

END OF VOLUME TWO.

This issue closes the Second Volume of the New Northwest. Looking back over our editorial career of two short years, bright visions of the kindly eyes that have so often greeted these pages flit before us.

Agala, we hear the bitter denunciations of narrow-minded enemies and the silly misrepresentations of foolish and wicked men. We hear our motives maligned, our integrity assailed, and our name used as a target for the ribald jokes of buffoons, or the idle twaddle of self-conceited simpletons.

To those who have been in any way benefited by our ministrations, we make our low and say, "Sustain us." To those who sustained us for a time, but had no interest in our work save to build up their own personal pet prejudices at the expense of the great principle of Human Rights, we say, "You went out from us because you were not of us."

To husbands who joke their wives about usurping their "rights," we say, "Joke on, and renew your subscriptions."

To our enemies, we say, "You know not what you do." To friends, everywhere, who wish us well, and we know that they are legion, we say, "We need your financial aid. You are tardy, the most of you, in sending us money. Our bills must be met. We cannot attend to our finances as promptly as we would like, because our duties are so many. Many of you know that you owe us. We dislike to dun you, but we must have money."

In the future, as in the past, we shall make this paper a journal for the people. It knows no politics, no party, no religion, and no creed. When political parties favor woman's enfranchisement, we shall favor them, whether Democrat or Republican. When they fail, we shall scold them. So with Churches, temperance societies and courts. The one vital need of the Nation is the recognition of Human Rights. To secure this is our aim, and we shall not scruple to use all honorable means to accomplish it. Politicians have sometimes tried to use us, and when we have used them instead, as we always do, they have been terribly shocked at our turpitude. We now give all such fair warning. In the Third Volume of the NEW NORTHWEST, we shall aim, as in the past, to use all the influence that can be brought to bear as a battering ram against the stronghold of sexual suffrage.

If anybody dislikes this course, it is because they love the principle of Human Rights much less than we do. We pursue this course because it is the only way to win. When General McClellan and Hooker pursued a half way policy to quench the Rebellion, they only gave it strength. When General Grant went "on to Richmond" regardless of the advice of the timid or treacherous, he conquered. This we shall do in this great moral battle. But to all our friends we say, you must aid us. A general cannot carry on a campaign without supplies. We will gladly give place to any one who will shoulder our responsibility and leave us free to go out into the highways and hedges and compel the people to come into the fold of equal rights. Let the man or woman who can do this work with more dispatch than we come to the front and take our place, and we will resign with pleasure, and do all we can to aid them. But we cannot resign the post till it is filled by another. Aid us, friends. Put shoulder to the wheel. If everybody who sees this article, and who feels that they ought to do it, would send us three dollars as a subscription for Volume Third, the paper would float of itself.

Adieu, friends. JOURNALISTIC TREACHERY. From time to time within the last month we have been in receipt of letters from friends in the interior, who complain of us because we do not defend ourselves in the NEW NORTHWEST from the attacks of the Oregonian. At first we were impressed that these letters came from persons who, from lack of time, were not close readers of the Oregonian, but the inquiries continuing, our suspicions were aroused, and we found upon a close examination of the files of the Weekly that the invidious attacks upon us were published in all cases one week, and in some instances two weeks before the replies were allowed to appear, while in one instance a very important reply to Mrs. Brown from a lady of this city was crowded out of the Weekly altogether.

To slander any human being is to make charges directly or by implication against that individual's reputation or conduct that are not true. This we charge the editor of the Oregonian with doing against us; and we further charge him with maliciously postponing and otherwise withholding publication in the Weekly of such replies to his unprovoked attacks upon us as we and others considered him in honor bound to publish with the same dispatch as the attacks.

This act of our brother is wholly without precedent in professional ethics. It is a most reprehensible trick, of which we would not have imagined the editor of the Oregonian guilty had it not been for the solicitous inquiries of friends, which aroused our suspicions and caused us to look over the files of his Weekly edition. The course of the Oregonian spiked our own editorial guns, as we believed the *canonice honorabile* had been made in that journal and of course felt in courtesy bound to remain silent in our own columns touching the matter. None of the readers of the Weekly saw our letter that was published in the Daily in denial of the charge that we were "an apologist" for nameless crimes, for more than a week after the charge had been made, although the letter was printed on the day following the attack in the Daily, together with an editorial announcement that the Oregonian had, in thus accusing us, made a "painful mistake."

Now, Brother Hill, the man who is always parading his own virtue as being of a quality so far superior to that of his friends and associates, but awakens suspicion concerning his own record. We do not allege that you have been guilty of social sins which you are trying hard to hide behind the clamor of your present outcry, but we do say that your conduct awakens a suspicion that your bawl of "stop thief" means much that you imagine does not appear upon the surface. It pains us inexpressibly to be driven to this conviction, but men and women of good sense and sound morals have just reason to doubt the immaculate purity of a man who thinks it necessary to proclaim his virtue from day to day in the public prints while trying to injure the reputation of ladies who see fit to differ from him in matters of public expediency. The virtue that will not proclaim itself is not considered the genuine article by good judges. If the first ebullition of our righteous indignation that found its way to paper after we discovered your moral turpitude in transcending all bounds of professional ethics by attacking us in the Daily and Weekly Oregonian, and allowing a defense in the Daily only, while of course, leading us to believe that you had acted fairly all the way through, thus causing us, in professional honor, to keep silent in our own journal; we say if our first written thoughts upon making this discovery had good reason to tremble in your loins. But experience is making us wise and merciful in cases as well as other matters, consequently, the scolding we should have given you, and which you richly merit, resolves itself into this exhortation: Do right in the future. Atone for editorial trickery by honesty and fair dealing hereafter. Remember always that, though you may not have committed one kind of sin, it is very easy to prove, as above, that you have committed others for which the Great Judge of all the earth will not hold you guiltless. Remember to judge not, that ye be not judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.

We don't want to quarrel with you. You have many good qualities of mind and heart, which, had you so badly treated us a year ago, we should in wrath have lost sight of. And now, as we in all kindness lay our journalistic hand upon your editorial head, let us say to you most earnestly, drop the Pharisaical cant with which you are disgracing the Oregonian. Say to Senator Mitchell: "You have sinned and are sorry, but do right in the future; repent, forsake, restore, as far as in you lie, and we will stand by and aid you. As we believe that no man sins beyond the reach of God's abounding mercy, we will put your case in His hands. Shall mortal man be more true than God? Shall man be more true than his Maker?" Say to him: "You are yet young. You are brilliant, intellectual and talented. Now prove yourself able to rise from the ashes of a misdirected life, and upon the altar of ruined reputation erect a reparation which shall be immortal." Do this, O brother, and you will live to see your name honored in the land. Continue your present course and you shall fall by the way. Public sentiment, though rash at first, and sure to be exacting, always reacts in favor of the persecuted, even if the one so persecuted be badly to blame. It will do so in the case of Senator Mitchell. Mark the prophecy. It grieves us almost as badly to find in you a designing intriguer against us, as it grieved and astonished us to find that Mr. Mitchell's early record was bad. But we say to you as we say to him, do right in the future. Aton for the sins of the past by a noble restitution and the people will honor you as a man, who, having acted dishonestly and treacherously by a member of the disfranchised class of his profession, had magnanimously enough to confess his sin, and as far as possible atone for it.

Now, brother, if you accept the above article as an "apology" for or "palliation" of your double dealing, don't, we beg you, make the "painful mistake" of printing your blunder.

Just as we predicted, O'Meara has "retired" from the Portland Bulletin. His temporary connection with that journal after its change of ownership, proved an incubus which the new firm could not endure. The Bulletin, free from this incubus, will prove a grand ally of public justice. Success to it.

Our slightly contemporary of the New Northwest says we are a malicious liar, but a true gentleman nevertheless.—Oregonian.

What a whopper!

We look for the Oregonian to call us an affliator with drunkenness, next.

JOHN B. GOUGH AND J. H. MITCHELL. As all the venom of lewd-minded politicians has, probably, by this time, expended itself in denunciation of our former exhortation to Senator Mitchell, and as the few women who became frightened because we asked him to be the champion of woman's enfranchisement, and because of their alarm, accused us of affiliation with crime, which is only another name for crime itself—as all these have, we hope, by this time got rid of the film of prejudice that blinded them, we now renew our charge and exhortation.

John B. Gough became a victim to the curse of intemperance. Wherever his name was known it was spoken in loathing and scorn. Mothers taught their daughters to shun him, and newspapers loaded him with vilest epithets. But in spite of his fall, in spite of the fact that pious women elevated their noses, and temperance men, who may have imbibed more whisky than he, only his consequences upon their physical nature were very righteous, passed by on the other side at his approach; in spite of the abuse of the press; and the clamor of the people, John B. Gough arose in the majesty of his noble intellect, himself a monument of the evils of intemperance, and with the eloquence of a Clay, the logic of a Webster, the bravery of a Baker, the wisdom of a Lincoln and the bad personal example of a Gough, appeared before the cohorts of intemperance and became the champion of total abstinence. From the bacchanal orgies of the worst sinks of inebriety, he stepped forth upon the platform of temperance and shook the world with his wisdom and pathos. Never would there have been such a reformer had it not been for his fall. Never could he have so effectually appealed to the throbbing heart of the breathless multitude, as they shed tears over his misfortunes, if his tragedy had not been real.

So with Senator Mitchell. In spite of the general clamor of the press, and the occasional fright or indignation of some well-meaning but misguided woman; in spite of his fall, his humiliation and sorrow, we say to him: "Behold the result of the subjugation of woman! It has entailed untold suffering upon both sexes. You can become the same champion for Human Rights in your misfortune that John B. Gough is and has been for temperance. Now is your golden opportunity. Improve it, we pray you. Let the remarkable forensic talents that you possess be used hereafter in the Senate, at the bar, or wherever you can be heard, in the denunciation of all laws and usages that lead women to merge their womanhood into the sole protection of men who are so often weak and cruel. Women need, as badly or worse than men, the equal protection of the laws. The inequality of the sexes works untold hardships upon both men and women. You have suffered. You still suffer, but you can see the remedy for this accursed state of class legislation which places women so often in the power of men, and men so often in the power of their own weakness. The great mass of womanhood will welcome you to do this work. Fear not the outcry of the dissenting few. The crushed and bleeding victims of man's inhumanity to women everywhere cry out to you, who have sinned and suffered, to use the potent influence that you possess as Senator, and the full magic of the mighty eloquence you wield as orator, to elevate the political status of woman, that the social and financial may be free to adjust themselves. Fear not the rabble who would hiss you down. Again we say that man's extremity is God's opportunity. If you fall in this we shall acknowledge that we have altogether misjudged you. But you will not fall. Your own wrecked life and the pale ghosts of days departed urge you on. Never, except in the case of John B. Gough, did such opportunity present itself for man to rise above the ashes of ruined reputation and reinstate himself by self-renunciation and public restitution. Your private duties rest between yourself and God. Faithfully perform them as well as the public obligation which Providence has laid at your feet, and all the gates of hell shall not prevail against you."

WE DEMUR. To imagine that a new course of political policy, changes in the laws, or measures of any kind brought about through the action of Government, will materially improve the condition of the people or provide them with resources, is a mistake that none ought to commit. It all depends on the individual exertion and intelligence, perseverance, integrity and sobriety. When we look outside of these for assistance we shall look in vain.—Bulletin.

Right here we take square issue with our brother man. Everything hinges upon proper Government. It was not "a mistake," when to "materially improve the condition of the people or provide them with resources," the people set themselves to work to abolish King George's Government and make such "changes in the laws" as they needed to secure freedom and independence. The material condition of tens of thousands would be speedily improved by a "change in the laws" that would provide them a spot of ground for a home, which should be under all circumstances exempt from execution for debt. "All" does not "depend, at last, on individual exertion" and so forth; for many of the most energetic and intelligent men we know have been ruined by the failure of others which involved themselves. Many of the most "frugal and sober" women of our acquaintance are kept in poverty and toil through all their days because of an imperative need of "changes in the laws, brought about through the action of the Government," that will secure to them the benefit of what they earn.

If we cannot look to the Government for such "assistance" except we "look in vain," Government itself is a failure—a costly luxury that enriches the few and impoverishes the many.

AN O'ER TRUE TALE. The other day as we sat writing in our cozy parlor, with the grateful breezes fanning the curtains through the half open shutters, and playing upon our forehead in a cool, delicious way that served to augment the glare of sunshine on the street, making an agreeable contrast between without and within, a modest-looking little woman with a huge basket upon her arm, appeared upon the porch, and peeping in through the partly open door, said timidly, "Would you like some blackberries, ma'am?"

"This question had been asked a dozen times within the hour by white men, Chinamen and boys, and blackberries had become a drug in our kitchen; so we said "no," as usual, and were going on with our work, when something in the tired little woman's face arrested our attention, and we invited her in. Dropping herself wearily upon a chair, she said timidly: "I've five miles to walk to get home, ma'am, and my husband's sick and the five children."

"What is the matter?" "My husband has the erysipelas, and the children the ague," still looking down in a timid way that won our sympathy at once. "You don't look strong enough to be trudging through town with blackberries, poor child. Why don't you apply to the authorities for relief?" "I belong without the county limits, ma'am. We got along well enough till my husband got sick, and now it's very hard."

"What is your dependence for a livelihood?" "Nothing, ma'am. Mrs. Atkinson has helped me, or I suppose we should have starved; but she can't do all, and as I live out of the county the authorities won't do anything." "But try the Ladies' Relief Society. They have funds on hand, and will relieve any worthy applicant." "Mrs. Atkinson tried for me, ma'am, but failed to get anything because my family's out of the city limits."

"Do you belong to the Church?" "Yes, ma'am; the Catholic Church; but Father Fierens, to whom I told my story, says the Church is too poor to help us." "He looks fat and sleek enough himself," we said, involuntarily. "Yes, yes," was the despairing comment, "but the priests must be fed if the mothers starve."

"Why not go to Hillsboro, the county seat of your county, and apply for relief to the authorities there?" "Because, ma'am, I can't leave my family over night to walk the distance, and I've no money to pay my fare."

"Come with me to the ticket office. I know the President of the railroad. He is a charitable gentleman, and I'm sure will give you a pass." The little woman covered her poor, wearied face with her blackberry stained hands, partly concealed in her tattered shawl, and wept tears of silent gratitude. Together we went, past the crowds of curious lookers-on, to the Central Railroad office, where the President, Mr. Gaston, in response to our explanation of the case, gave the poor, suffering child of toil and poverty the needed pass, which she received in a shrinking, modest way, far more welcome to the courteous President than ostentatious thanks.

Finally, she asked "if her baby could go with her on the same pass to Hillsboro." "Certainly," was the President's kind reply, and we came back again together, as we went, with kindly eyes greeting us inquiringly, and the little woman, with her head bowed, taking note of nothing save the pass she was unconsciously caressing in her soiled, toll-worn fingers. Reloading herself with her remaining stock of berries, she trudged wearily on in the broiling sunshine. O, men, how great is the mistake you make when you imagine that you are women's sole protectors, and they have no need to protect themselves! Many of you are kind and grand and noble, doing your whole duty by your own wives, but your legislation fails to protect those women whose husbands have not your ability or disposition to protect the suffering creatures who have no representatives of their own sex to assist you to make such laws and regulations as shall place every poor, down-trodden woman who is "bringing forth children in sorrow" above the additional curse of man who was told to "eat bread in the sweat of his face."

THE TERMINUS FEVER. The great expectations of the thousands who have rushed to the newly-appointed terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad at Tacoma will surely end in disappointment. We do not believe that the speculators who planned the enterprise will act in good faith with the people.

Thousands of persons in this great Northwest are land beggars, and will continue such as long as they shall live. The mania for large possessions is upon them, and like the dog in the manger, not content with what they can use for themselves, they spread their titles over the most desirable portions of the earth, counting their acres and city lots by thousands, while the poorer class, with an equal moral right with them to a home, are deprived of opportunity to secure even an acre of their own to till for food.

Let the land-owning mania increase at the present ratio for the next quarter century, and a great landed oligarchy, backed and sustained by the Government, will hold the liberties of the entire people in its grasp. It now owns all the railroads and will then own all the lands, and these once yielded wholly to financial corporations, the common people will all become as thousands now are, nothing more nor less than serfs.

Of course the excited multitude who rush to the new terminus are doomed to disappointment. Land rings will make money. Whisky-sellers, gambling halls and proprietors of low houses of amusement will thrive. Some merchants and hotel-keepers will realize large profits upon the necessities of life, but no lasting good will accrue to the poor man who hurries to the place in the fevered expectation of securing speedy riches. Let Kalama, that dire calamity to scores of poor folks, rise in the ghost of its blighted expectations and confront the people with its skeleton losses, blackening in sun and storm. Let Duluth with its blasted hopes rise up before them, and let them stay where they are or go where land is cheap. There is nothing at Tacoma to support a large influx of immigration. The agricultural advantages are next to none. The lumbering and coaling interests are in the hands of rings, and there they will remain.

To the poor man we say, get five or ten acres of land from some large owner who has sense enough to sell it, and who will give you a fair opportunity to make payments as you may be able. Build a humble abode, raise fruits, poultry, vegetables and pigs. Be content with your sphere. Deed the home to your wife. The people will secure a Homestead Law at the next session of our Legislature. It should have been done long ere this. In the mean time do your duty as an individual, and secure your wife and children a home without waiting for the tardy action of the law. Let rich men speculate. You have more important work to do.

COMMISSIONER MEACHAM. Our office was brightened one day this week by a visit from this gentleman, who has been the worst abused man in Oregon for the past few months, to say nothing of having been shot, knifed and disfigured by the wily rascals, while acting under orders from the general Government in the capacity of Chairman of the Peace Commission. Mr. M. feels justly incensed at the course of the Oregon press, which almost unanimously denounced him as the instigator of the Commission, and consequently responsible for its disastrous results. Very great injustice is often suffered by an agent of the Government who seeks to obey orders from headquarters, and we feel that Mr. Meacham has been one of the most unfortunate of these. However, now that he is here among us to defend himself, nobody persists in the abuse with which the whole State was rampant while he was periling his life to perform a—to him—manifest obligation. He admits that the Government makes mistakes in dealing with Indians as independent nationalities whenever they may be disposed to commit rapine and murder, but adheres strongly to the Peace Policy of the present Administration in its attempt to civilize these people and provide homes for the degenerate descendants of Pocahontas, Samoset and Kamekiasy Jim, Captain Jack and Mrs. Riddle.

Mr. Meacham can talk like a streak of oiled lightning, and if he wants to make his mark and his fortune, let him enter the lecture field and tell the United States what he knows about Java beds in particular and Indian affairs in general. We are rejoiced at his cavalcade, and though he is not yet strong, we have hope that he will ultimately recover entirely from his wounds, though he will always retain sufficient signs of them to prove clearly that his escape from death was almost miraculous.

Mrs. Meacham and family have gone to their home in the Blue Mountains to spend the summer vacation; and Mr. M. takes his departure again for the lava beds, where he has official matters yet to attend to. We congratulate him upon his recovery from his double attack of white enemies and red. Our sympathies are naturally with the under man in a fight, and while the conflict lasted, he was decidedly the under man. But the opposition is over now; the press is gentle as a cooing dove, the people are reasonable and the public heart is sympathetic and kind.

All of the Wallowa Valley, lying north of the south line of Township 11, south of the base line to the Minner river, thence down said river to the Grand Ronde river, thence up Snake River to the line above described, has been set apart as a reservation for the Nez Perce Indians, as recommended by the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

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WILL HE ANSWER? We call special attention to an article in another column from the Portland Bulletin, headed "A Sorrowful Case." We further ask the reader to note the progress of equal rights in the last twenty years. Had such a tragedy as the Goodrich murder occurred a quarter of a century ago, not one newspaper in the land would have dared to use its influence in behalf of the woman who sought to avenge herself in the manner so vividly portrayed by our contemporary. Now, we call upon our brother of the Bulletin to read that article again and then listen to us:

Does man protect woman? Is it safe for woman to rely implicitly upon man for protection? If man does not, cannot or will not protect her, does she not need individual legislation with which to protect herself? Would it not be far better to restore to her the equal use of inalienable rights, that she might thus legislate for her political and consequent pecuniary independence, rather than place her at the mercy of men who, when they violate every obligation of honor and sacrifice every affection of her soul upon the altar of their selfish passions, leave her nothing in palliation of her wrongs but murder and its awful consequences?

But enough. Our brother has not tried to answer our last half-dozen questions, although we gave him the lesson two weeks ago. Will he answer these? We shall see.

TO THE POINT. The following items from the Dallas Republican contain the ring of the true metal. Now let us see if our brethren have moral courage enough to face the direct issue. This dodging won't do, gentlemen. The people want to know where you stand. But here are the items:

We have always been of the opinion that the advocates of woman suffrage entertained greatly exaggerated ideas of the benefits to flow from its being established; and its opposers, on the other hand, were in the habit of viewing its supposed evils and inconveniences through a glass that magnified about a hundred diameters; and we have further supposed that the large majority of intelligent people did not regard the question as one of very great importance, so far as it relates to practical results.

The above is from the "Oregonian," and its editor, although a very good lawyer, talks all round the question, and very freely gives his opinion as to how others view the question on both sides, but he studiously avoids giving his own opinion as to the correctness of the principle of female suffrage. Is it right or wrong, brother Hill? and if wrong, why? These are the material questions upon which we would like to hear you speak.

The direct way to seek the elective franchise for woman is to go to the State Legislature for it. They have the right. It is lodged there, beyond question.—Bulletin.

Just so, and a Republican Legislature was applied to, but fell in Oregon, and absolutely refused even to allow women to vote on the higher question, or any other. Did they do right, Mr. "Bulletin," or not? Have you any mind on the subject? If so, what is it?

BEGIN WITH FOUNDATIONS. Men never prosper in the world unless they are energetic and thoroughly self-reliant.—Bulletin.

True, and a man cannot be "energetic and thoroughly self-reliant" unless his mother before him possessed the same qualities. Women who are dependent clippers in the home all the days of their lives have no idea of their own powers. Such women need opportunity for self-reliance, that they may be enabled to people the world with self-reliant men. The idea that the fashionable wife can endow her sons with self-reliance is absurd. Riches do not spoil half as many rich men's sons as the people imagine. It is the inertia of the wife and mother that spoils them. "Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles."

FREE THOUGHT LECTURE. Prof. F. F. Underwood, of Boston, lectured last Sunday evening in Nonpareil Hall to a fair audience upon the subject of "Free Thought." Whatever may be said of the theory he teaches, there is no denying that he is a fine speaker, gentlemanly in deportment, fair in argument and ingenious in ethics.

While we are personally far removed from the materialistic doctrine that he teaches, we are not of those who believe that truth will suffer from the most thorough investigation. Consequently we feel it to be the duty of both press and people to prove all things and hold to that which is good.

The Professor argues that the wholesome laws now in existence, and which the Christian world credits wholly to the Bible, such as "thou shalt not kill, steal or commit adultery," were in vogue among the Egyptians while Moses was yet a servant, and before he had received the tablets of stone from Pentateuch. He claims that the fine arts were in their greatest perfection in ancient Greece and Rome, where the Bible was not thought of, and that the subjugation of woman is the result of Bible teaching and the dogmas of priests. He cites the hearer to the Roman mothers, the Spartan heroines and many others in proof of his claim, and then quotes Moses in the Scripture, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee," and Paul in the command to women to "keep silence in the churches," and "be in subjection to their own husbands."

We think the speaker did not treat the Bible fairly in this part of his argument, as the periods in which its various parts were originally compiled were the days when the Christian religion was in its infancy, and when any very abrupt innovation upon the customs and prejudices of the times, however silly and absurd they may have been, would have frightened man's rights men and women away from all possibility of receiving the faith. All reformers have had these obstacles to climb over or avoid, and early Christians were no exception to the general rule. Moses was a natural leader, who ruled his people through their superstition and his own sagacity, aided by a high and remarkable inspiration. Paul was a born diplomatist, and knew well the utility of undertaking to ordain a

pure Christian worship in an age when all virtuous women kept their heads covered in company, if he should dare to do otherwise than accept the universal custom. The worship of Diana of the Ephesians was in vogue in those days, and was participated in by a thousand semi-nude wantons, and Paul, in his laudable desire to slum "every appearance of evil," advised the women to "keep silence." However much we may regret his failure to declare that this command was not intended to apply to this nineteenth century, when woman's place in public has become an acknowledged right, we are disposed to give him due credit for allowing women, under the ban in which they were then placed, to attend church at all.

But we find ourself forgetting that this article was begun as a review and not intended as a criticism. The speaker argued at considerable length upon the conscientious desire of Christians to persecute dissenters. He contended that the best and not the worst men among Christians are given to the idea of persecution, and cited many examples to sustain his theory. If he were a Christian and believed conscientiously that a man was enticing souls to eternal ruin by his teachings and example, he would feel justified in stopping that man's career at all hazards that he might thus save immortal souls. Persecution was the result of the old teachings of Theology. The Bible was a supporter of polygamy all the way through; nowhere denounced it, except in the New Testament days among priests, who were exhorted, not commanded, to be the "husbands of one wife." Christianity had always subjugated woman. It was rationalism and free thought that elevated her.

The lecture throughout was listened to with the most careful attention, and we saw a noted clergyman, who came in after the discourse was over half through, taking notes in a very lively manner; so we look confidently for the other side of the question to appear soon.

Answers to Correspondents. Miss V. O. McMinville: For a second time we have written you privately upon the subject. We await your further orders in "respectful consideration" of your rights, the great principle of justice to all women and the best way to obtain the boon. Let us hear from you again.

Mrs. H. Vancouver: Thanks for the letter and subscription. Your kind words and wishes are fully appreciated.

Mrs. J. S., The Dalles: Your proposition is accepted, for your own accommodation, only. We cannot afford to pay for contributions. Our own work brings us no remuneration save the prospect of woman's enfranchisement, yet we cannot deny the paper to such souls as yours as long as we can afford it. You are a fair writer, and with energy and perseverance may succeed; but do not expect to make money by your pen. That's more in "luck" than genius every time. We shall always be pleased to hear from you. Wrote you a long, private letter more than two months since, which it seems you have not received.

Mrs. H. S.: The rubber gloves for protecting the hands in washing dishes, peeling fruit and vegetables, etc., can be obtained at \$2 per pair. They are very durable and protect the hands effectually.

A young mother: The stocking suspenders are mere straps of elastic, with buttonholes in bits of domestic attached to the ends, for buttoning to the waistbands and stockings of children. They are also excellent for adults, and should be universally worn in lieu of the ligature in such constant use.

Inexperienced house-keeper: If you roll your pie crust large enough to cover the plate without any stretching, it will not "crawl" away from the dish in baking. But when you stretch it slightly to make it fit, the pie will be shapeless, and if made of berries the juice will run over. This, we think, is the only cause of your failure to make "pretty-looking pies." A few lumps of caraway or a good sprinkle of cayenne pepper will prove valuable as a disinfectant when corned beef is boiling.

Sarah S.: We know of no receipt for the purpose. Ask a druggist.

Mrs. J. H. F.: Your letter is received with draft enclosed. Many thanks for cash, and many more for kind words. How we wish the world were full of women like you!

G. B. L.: No, we do not get discouraged "when men and women say all manner of evil against us falsely." Truth is mighty and will prevail. We cannot help it if some people have not sufficient brains to understand us; neither can they help the fact themselves. And we are not to blame, either, if people think, because their own hearts are bad, ours must be. Such persons are not numerous, although they make a good deal more noise sometimes than a host of the pure in heart.

Mrs. M. F., Salem: We decline to publish your letter in condemnation of our mistaken friend and sister, Mrs. B. We have no doubt but that she regrets her course herself. So we return your letter, and if you wish to do so you can mail it to her yourself. We prefer to have nothing to do with it.

Mrs. E. T.: Your letter came last week after we had gone to press. Don't worry. Read this week's paper and see if you are not avenged. You will make nothing by replying to him. You can't extract blood from a turnip. Should be pleased to see you at the office.

We did not start right.—Oregonian.

That's one time you told the truth.

Miles M. Miller is again "doing" the locals on the Salem Statesman.

The Good Templars of Coos Bay have a new splendid cabinet organ.

Our slightly contemporary of the New Northwest says we are a malicious liar, but a true gentleman nevertheless.—Oregonian.

What a whopper!

We look for the Oregonian to call us an affliator with drunkenness, next.

AN O'ER TRUE TALE. The other day as we sat writing in our cozy parlor, with the grateful breezes fanning the curtains through the half open shutters, and playing upon our forehead in a cool, delicious way that served to augment the glare of sunshine on the street, making an agreeable contrast between without and within, a modest-looking little woman with a huge basket upon her arm, appeared upon the porch, and peeping in through the partly open door, said timidly, "Would you like some blackberries, ma'am?"

"This question had been asked a dozen times within the hour by white men, Chinamen and boys, and blackberries had become a drug in our kitchen; so we said "no," as usual, and were going on with our work, when something in the tired little woman's face arrested our attention, and we invited her in. Dropping herself wearily upon a chair, she said timidly: "I've five miles to walk to get home, ma'am, and my husband's sick and the five children."

"What is the matter?" "My husband has the erysipelas, and the children the ague," still looking down in a timid way that won our sympathy at once. "You don't look strong enough to be trudging through town with blackberries, poor child. Why don't you apply to the authorities for relief?" "I belong without the county limits, ma'am. We got along well enough till my husband got sick, and now it's very hard."

"What is your dependence for a livelihood?" "Nothing, ma'am. Mrs. Atkinson has helped me, or I suppose we should have starved; but she can't do all, and as I live out of the county the authorities won't do anything." "But try the Ladies' Relief Society. They have funds on hand, and will relieve any worthy applicant." "Mrs. Atkinson tried for me, ma'am, but failed to get anything because my family's out of the city limits."

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