

NOTICE.

Agents will please take notice that it is a great expense to pay express charges when sending money, and they will confer a great favor by remitting to us through money orders or registered letters.

THE NEW YEAR.

December, the last of the twelve fair children of eighteen hundred and seventy-four, has drawn her ghostly mantle around her shivering form and fallen quickly into the place assigned her in the long and misty ranks of the ages, and swiftly treading upon our adieu to her, come the shouts of welcome to her successor.

Many who greeted January, first born of the new vanished year, with joyful anticipations of pleasure, have vainly looked to each of his successors, who for a brief and brilliant season have held the royal scepter of time, for a realization of their dreams, and now turn almost with gladness from the year that notwithstanding the fond deluge has seemed to hold in store, has been to them but a season of disappointment. A vast number who set sail upon the current of the last year, have been suddenly overtaken in the voyage by the shadowy boatman, and transferred to the phantom bark that sooner or later conveys all to the "Land of the hereafter." Others there be, who to all outward seeming have had no wish ungratified, and have come into possession of pleasures unthought for, fortune unexpected, and whose adieu to the old year is free from regret, whose welcome to the new is devoid of apprehension or dread.

And now again to each and all those who take an interest in the things which it is hoped will work together for the good of humanity, those who toll faint and weary with disappointment on the steep slopes and over the rough places of life, those who bear unconspicuously the burden and heat of the day for the benefit of loved ones, those who set out upon the new year with joy, and those who take up their duties with fear and trembling, good readers, kind friends, and generous patrons, the New Northwest comes to you with greeting and good will, wishing you a happy, prosperous and pleasant "New Year."

DEATH OF GERRIT SMITH.

A dispatch from New York on the 29th inst. announced the death of this great philanthropist. He was born in Ulster, New York, March 24, 1797. At an early age he began to take an active part in the benevolent enterprises of the day, and in 1825 connected himself with the American colonization society in the hope that the success of its projects would lead to speedy emancipation of the negro. He withdrew from this society ten years later, and connected himself with the American anti-slavery society. He was by inheritance one of the largest land-holders in the United States, but he opposed to land monopoly, and distributed 200,000 acres, partly among institutions of learning, but mostly among poor white and black men, in lots of fifty acres each. He gave largely of his means in aid of emancipation, and to enable the poor to buy homes. He was elected to Congress in 1852, but his aversion to public life caused him to resign at the close of the first session. He was for many years an uncompromising advocate of liberty. During the rebellion he lost no opportunity to urge with voice and pen the vigorous prosecution of the war, arraying himself firmly upon the side of freedom and right. He was more fortunate than many of the laborers in the great vineyard of humanity, inasmuch as he lived to see the triumphant success of the great problem, the solution of which the most vigorous years of his manhood were given.

From Whittier's memorial poem of Sumner, we quote the following stanza as being equally appropriate to be chanted to the memory of Gerrit Smith, his great co-laborer in the cause of human freedom:

God said: "Break thou these yokes; undo These heavy burdens. Loosen the work to last thy whole life through. A ministry of strife and pain."

He set his face against the bias, His feet against the stony path, Till he had served good to last, His own ascending glory gained.

The seed sown of his faith, through all Long doubt and peril, show the same, As through a night of storm some tall, Strong light-house like its steady flame.

Beyond the dust and smoke he saw The shadows of freedom's huge increase, The holy faces of equal men, The New Jerusalem of peace.

No wall was in his vision—none heard, When treason's storm-wind blustered grow, The weakness of a doubtful word; His duty and the end he knew.

If to the Master's plea he gave This vast contempt his manhood felt, He saw a brother in the stern, With man as equal man he dealt.

Not vainly dusky hands he strove to free, In prayer, the praying soul he opened, Whom mercy to the suffering poor, Was service to the Master given.

A private letter from our friend Mrs. J. A. Jones, of Salem, informs us that her daughter, who was seriously injured by the explosion of a lamp some weeks since, is slowly recovering, and it is thought will not sustain any permanent injury from the frightful disaster. Her son, who has labored so long in a critical condition, is also thought to be improving somewhat.

Our pleasant and genial friend, Mrs. N. A. Buford, of Forest Grove, died the night of her command upon our station for some time on Tuesday. Mr. W. D. Hoxter, of the same place, also looked in upon us for a few minutes. They report everything quiet, pleasant and peaceful at the classic little place from whence they came.

PAUPER WIVES.

Notwithstanding the senseless claptrap indulged in by such specimens of fossilized masculinity as the editor of the Washington Independent, a sample of whose originality and wit (?) we publish elsewhere, the fact remains that there are women paupers in many places outside the poor-house.

We do not, in making this assertion, refer to the legions of unhappy women who are the wives of drunken or brutal men, nor yet those others who, by toiling early and late, sometimes as willing helpmeets for struggling men, again working out with their own unaided strength the great problem of "what shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewith shall we be clothed?" are at best but able to supply themselves and dependent ones with the bare necessities of life. We refer to women who are the wives of men, who jointly with themselves have accumulated possessions that are more than adequate to supply all of their wants, yet whose personal impetuosity is as undeniable and complete as that of any public pauper in the land.

There are hundreds of men prosperous and well-to-do, whose wives know nothing of the feeling of independence which well-earned prosperity brings, who never have a dollar to spend without the asking, and who constantly chafe in spirit at the unequal distribution of money jointly earned. The dissatisfaction among wives upon this point is not confined to a narrow circle, but exists in a greater or less degree in every community. Where there is one woman who is free to supply unquestioned the wants of herself and children from the family purse, there are a dozen who, when their necessities force them to beg for what is their rightful due, feel a sense of humiliation and dependence, galling in the extreme to the sensitive and independent spirit which is their birthright. Who of us but have seen a hard-working, intelligent woman turn wistfully the pages of a magazine for whose monthly visits she has long sighed in vain, and finally relinquish it to the agent, saying, while the blood mounted to her temples, "I will see him about it."

And this, too, when, by her economy, good management and thrift, there is saved to the firm-matrimonial an amount each week more than necessary to supply her moderate and legitimate wants. Washington county, like every other county in this State, or, for that matter, in the United States, has its full quota of these pauper wives, as every woman in the county knows. And we here venture to assert that the humiliating sense of unjust dependence caused by a wife being compelled to ask of her husband that which she is equally with himself entitled to use unquestioned, is more than all other things combined the cause of alienation of feeling, and its legitimate result a divided home. A writer in the Woman's Journal declares that "it would help the matter if every troubled wife would frankly tell her husband the wrong she suffers. It would at once put an end to it, if husbands could be subject to the necessity of asking their wives for money with which to attend lectures, conventions, or supply their daily needs, or perhaps be questioned, or flatter refused." Were it possible to bring about this state of affairs for a short time, we can readily imagine the tragical "heads" and shrieking sub-heads under which our redoubtable Washington county Fair-staff would proclaim the monstrous outrage, and the pathetic wail with which he would call on the sheriff to arrest these turbulent female women, and return them to their "normal condition."

Various papers of Washington Territory have been severely criticizing the management of the Territorial Asylum for the insane, during the past few weeks. A man who could perpetrate the cruelties upon these helpless victims of misfortune, that are charged upon the Superintendent of this Asylum, is a monster in human form, and he should be speedily removed from the place he occupies, and never again be allowed to hold a position of public trust or emolument.

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We had begun to grow dull and disconsolate. So many of the editorial specimens which we used to throw about as, and afford us a little amusement in the way of puffing the trash back in their faces, had learned better sense, and consequently ceased attempting to fight the inevitable, that we began to sigh for something to combat. In short, we were spoiling for a row.

Now, something the editor-pated black-head whose silly Luce-iness had afforded given us much amusement, and there is how he blumeth. Express us, all sensible readers, if, just for holiday recreation, we print the chapter in full, not omitting the intended-to-be-sensational sub-heads:

A WASHINGTON COUNTY MONSTER.

WE HAD FIFTY-THREE CHILDREN—IN NORTH BRIDGE AND WILLY, NOT GIVE ME JUSTICE, DALLING AT A DOLLAR—WHO IS MET—WHERE IS HER—ONE AT A DOLLAR—AND DON'T MAKE YOUR OWN CASE AT US.

Halfway informed an admiring audience at Ashtab last fall that when she was out in this county a woman came to her and asked her for several numbers of the New Northwest, hoping as she said that her husband might take a liking to the paper and so give her enough money to subscribe for it. This unfortunate weak-woman said that her husband was worth \$50,000, and that she had borne him fifteen children and ten of them were still living, and that the aforesaid law-making, purse-podding lord who had a dollar value for every one who begged him for it. The great lady, incensed drops chased each other down the pale cheeks of this darling mother of seventeen children as she asked if for them numbers of the New Northwest were, and consequently D. immediately fell on her neck and wept, and promised the mother of the twenty-seven children that she should have them—we mean she should have the papers.

Now then, by the Washington county quarterman who is the owner of some \$200 each spendthrift dollars and the tyrant lord of this sorrowing, non-rotting, female woman, with the thirty-seven children? Come to the center. Who is he? Where is he? and what is he? Give us a true law, and don't shake your poor little locks at us. Can it be possible that it is any of the large tax-payers in this county mentioned by us two weeks ago? We call on Sheriff C. T. Tozier, of Washington county, to arrest this man in the name of common humanity—and justice, and let him go jail-handcuffed and manacled while he is convicted that non-voting wife, then fifty-seven children nor the New Northwest any more forever. No more it be and so be it for evermore.

We are no longer dull! We rejoice! We are happy! The fools are not all dead yet, and our occupation of "fool killer" isn't quite gone.

Go ahead, brother Luce. You never know when you're whipped, and you can't tell when you make strong points in favor of woman's political and financial enfranchisement. So, we again exhort you, go ahead. You are one of our most valuable allies, but you don't know it, and haven't mother wit enough to understand. Try again.

We remember when we once imagined that you misrepresented one of our lectures through an error of memory. We know you better now. You always do the best you can, and of that best the nonsense above quoted is an average specimen.

Capt. C. P. Randall, who has long resided, and is well and favorably known in Oregon, took his departure to California by the steamship Ajax. In the field of journalism, in which he is the best known and appreciated, he has won and retained host of friends. His health has been for some time impaired, and he goes to seek in the balmy breezes of our sister State a much-needed invigorator. We join our brethren of the press throughout the State in commending him to journalistic circles as a courteous, obliging and competent gentleman, and in conjunction with numerous friends, wish him a prosperous voyage, a profitable sojourn, and a speedy return.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

VANCOUVER, W. T., Dec. 22, 1874.

As you will have perceived these lines reach shall, you, our valued and valuable associate is so far recovered as to be again at her post; and in consequence your humble servant is again upon the wings.

Left Portland on the steamer Vancouver on the afternoon of the 21st, bound for a brief visit to the headwaters of the little town in Washington Territory after which, and doubtless for which, said steamer was named. Found the cabin as close as an oven, with its windows down and stove aglow. Obtained permission from a few perspicacious fellow-travelers to close the stove and open a window; so, in a little while, we found ourselves divested of water-proof, overshoes, hat and umbrella, and diving deeply into "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," which "Mystery" had been to us doubly mysterious ever since "Thomas F. James, medium," had ceased to launch upon the listening and credulous world a solution of the name—"Mystery," not the world—and which—again alluding to the "Mystery"—had held usured upon our table for many months, confronting us with a mute appeal from its closed covers whenever, for a brief season our wanderings over, our lot should be cast in the sacred domain of books. Delivered into the book deeper and yet more deeply—becoming more bewildered in a vain endeavor to get wholly absorbed in the "Mystery," which somehow unconsciously reveals itself as you proceed, despite the untiring efforts of "John Jasper" to produce a false impression, and your own wonder as to why under the sun said "Jasper" wants "Durdles" to go with him into the "Cryla"—just here we are reminded that few of our readers have, as yet, had either opportunity or faith to pursue the posthumous productions of the greatest of dead-and-yet-living novelists; and we close the book and join in a discussion with several ladies and gentlemen concerning authors, preachers, poets, and so forth, and the time is beguiled till the gloaming comes, and we reach the wharf a few moments after a deafening whistle from the busy engine has given us warning to close the pleasant conversation and don our overshoes and wraps.

The amiable wife of the equally obliging Sheriff of Clarke county is met at the wharf by the latter personage, and the accommodating twain accompany us to the hotel, a primitive and diminutive building, neatly kept by Mr. Hawks and wife, the former waiting upon the table and the latter not yet visible, at this writing.

Upon the door of the dining-room is posted a notice, and upon that notice is a notice, and just over that notice is a tolerably executed pen picture of an American eagle, surrounded by an American flag, and under that American flag and eagle, in unmistakable script, is a splendid specimen of masculine poetry, which we eagerly transcribe for our readers, knowing they will enjoy it as we did:

NOTICE. (Sorry we have no type that will do that "notice" just as it is.) Hereafter I can give NO TRUST! For I do have to BUST! I cannot TRUST as I can see MY PRICKS will never be For a single meal NO CENTS.

By the Day \$1.00
By the Week without Lodging \$5.00
By the Week with Lodging \$10.00
Thomas Hawks, Proprietor.

And, we hereby add, on our own account, the board is worth the money. Slept, or tried to, amid a babel of conversation that the partition of our papered bed-room vainly attempted to shut out from our hearing.

Called this morning on the editor of the Register, Mr. Washburn; also, upon Mr. and Mrs. Maxon—all Women Suffragists.

Everybody is so busy racing for the holidays that, though the mail-boats are coming and this letter must be posted, we haven't yet decided what to do about arranging for lectures.

VANCOUVER, Dec. 28.
Although the editorial correspondence for last week's issue of this journal was written on Tuesday, and trusted to the lightning speed capacities of our reliable daily postal system, it failed to reach our office in the city of Portland—twenty miles distant by water and five by air line—until the following Thursday evening, after said journal had gone to press. Consequently those who always eagerly look for such correspondences, were compelled to wait a week for it, and those who are always bored by it—and we are by no means vain enough to believe there are not such—there are unappreciative mortals in all countries, you know—had a season of rampant humbug editorial infliction.

Well, we engaged the City Hall for a lecture on Wednesday of last week, after an infinite deal of agitation. The church was undergoing a decorating process for a Christmas festival, and we did not ask permission to lecture there. The school-house was locked and the director opposed to allowing us to use it. The City Hall was under the control of the Mayor, whom we couldn't see till evening, and with running hither and thither in search of them in authority—our gospel of peace on earth and good will to men and women, requiring us to give free lectures, we couldn't afford to hire such work—and with meeting divers men and women who could only tell us of some-body else to go and see about it, back to hold meeting, we were so tired that life was almost a burden. But the Mayor granted our request, and the City Hall, a snug room, built and owned by the firemen of Vancouver, was placed at our disposal. A good audience greeted us, although the night was frosty stormy. If a speaker can judge of the effect of a lecture upon the hearers by the constitutions given at its close, our humble effort was a gratifying success.

The steamer Onondaga came along as usual on Thursday afternoon, and we were

about to part and to help keep Christmas with our loved ones. Then, on the Saturday following, we again returned to Vancouver to hold a protracted meeting, the features of the course having been given previous to this writing. (Tuesday.)

On Saturday evening the hall was crowded, a number being compelled to stand because of a scarcity of seats. The subject was "Marriage and Divorce," and was listened to with intense interest. Among the audience were a goodly number of ministers, and one of them, a Bible agent, came to us at the close and said, "Mr. Duniway, I believe you are doing more good than all the preachers. May you live long and meet with the complete success your work merits." We make note of the little circumstance, not in a spirit of boasting, but because we are so often told that ministers are our meanest enemies. Truly one for our side for Rev. Mr. Greer of Tukwila, and another for Rev. Mr. Shaw of Salem, who was also present.

On Sunday the Methodist Church was well filled during the morning service, Rev. Mr. DeVore, the pastor, giving place to Mr. Greer, the American Bible Society's Agent, who preached a practical and excellent sermon. The Sunday School was better attended than the sermon, a peculiarity we often notice in little towns.

Evening service was appointed at six. Rev. Mr. Shaw preached a lecture to the children, it being their annual Bible sermon day, and we followed with a lecture-sermon upon "Woman's Work in the Temperance Movement." A very large assembly was present, and the attention remained unabated to the close of the protracted exercises.

There is to-day more missionary work needed among the church people than anywhere else. Many heard us that night who had been too "pious" to go to a hall to listen, and who would have closed the church against us if they hadn't been blessed with a pastor who had too much faith in God to fear that we would injure him. After hearing us, these people got over their score, and were ready to attend the Monday evening lecture, which was given in the hall before a large and listening audience.

The subject was, "The Cause of Political Corruption." A number of questions were asked and answered, giving additional zest to the interest of the multitude. The subject for this (Tuesday) evening is "Temperance and Politics," and for to-morrow, not yet chosen.

The doctrine of human rights is in the air. Everybody breathes it. It is infectious, and the people cannot help catching it.

The leading citizens of Vancouver who are not already subscribers to the New Northwest are fast becoming such. The ladies are calling upon us constantly, and if this letter is proxy or carelessly written, you, dear readers, will please attribute the fact to the frequent interruptions we enjoy, for we assure you they are quite enjoyable.

A. J. D.

RECENT EVENTS.

The remaining survivors of the steamer Japan arrived at Hong-Kong on the 24th ult.

There are only three persons known to have survived the burning of the emigrant ship Cospatrick.

The bark Anty recently foundered on her way from Philadelphia to Antwerp, and eighteen of her crew were drowned.

The Postmaster-General has ordered the steamship mail service on Puget Sound to begin at Olympia instead of Tacoma.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, nephew of the Emperor of Russia, has been declared insane and placed under the guardianship of his father, the Grand Duke Constantin.

The Tilton-Beecher bill of particulars came up in the Brooklyn City Court on the 26th ult. Tilton's counsel was not ready and the Court set the case down for Monday the 4th inst.

Four hundred men and women were on the 26th ult. discharged from the Engineering and Printing Bureau of the Treasury, in consequence of a large part of the work of the bureau having been transferred to New York.

A telegram from Madeira received in London, says that the emigrant ship Cospatrick, from London to Australia, was burned on the 17th of November, in Lat. 37° N., W. Long. 12° W. It is estimated that 405 lives were lost by the disaster.

Internal receipts to the 27th of December are \$7,004,150. It is estimated there will be \$6,000,000 for the entire month, being \$1,000,000 over the corresponding month of last year. The receipts for the six months ending December 31st, will be over \$35,000,000.

A fire at Batesville, Indiana, on the 26th ult., destroyed a large furniture factory, upon which most of the people of the town depended for a living. The estimated loss to the proprietors is over \$100,000. It is feared that the destruction of the factory will cause suffering.

Two sons of Jacob Nevalander, who lives about twelve miles north of Columbus, have been arrested, charged with murdering their father. They are 14 and 18 years old. The family deserted the house, and the remains of Mr. Nevalander have been found among the ashes.

A telegram received by General Ord on the 23d ult., announced that a party of twenty-one white men from Missouri were entering the eastern part of Black Hill country. The General returned instructions for the party to be expelled by military force, to be sent from the nearest point.

Her Majesty's ship, Basilisk, after an absence of nearly four years, has returned to England and reports the discovery of a large Archipelago in the region of New Guinea. Two mountains in that region reach the height of 11,000 feet. They have been named Mount Gladstone and Mount Disraeli.

A WOUNDED SPIRIT, WHO CAN BEAR?

BY MISS J. A. JONES.

Among the many sensational paragraphs that have been going the rounds of the press, I find one to the effect that "the greatest efforts have been made to secure a second likeness of Mrs. Tilton. One house offered one thousand dollars for a photograph." And another in reference to the abduction of little Charley Ross, stating that "Ross and his first wife had separated, and that the present wife of Ross and the mother of the child had resorted to this method of securing possession of the little boy. That the father had had the author of this slander arrested for libel, but that, although successful in the suit, the enormous shaft of calumny had done their work only too surely, and to-day while Mrs. Ross is lying between life and death, her husband has succumbed to his misfortunes, and has finally lost his reason."

Vulgar curiosity and slander are two sins of the deepest dye, and yearly number their victims by the thousand. Are we not justified in supposing that a person or persons who should endeavor to obtain the likeness of another against his or her will, and seek to enrich themselves by catering to the vulgar curiosity of the multitude, would be guilty of almost any other sin in the calendar? The practice of wounding the spirit of others, fellow-mortals and fellow-sufferers with ourselves, is a far greater sin than many that are punishable by law. And the indifferent manner in which this is daily practiced is not the least revolting of its features. Judging others by myself, I should say that a mental injury is much harder to bear philosophically than a physical one. It is plain that the likeness of this unfortunate woman could only be desired, to gratify vulgar curiosity. And in my opinion, any one who would seek to make money by the sale of her picture, would not scruple to place her in exhibition for a like purpose, if in their power to do so.

The spectacle presented by the distracted parents of the lost boy referred to, with wild excitement, sick with suspense, worn out with dread and anxiety, and yet compelled to fight the enveloped shafts of slander, even through an action at law, is one harrowing in the extreme. Damages may have been recovered for slander, but what relief or redress has the wounded spirit? What, indeed, but that most dreadful refuge, insanity, or the far kinder refuge of the grave. Scarcely one of us but have been at some time and in some manner compelled to fight this most subtle enemy of happiness and peace. Its intangibility, while it is powerless to disarm it of its sting, yet renders it difficult, if not impossible, to combat successfully. Its evil effects cannot be estimated; then how impossible to exaggerate them. True, we sometimes hear of one of its victims being consigned to the madhouse, or another, "spurred by contumely," plunging recklessly to her death, but its unwritten record will only be brought to light on the other side. So, brethren and sisters, let us deal gently and carefully with that priceless gem, the good name of a fellow-mortal, taking care to not inflict any of those wounds that being invisible are not the less intolerable, remembering that a wounded spirit is hard to bear.

Salem, December 13, 1874.

NEWS ITEMS.

Good Templars are numbered almost by the hundreds in Ashland.

The Register says potatoes are retailing at Albany at \$1 per bushel.

The last lecture in Prof. Condon's University course was delivered Wednesday evening.

A fire at Beaverton, Washington county, is getting out 50,000 hoop poles on a contract.

In Eastern Oregon the winter, so far, has been the mildest known in that region for many years.

The Oregon Pioneer Association will hold their annual reunion at the State Fair grounds on Saturday, May 15th, 1875.

The Dayton Woolen Mills are running all time and with a full set of hands, and are unable to fill orders half as fast as they come in.

The fire at Salem on Thursday night of last week destroyed about \$1,000 worth of the stock in the cabinet shop of the Parrott Bros. Insurance, \$500.

The O. S. N. Co.'s boats have suspended their trips on the upper Columbia for the season. Freight was light and water low, so it was deemed best to stop.

Measles are the rage at Roseburg. Men, women