sister disgracing themselves, put them in whatever position you might? No, sir, you are not uneasy about them, but it is some other man's mother or sister that is going to be disgraced. Now, sir, what would our lodges be without the presence of women, sir? You know full well that should we withdraw from them to-day, twelve months hence would not find a Good Templar Lodge in Oregon. Now about that awful difficulty of mother Eve and the serpent. The command was given to Adam and not to Eve, but still he did not hesitate to eat when she offered it to him, neither did he remonstrate with her, but willingly took of the forbidden fruit and ate, knowing at the same time that he was bringing ruin on himself and wife, whom he should have tried to protect from the charms of the serpent, instead of willingly submiting to it.

You appear to want to hold us women exactly to the text; so we will do the same with you, and instead of getting up fine dinners and suppers for you, we will tell you to go and eat of the ground and of the herb of the field as God commanded you. You say if women are so desirous of being useful why don't they discontinue to recognize as gentlemen drunkards and gamblers, cease to fellowship with them or marry them. Do you think one of nature's laws can be changed? If you do you are wonderfully mistaken. Furthermore if we should do as you advise, there would be ten drunkards where there is now only one. You talk about reforming drunkards by slighting them and not recognizing them as gentlemen. Why don't you men do what you are so keen to have us try? I suppose you think it isn't good policy for you. Kind words and deeds, sir, will do more towards bringing an erring one to the paths of virtue and peace, than all the slights and rejections that woman can bring to bear. Furthermore you as good as accuse women of being responsible for the drunkards and gamblers, and you are as far off the mark here as in many other places. Sir, do you suppose that there is a mother in this land that would go to the polls and vote to continue the liquor traffic a single day? No, sir, there is not one. Give us the elective franchise and we will do away with King Alcohol forthwith, and then there will be no drunkards for us to recognize as gentlemen. Now, kind reader, which do you think is the most natural and quickest way of destroying one of the greatest curses which the human family has ever had to contend with, to have the ladies not recognize drunkards as gentlemen, or give the ladies the ballot and let them, as they surely will, vote it out of existence? It is deplorable, as you say, for sixty thousand drunkards to go down to drunkards' graves annually, but none deplore this more than the mothers of our land, and none are more ready and willing to change affairs, and will it not be the case? But such men as you are just in the way of this great temperance reform—you are only a brake on the wheel of progress. Now you may say this can all be done without the women voting; if so, why have you not done it? The fact is, it never can be done so long as policy party politicians rule, and political power is sought for instead of just principles. The license laws are all wrong, for it is wrong to license an evil, but still it is done and will continue to be done until the women who suffer the most thereby are allowed to go "trailing to the polls," as you say, and then and there vote it out of existence, and all the license laws with it, and the drunkards into sober men as their Creator intended they should be. Then we hope we can recognize them as gentlemen without wounding the feelings of Van. A WOMAN.

GERVAIS, Oregon, April 23, 72.

The Proposed Bridge.

Accompanying the plans and specifications of the proposed bridge across the Willamette at this point submitted to the Council recently, Colonel Chapman, as President of the Portland, Dalles and Salt Lake Railroad Company, read the following communication: The Portland, Dalles and Salt Lake Railroad Company submit for your approval maps of the plan of the bridge across the Willamette river at Portland. Unavoidable delay has occurred in presenting the plans, occasioned mainly in prosecuting the enterprise of the Portland, Dalles and Salt Lake Railroad, of which the bridge is a part. As will be seen, the plan only embraces the bridge across the Willamette river from abutment to abutment. Not having secured a location when the plan was made, Madison street was taken as a given point, and the length of bridge and height of piers adjusted to the width and depth of the river at that locality. The plan shows the draw to be of the full width of the bridge, embracing three heavy trusses, and, therefore, very ponderous and unwieldy. But in the bridges of this character, as in case of the new Long Bridge at Washington, constructed by the Keystone Bridge Company, the width of the roadway of the draw is contracted to thirteen feet in the clear, and carrying both railroad and roadway travel on two trusses, with partition, fence or screen between the railroad and roadway, and so contracting the dimensions of the pivot pier. The abutments are to be of stone. From the scale, the height and dimensions of piers are easily ascertained. The pivot and seat piers are designed to be of stone. They will be founded upon piles and timber grillages, on timber cribs well banded together, forming bins or cells to be filled with stone; otherwise they will be timber cribs, with suitable foundations of piles or timber grillages, the cribs to be well banded together, forming bins or cells, to resist the force of water and shocks of timber and ice. The other piers, extending over the sand bar from the draw to the East Portland shore, are to be timber, founded upon cribs well banded together, forming bins or cells, to be filled with stone. On the top of these cribs will be bolted the sills of the timbered piers, which are securely fastened to the cribs by long bolts, passing up through the crib walls. These cribs may be more thoroughly secured by means of piles. The plan of these piers appear on one of the accompanying maps. If, however, in the progress of the work, under the eye of a skillful engineer, it be deemed advisable, timber piers will be omitted, and the crib piers carried to full height. In all cases where practicable the cribs are to be secured in their position by piles. The map of the fender to the draw explains itself. It is to be timber cribs, with bins or cells, to be filled with stone, and secured in its position by piles. A superstructure for the railroad or roadway can only be available in this instance where the street is sufficiently elevated to allow one or the other below and between the street and high water. This is not the case either at Main, Madison or Jefferson. I have selected Madison and Asylum streets in East Portland to fill the requirements of the ordinance and agreement, hoping that the Council will allow an opportunity to secure a permanent location. Should a location be secured where the streets are more elevated, so that the railway may rest upon the superstructure, the plan of the bridge will be contracted in width to fourteen feet for the roadway, and sustained only by two trusses, instead of three, and the piers reduced accordingly. The size of timbers, iron, &c., are marked on the maps, from which can readily be determined the strength and capacity of the bridge. I am informed by competent judges that it is ample for the heaviest railroad, and roadway travel; and will be secure if railroad and roadway and net walk are used simultaneously. The bridge is estimated to carry 3,000 pounds per lineal foot on the railroad side, and 1,500 pounds per lineal foot on the roadway side. The braces and rods to be proportioned to sustain the bridge when swung open; and the traveling load when closed. The pivot bridge will rotate on the patent anti-friction cones, and turn-table as shown on the accompanying lithographic plan; the same now in use on the Long Bridge at Washington.

Let prudence always attend your pleasures; it is the way to enjoy the sweets of them, and not be afraid of the consequences.

Mrs. Fair Again in Court.

MRS. LAURA D. FAIR WILL ASK FOR A CHANGE OF VENUE—SENSIBLE ACTION.

Messrs N. Greene Curtis and Leander Quint, Mrs. Fair's attorneys, on Tuesday of the present week filed in the 15th District Court a paper notifying District Attorney Murphy of their intention to move on Saturday next for a change of venue, on the ground that a fair and impartial trial cannot be had in this city, owing to the bias and prejudice against the defendant. The motion is based on an

AFFIDAVIT

Made by Mrs. Fair, in which she sets forth that Crittenden was a practicing attorney of many years standing, and a man of great personal influence, and generally known and much esteemed throughout the city and county; that his large circle of friends and relatives have, from the date of the alleged homicide, been industrious in the circulation of reports and rumors derogatory to her character, and denouncing her as a cold-blooded, heartless murderess.

THE NEWSPAPERS.

Affiant further says that there were at the date of said alleged homicide, and still are several daily and weekly newspapers published in said city and county of San Francisco, and among them the *Alta*, the *Bulletin*, the *Call*, the *Chronicle*, all of which published what purported to be accurate accounts of the alleged shooting of the said A. P. Crittenden by this affiant, and at the same time containing highly inflammatory articles against her. That said papers were generally read throughout this city and county, and were calculated to and did prejudice and poison the mind of the community against her. That from the time of the alleged shooting up to the present time, said papers have almost continually slandered and maligned this affiant by the publication of what purported to be an account of her past history and life, most of which were utterly unfounded and defamatory to her character, and all tending to inflame the public mind against her, and to prevent her from having a fair and impartial trial in said city and county.

The affidavit cites an instance of such articles, one which appeared in the *Chronicle* of Nov. 4th, 1870, headed as follows: "A Woman's Revenge," "Assassination of A. P. Crittenden by the notorious Mrs. Fair," "He is Shot on the Oakland Boat while Surrounded by his Family," "The Career of the Assassin," "The Wiles of a Bold, Bad Woman." Also an article in the *Chronicle* of Nov. 8th, 1870, headed: "The Assassination," "Eulogistic Tributes in and Adjournment of all the Courts," "Mournful Obsequies of Alexander Parker Crittenden," "The Assassin in her Prison Cell," "Fourth Marriage," "One of her Evil Deeds," etc. Also an article in the *Alta* of Nov. 4th, 1870, headed: "The Tragedy," "Playing Crazy," "Who Mrs. Fair is." Also an article in the *Bulletin* of Nov. 4th, 1870, headed: "The Crittenden Tragedy in San Francisco," "A Prominent Lawyer Shot by his Mistress in the Presence of his Family." Also an article in the *Call* dated April 23d, 1872, appeared, with which Fair claims she had no connection whatever, headed, "An injunction to restrain W. C. Ralston from foreclosing a mortgage given to the bank by Mrs. Fair's victim."

Affiant alleges that she is informed and believes that a large number of the most influential citizens combined together and contributed large sums of money to hire private counsel of distinguished ability to assist the Prosecuting Attorney.

Affiant says she believes that should she be acquitted, there will be an attempt to take her life.—*S. F. Pioneer, May 9th.*

A RESTORED WOMAN PLEADS FOR HER FALLEN SISTERS.—Mrs. Alice B. Wayne, from Washington, spoke eloquently in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Tuesday evening, pleading for "Fallen Women." Mrs. Livermore introduced her, prefacing the introduction by relating the story of Eliza, in Uncle Tom's Cabin, who endured so much pain and peril, yet at last found friends to help her from a life of bondage. She earnestly pleaded for this Magdalene who had unmasked herself to uplift her sisters, and asked her hearers to help her by the sweetness and holiness of a life, to live. It was woman that made the return to virtue so hard—blocked the path in which so many had stumbled. Mrs. Wayne is not beautiful in the superficial interpretation of the word, but she is beautiful in the impress of redemption, beautiful with the love and purity of an elevated and elevating edifice, beautifully in earnest. Clad in simple black, her pale, sad, serious face, appealing eyes and graceful, dignified presence, at once won attention, confidence and respect. Her story is that of many thousand helpless, hopeless women, crushed by circumstances, not choice, driven to despair and disgrace by the injustice of men's law and conscience. She moved her hearers deeply as she developed the misery, agony and degradation of fallen women, imploring the mothers to extend a helping hand, for their daughter's sake and safety. She was rightfully pitiless with condemnations of the injustice and insecurity of society, the feebleness of liberty and morality which would weigh the seduced in the balance and not put the seducer in the opposite scale. She compelled the audience to acknowledge 'twas easy to compute where we "know not what's resisted." Forgiveness is oftener a puff of breath than a fact. With sweet charity we utter "to err is human," yet think ourselves divine, nevertheless, just because we have never suffered, not been tempted.

TREATMENT OF SMALL POX.—In view of the reappearance of small pox on this coast, this item may be of use:

"A great discovery is said to have been recently made by a surgeon of the British army in China, in the way of an effectual remedy for small pox. The mode of treatment is as follows: When the preceding fever is at its hight, and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartaric ointment. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on that part of the body to the relief of the rest. It also secures a full and complete eruption, and thus prevents the disease from attacking the internal organs. This is now the established mode of treatment in the English army in China, and is regarded as a perfect cure."

In England it is not permitted to marry after twelve o'clock in the day.