

NOTICE

Agents will please take notice that it is a great tax upon us to pay express charges upon small items, and they will confer a great favor by returning to us through money orders or registered letters.

"SLANDER, FOULEST WHELP OF SIN."

The action of the Evening Journal in giving publicity and credence to a story to the discredit of a young girl, whose fault seems to be that she delivers sewing which she and her mother do for a livelihood, to customers wherever they may happen to reside, cannot be too severely censured. Relating the fact was wholly unnecessary, as it concerned no one but those who did the work and those who received and paid for it. But when this is embellished by the suspicions of those who evidently would have been far better employed in attending to their own affairs, instead of standing upon the street corner—spies upon the actions of others—it is inexcusable to the last degree. Generalities are bad enough; but the paragraph to which we refer has not only been published, but has been reprinted in the most heartless manner. "Slander, foulest whelp of sin," is hideous enough in all conscience, when whispered in private circles, conveyed by significant nods, suggestive shrugs, and vague insinuations. When boldly blazoned in the public print of a daily paper, the pestilential blighting of its breath is yet blacker and more deadly, its venomous fangs strike yet deeper and rankle with more bitter and lasting pain.

The "path of shame" is frequently trodden through all its dark labyrinth of sin and woe by those who were first driven therein by infamous news-mongers, or sensational item-seekers, who, it may be merely for the sake of filling up a corner of their special columns, or to gratify their insatiable propensities, give to the world that which, even if true, would far better remain forever unwhispered—certainly far better unwritten and unpublished.

The man who cannot see a young girl go where the daily demands of her business call her, without posting himself in a convenient place to watch and report upon her ingress and egress, should certainly not be possessed of the power for good or ill, which the control of a reporter's pencil gives him. And when, in addition to acting the part of spy, he "judges," from the style of persons attracted by the young girl's presence in a questionable locality, that "she is already only too well known by the class who are the bane of virtue and the curse of society," he should certainly be possessed of enough of common humanity to keep his foul suspicions to himself.

The middle-class, prying curiosity that is ever on the alert to see and report evil, while constantly blind to good, is the demon that women and girls have to contend with, when they must work or starve. And the very persons who thus constitute themselves a private watch upon the actions of others, spread pitfalls for unwary feet, by proclaiming aloud suspicions that none but the evil-minded would harbor, and then, with lachrymose protestations, lament the fall from virtue that their damnable suspicions hastened.

What tongue or pen enough shall exorcise the persons who, by untimely speech and uncharitable perversion of circumstances, enlist as pioneers of Satan to "cast the stones down of sin, say her walls, and open a smooth and easy way to death?"

A NONDESCRIPT ANIMAL.

Tempted by the vast improvement that a patent outside makes in the appearance in the heretofore diminutive and altogether insignificant Dallas Remizer, we this week committed a folly that we have not before been guilty of for months—we actually opened the aforesaid sheet in search of news. Judge our surprise to find that the man who, shoves its rapid and disgusting quill had secured us of stealing an item from his paper. Attempting to be witty, he calls us names; striving to be facetious, he makes an abortive effort to ridicule his betters; seeking to appear valiant, he calls upon us "to blaze away" at him. Now, although we have not read the Remizer for some time, we feel confident that there has not been for months past an item published in its columns worth stealing, so a refutation of this ridiculous charge is unnecessary. "Genius Home" is pretty good; but we assure this specimen of a heretofore undiscovered genus that we do not care to "blaze away" at the very insignificant, diminutive and unwary sample of the new and nondescript species which he sets up as a target, as it utterly fails to inspire us.

"With the fierce joy that warriors feel, In Armenia worthy of their steel."

The Eugene Guard, which would be much more fitly named were it styled the Mockguard, says "that it is Salem's greed for something of the Beecher-Tilton trial order, that tolerates lectures on Courtship and Marriage." Now, in our simplicity, we had supposed that these, at least, were legitimate themes, and as far as possible removed from anything improper. The frantic endeavors of these irresponsible scribblers to conjure up something that will reflect discredit upon women who advocate the freedom of theirsex, would be pitiable, were they not so utterly contemptible. That the good people of Eugene tolerate such a libel upon decency, as is the paper quoted, shows that they are "long-suffering, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy." That they recently greeted for many successive nights, with crowded houses and cordial welcome, the lecturer whom this weekling makes a futile effort to traduce, is sufficient evidence that his views are barely tolerated in that hospitable and pleasant city, and not by those of the better class at least.

IMMIGRATION.

Every steamer that drops anchor abreast our city adds to our population many persons in search of new homes. Those who have for several seasons past seen their fields laid waste and their labor come to naught, by the ravages of grasshoppers in less favored regions of the West, seek, in our sunset land, homes that each succeeding year will increase in beauty and value. These strangers that are almost daily arriving in our midst, belong mainly to that class of working people that our State has so long needed for its development. Worn and somewhat discouraged with their long journey and the very narrow view that is afforded them upon their first landing, they should be cordially welcomed and supplied with information of every kind concerning the land of which heretofore but vague and at best unsatisfactory reports have reached them. They could not arrive at a more auspicious season, to become impressed with the beauty of our State; and when the advancing summer has poured into the lap of the year the bountiful harvest which Oregon summers never fail to bring, we trust that they will be prepared to bear cheerful witness to the stories of her fruitfulness that have reached them in their far-off homes beyond the Rocky Mountains.

Persons who have been accustomed and are willing to labor for their living, will find little trouble in securing for themselves homes that will, in a few years, reward their toil and care. The idle, incompetent gumbler will find life here pretty much the same as elsewhere. Fortune persists in withholding her favors from such, and reward proportioned to their task is all that any can hope to obtain. But here the reward is sure to follow the task, and to the smiling fields with their promise of abundant harvest, the thrifty orchards with their promise of fruitage, the quiet cottages that dot the hillsides and valleys, and the luxurious homes that abound in the cities of Oregon, bear ample and conclusive testimony.

Large farms were a blight and drawback to the early civilization of the State. When the government donation claims of 640 acres were occupied by single families, and half as much by lonely bachelors, the social advantages of the country were indeed meagre. Those men, rich in broad woodlands and half-tilled fields, were yet so "pinched, and bare, and comfortless," in all that pertained to home and society, that even their broad acres failed to satisfy them; and the need of immigration to develop the resources and render endurable the social condition of the country, was keenly felt. The trains of tolling oxen of two decades ago very slowly supplied this need; the high railroad fares have also retarded immigration. Recently, from various causes, the tide has been started that has landed hundreds of emigrants in our State; and if those who arrive this year send back favorable reports, the number next year will be still greater. To those who, forsaking home and kindred and interests in the more eastern portions of the Continent, have come to find homes with us, we bid a cordial welcome, and hope that the future may witness a realization of their dreams of beauty, peace and plenty, in occidental homes.

TERRIBLE DISASTER.

One of the most terrible disasters in history occurred on the 22d of May, in the burning of the French Catholic Church, at South Holyoke, Massachusetts, during evening services. The exercises had nearly closed, and a vesper service was being sung, when the flame from a candle caught the drapery around the statue of the Virgin Mary and streamed up and caught the building. A panic ensued, and the worshippers, some seven hundred in number, made a rush for the doors, blocking the passages and crushing the fallen beneath their feet. The screams of the living and the moans of the dying, added to the roar of the flames, made a deafening tumult. Many were pulled out by the arms and feet so badly burned that they lived but a few hours. The scenes at the doors are described as terrible. They were literally blocked with people seeking exit. The whole affair was over in about fifteen minutes, and nearly one hundred persons lost their lives. The Evening Express, in commenting upon the shocking disaster, says: "Too free use of lights, especially movable lights, in church ought to be prohibited. It is in Roman Catholic and ritualistic churches that candles are used, and such a calamity as this in Massachusetts ought to be a life-long argument against their use."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. W. S., Paradise, W. T.: Subscription received. Pay to Vol. 6, No. 7. Thanks.

Mrs. O. E. McC., Oregon City: Communication received. Will appear next week. Accept thanks.

H. H. H., Portland: Note and explanation at hand. Sorry for adverse circumstances, and hope to see you soon.

Miss B. V., Wallburg: We will reserve your communication for the present, or at least until further demonstration from the other side.

Miss L. A. C., Lafayette: Accept our congratulations for the efficient manner in which you discharged the duties of Secretary. Sorry we had to abridge your excellent report.

C. B., Walla Walla: Our office was turned wrong side out for house-cleaning last week, and your recent communication was mislaid. It may come to light in time for next issue.

Mrs. C. E. S., Olympia: Your very kind letter is at hand. Many thanks for the sentiment expressed, as also for the communication accompanying it. Mrs. D. hopes to visit Olympia and other points on the Sound during the summer or fall.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: On Wednesday evening of last week, after having lingered in the society of dear ones at home until compelled to run till thoroughly exhausted to reach the ferryboat "on time," we went aboard the south-bound train, on our way to meet a lecture engagement in the Capital city.

We're disgusted with any mortal who knows better, and will yet suffer himself to get the sick-headache through over-work. We had it. And such a headache! None of your quiet, dosing, grumbling affairs, which you might bathe in eau de cologne and drowsiness, but a regular bumping, thumping, nauseating, nerve-weakening, soul-sickening sensation, of the kind that sticketh closer than a burr or a brother.

The principle incidents of that journey we never shall remember. Beg your pardon, reader. Let us take that back. The principal incident of that journey was that abominable headache, and we never shall forget it. We're not the first editorial correspondent who ever said what he or she didn't mean, but we believe we're the first on record to be strictly honest about it.

Obtained a half hour's rest, including washing, dressing, and combing, for the lecture—if you call such exercise resting—and then repaired to the Opera House, where a goodly array of smiling faces greeted us. After an hour and a half we dismissed the multitude, and as we write, we recall a confused commingling of congratulations, invitations to this, that and the other home, prescriptive for the headache, etc., etc., to all of which we listened as in a dream, and then, with thanks, hand-shakings, and promises to see the friends to-morrow, repaired to our room at the hotel, tied up our rebellious cranium in a wet towel, and went to sleep to dream that our brain was being tunneled through for the accommodation of the iron horse, who was plowing his way to Winnemucca. Oh! we're disgusted with sick-headaches, and anybody who will harbor them.

Thursday morning found us wide awake at the bewitching hour of nine. The coffee was muddy by this time, and the cream all gone, but an obliging steward soon procured us a palatable breakfast, for which we had no appetite, though our head was clear—the result of the tunnelling, probably—but we were weak as a kitten, stiff as a fendered horse, and nervous as an old bachelor. Therefore, reader, you need not wonder at the incoherency of this compulsory epistle.

On Friday morning we went a-cavorting, with very fair success. The lecture was postponed to accommodate the "Alkas" and "Atheneum," rival but friendly literary societies connected with the University. The entertainment was a decided success, many of the participants covering themselves all over with well-earned glory. A "duet," with two at the piano, and one or two with the flute, was well performed for the most part, but was too long, and therefore a little tiresome. Miss Nellie Meacham's recitation was particularly fine. The *Alka Chronicle*, edited and read by J. L. Wortman, was the first journal of the kind to which we ever listened, that did not seem tedious, which is the highest praise we can offer. Mr. Wortman will excel as a journalist if he perseveres. The "Valedictory" was ably written and admirably pronounced, and the performance ended by a double-quartet song of "Good Night."

Notwithstanding the fact that we had postponed an advertised lecture, which we had come from Portland to deliver, in order that our audience might have opportunity to patronize the local entertainment, the Society "forgot" to announce our lecture for Saturday evening, and it was too late, then, to get an announcement in the papers, so that our next audience was small, compared to former occasions, because not sufficiently advertised. The next time we are thus accommodating to local societies they'll be sure to treat us better. But the Saturday evening lecture was a decided success, so far as enthusiasm, sympathy, and interest were concerned. The subject for the evening was the "Advantages and Disadvantages of the Ballot," and the kindling eyes of listening ladies gladdened us as the work went on.

On Friday we visited the State Department and were shown the first printing press ever brought to the Pacific coast. Poor little battered relic of "ye old lang syne!" It cracked and shivered long, mouldy ink pad, rusty iron works, and antiquated "form," gazed mutely and yet eloquently at us from out the depths of the long ago, and carried us back to the voiceless shores of the irrevocable to the time when the ghosts of Pioneers were in the flesh, who being dead, yet speak to us through this dumb and mouldering relic of the fate that none can conquer—passing away. Here, too, are old books, printed upon this press in '39, in classic Chinoiserie. The words reach across a page, sometimes, and are as unpronounceable as unintelligible. We'd recommend them for a spelling match, only nobody could be found to risk his jaws in pronouncing them, much less his reputation for correct pronunciation. These books are greasy with the fingering of many a filthy swab, and you leave their perusal—or the effort to peruse—with a strong infla odor about your hands that suggests the necessity of soap and water.

The exhibition of the mute school was given on Thursday, at the Opera House, under the supervision of the indefatigable worker, Rev. P. S. Keight, and his mute co-laborer in the field, Professor Smith. Brother Keight does more good hard work than any man we know of. But hard mental toil is telling upon him. It takes a woman to endure the extreme of hardship, whether in the mental or physical field. We conjure our friend to rest before it shall be too late.

There are nineteen pupils in the mute school, and all are bright, quick, obedient and intelligent. But our space is full. From here we go to Jefferson, where we are to give a course of lectures, beginning to-morrow (Tuesday). A. J. D. Salem, May 31, 1875.

THWARTED HUMANITY.

NUMBER FOUR.

The only road to liberty thus far has been through toil and oppression, and "eternal vigilance" has ever been its price. The civilization of to-day is nothing else than the fragments of rights which the scaffold and the stake have wrung from the strong hands of our fathers; every step of progress the world has ever made—all the great truths relating to society and government which have been conceded—have first been heard in the solemn protest of martyred lives that in all ages have suffered for truth's sake.

Civilization, when considered by itself, pure and simple, is a beautiful, a glorious thing. The injustices, the oppressions, and all the foul imaginations that haunt modern society, are the result, not of a spirit of civilization, but of the lack of it.

The history of the world thus far has been simply that of the power of civilization on the one hand, invading and overcoming barbarism on the other. In the crash of the conflict, we can form no just estimate of the glorious results of which civilization is capable, when she shall have finally conquered her heritage. Reforms have been advocated and have succeeded, one after another, until freedom of thought has at last begun to illumine the clouded atmosphere of dark and doubting ages.

A revolution is as natural a growth as is an oak; it comes out of the past, and its foundations are far back in the distance. Thus, revolutions are not made, but grow, and they will continue so to do, as long as the world needs them. While the ages of armed men and bullets and thrones are passing from us into the things that were, we rejoice that the reading and thinking era has succeeded them, and the general intellect is being quickened by the momentous interests at stake. Any idea, anchored in error, when agitated and dissected in the light of reason by the eager clash of intellects, must fall to the ground.

Nothing but freedom, justice and truth is of any permanent advantage to the mass of mankind, and to those society, if left to itself, is always tending. The advancing tide of truth we cannot mark, for with each incoming wave the gem is formed unseen. The past has shown us that there is no republican safety except in distrust. The nerves of the mind, ever on the alert, stand sentinel in this ever restless ocean of moral, social, and political life—pure only because never still. Republics cannot sleep, trusting constitutions and machinery to be the safe-guards of the people. We are told that our Puritan fathers always went to church and sat down to dinner when the Indians were in the neighborhood, with a musket on one side and a drawn sword on the other; and such a spirit is the necessity of every age, for without it despotism, like a shrouding mist, will steal over the mirror of freedom.

We are coming to learn that it is to our interest to educate the people in humanity, and to a deep reverence for the rights of the lowest and humblest individual. While the opponents of equal rights bring their objections against the social and political equality of woman, they should remember that these same objections were urged against freedom of industry, freedom of conscience, and freedom of the press, none of these liberties having been thought compatible with a well-ordered state, until they had proved their capability by springing into existence as facts.

This last great protest against the wrongs of the ages is mighty in its import and significance, and goes down and underlies the social fabric of every nation. As before remarked, the savage rule of might over right having consigned the physically weaker to the power of the stronger sex, the latter have always prescribed what should be the education, profession and employment of the former. The results we see on every hand from the unequal adjustment of human affairs are enough in themselves to cause justice to turn aside and weep for human selfishness—to cast down her scales and shiver them to atoms before hanging them again in unequal balance above the heads of the toiling millions of Thwarted Humanity. Let her not suspend them again until every fetter is unloosed that holds the mothers of free sons in social and political subjugation—raise them not aloft until she can deny the presumption of any individual to prescribe for another his or her education, sphere, or political rights. Let her demand for Thwarted Humanity the workshop and tools for those who can use them best. Let her proclaim that the person who has to suffer under laws must first personally assent to them, and declare that while the women of a free republic are admitted to the gallows, the jail, and the tax-list, that no one has a right to debar them from the ballot-box. Then will every third-rate man (for it is these only who doubt) who fears that the "delicacy of woman" is in jeopardy if allowed this or that liberty, learn that it is not for him to lay down rules to help God govern what He has made. While there are many of this class who have a shrinking consciousness of results in a clear field of competition, we know there are hosts coming to the front ranks on the yet unopposed side of truth, whose columns are steadily advancing upon the strongholds of error, and who love truth for truth's sake. Doubts disturb not their minds as to what human beings will do with their liberties; and, with all the manifestations of human depravity, there is in the great body of intelligent men and women in every sphere of life an aspiration to do right, and an out-spoken admiration of nobility of soul. If our social customs and civil statutes were stripped of that garbage which is in contact with natural law; if the hard outer shell of religion could be broken, and mix its spiritual meat with the clar-

LETTER FROM OLYMPIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

To the casual observer there seems to exist the same willingness to submit to the rules and customs that have controlled in years past. But to those who have the power of penetrating beyond the surface of all things, to those who look into the minds of men and read their deepest thoughts, and from them draw conclusions, there is revealed a great and radical change.

Those whose high standing in society gives them influence that must fall, because they have the truth and preach it not. They keep the pure essence for themselves, and feed the people with husks.

We are passing through a transition that will continue its process of purification until worldly ambition is superseded by a desire for that peace of mind that is only attainable by adherence to truth and justice. Compensation is written upon the scroll of high eternal law. Every arrow aimed at another shall rebound with increased force, and as we must learn that truth will eventually assert its supreme rule, and man become aware of a court of justice that he cannot escape, where jurors are not needed, where the accused will be weighed in its scales of unerring justice, held in the grasp of eternal and immutable law.

The invisible agencies have projected a plan of operation, and are now earnestly watching its progress and waiting coming events. Plans will continue to be devised arousing the people to more activity, and the light gained from the falseness of assumed truth, will compel people to look elsewhere for guidance to that beautiful life set forth in the Bible.

As soon as man begins to reason, a more powerful hand will be marshaled into action. Therefore, we may look for a great advance to be made in the field of reform.

'Tis down-trodden, oppressed woman that must be reclaimed from her present deplorable condition. Many workers that have ignored the great and important question of individual freedom, will soon see the fallacy of appealing to man's sense of justice. There are other ways and means by which she shall be compelled to yield to woman her God-given right of individuality. Woman's pleadings and demands have all been deservingly ignored. But her labor and exertions shall eventually receive their just reward. Her lack of success has brought to her aid the subtle forces of nature. As it is woman's condition that must be ameliorated, 'tis her you must instruct. 'Tis useless appealing to man's better nature, until you first free woman from her present state of social bondage. 'Tis woman that must remove the badge of dishonor from her sister woman. Will she do it? Has she the moral strength to brave the many innuendoes that will be hurled at her for striving to remove the cause of the many wrongs entailed through man upon her? None but those who have attained a thorough spiritual status need engage in this herculean task, for they will need a great share of the Christ-love and charity to enable them to render good for evil.

The question is asked, Who is willing and ready to girl on the armor of truth and ignore a false public opinion and work for the elevation of womankind? The great ship of human freedom is launched upon the waves of time. Who is there ready and willing to man her? And who that feels competent to guide her into port? She needs a thorough captain upon her decks and a steady hand at her helm, for there are stormy seas and rough billows to encounter. Let all be sure of their ability to perform their part, before they register their names, for when once she is equipped, and her sails unfurled to the breeze, there is no going back, all must perform the task assigned to them. She is freighted with a cargo dear to the world, a cargo in which all have an interest, and through which all shall receive great riches. Therefore, 'tis a duty to compel unwilling hands to labor that the ship may resist the powerful billows that are raging around, striving to engulf her. She has hoisted the banner of freedom, and let at her mast-head shine the beacon light that shall sooner or later attract the eager gaze of an anxious world, and her trusting friends shall yet behold her triumphant entrance and safe anchor in the harbor of truth. CLARA E. SYLVESTER, Olympia, June 1, 1875.

With the June number Harper's Magazine commences its fifty-first volume. A more beautiful number, or one distinguished by greater interest or variety, has never been issued. It contains eighty superb engravings, eight out of the eighteen articles being illustrated. The leading article is an exceedingly interesting description of Channel Islands, profusely illustrated. An article on "Concord Books and Authors" furnishes a fitting sequel to the "Concord Fight," in a former number. Professor Rau's third paper on the "Stone Age in Europe," is both marvelous and instructive. T. B. Aldrich contributes a charming poem. The "Development of our Mineral Resources" is comprehensively treated by S. Sturry Hunt, in the eighth paper of the First Century series. A new serial, a domestic story of New England, by Julian Hawthorne, is begun in this number. In short, this magazine contains much more varied matter than any other monthly periodical, and its circulation is larger than that of all others of its class combined. Harper & Brothers, New York City. Price, \$4 00 per annum.

RECENT EVENTS.

The business part of the town of Great Bend, Pa., was burned on the 29th. Loss, \$100,000.

Mrs. Rohm, the fat woman of Barnum's show, died at her residence in New York on the 29th ult.

Colonel James McCoy, of General Sherman's staff, died of consumption on the morning of the 29th, at the St. James Hotel.

The decoration services over Admiral Farragut's grave took place on the 29th, at Woodlawn Cemetery, under the auspices of the War Veteran Association of Brooklyn.

The grand jury of the U. S. circuit court, on the 29th, presented eight indictments against Charles L. Lawrence, former secretary of the American club, charged with smuggling.

A sharp shock of earthquake was felt at Bakersfield, Cal., on the night of the 30th, at 10 minutes past 11 o'clock. It was sufficiently strong to awaken many people. The wave apparently came from the east and south.

An extension of one year has been granted pre-emptors of public lands forced to leave them on account of the ravages of grasshoppers. A similar extension has also been granted to those whose crops have been destroyed by them.

The funeral of 48 victims of the disaster at Holyoke took place on the 29th, in the basement of the new Catholic Church at Springfield, Mass. A procession more than a mile long followed the remains to the French Catholic Cemetery at South Hadley Falls.

The ships "Alert" and "Discovery," of the arctic expedition, sailed on the 30th from Portsmouth, England. Thousands of people witnessed the departure. Great cheering and much enthusiasm was manifested. The Queen sent a telegraphic dispatch wishing success to the expedition.

Father Lake, whose sermon attacking the public schools created so much stir last winter, and occasioned his suspension, has recently married, and has taken up his residence in San Francisco. He is an American and a convert, and his secession and marriage occasions a marked sensation in Catholic circles.

Brother Newell, of the Walla Walla Statesman, is helplessly stranded on the rock of man's curiosity. Who is "Kap"? he anxiously inquires, and tantalizing echo answers "Who?" Of course we commiserate him, and cheerfully give him the benefit he seems to derive from calling us "Mother Dunwavy." What certain editors would do without this solace we are at loss to conjecture. Venerable as is the appellation, it seems never to grow old with them, while we—well, we have not borne the name for a score of years without becoming attached to it. Say on, brother.

Harvey M. Newsome, youngest son of Hon. D. Newsome, of Marion county, committed suicide on Tuesday of last week by taking strychnine. Disappointed love is said to have been the cause of the rash act. Over four hundred persons followed his remains to their last resting-place in the family burying ground on Howell Prairie, on Thursday. The services were conducted by the Grange of which he was a member, and were very solemn and impressive.

The city of Boston has voted \$80,000 toward defraying the Centennial Celebration of the battle of Bunker Hill, on the 17th proximo. There are 7,214 women tax-payers in Boston, whose aggregate taxes are \$1,296,693 annually. These women should be exempt from paying any part of a sum voted without their consent, to be expended in celebrating rights of which they are deprived.

An ambitious Covas man, who is the head of a family, consisting of a wife and three children, is also owner of a half-dozen hens, which, in an unguarded moment, laid three eggs. A happy idea seized our ambitious man. He sent to a neighbor's and borrowed yet nine other eggs, and, with the combined cargo, sent to the store and bought a plug of tobacco. So says the Sentinel.

Emily Faithful says that among the novel forms of social and industrial life in Paris, is the perfect equality in business matters that seems to exist between the sexes. Women keep books, govern hotels, large shops, and even factories, and are often the business partners of their husbands, and most efficient ones, too.

The Dallas "Remizer" comes to us with eight large pages, six of them printed in Chicago, however.—Statesman.

Were the remaining two pages printed in Chicago, the paper would be much more interesting to the general reader, and quite as useful to the citizens of Polk county.

Dispatches from various places state that decoration day was generally observed in the south and west as a holiday, and that the usual ceremonies took place at the various cemeteries.

DESERVES CREDIT.—Miss Lillian A. Cooke, Secretary of the Woman Suffrage Association, is surely in ahead of the men in recording the minutes of an organization. Her report of the meeting which met in Amity last week would have done credit to any person. It was well punctuated, beautifully written, and correctly spelled.—Courier.

The good people of Junction and vicinity are going to give a grand celebration on the Fourth of July, and a ball in the evening. Able speakers will be present, and good music furnished for the occasion.

The Baptists of Albany will shortly commence the erection of an elegant new church on the site now occupied by their old one. This is the second church to be built in Albany this season.

Sheep are selling in Douglas county at \$1 50 a head.

LETTER FROM SALEM.

TO THE READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

I often feel like doing something to help make right the terrible wrongs that overshadow our beautiful land, but I and all the rest of womankind are helpless. When I make a feeble effort to burst asunder the chains of servitude, they clash and seem to crush me lower. If it were possible; but I never shall cease trying to do what little I can for the enfranchisement—for the freedom of woman. I have two little daughters, and I want to see them enjoy all rights and privileges that God intended His creatures should enjoy.

I know if women were law-makers that we should have better laws—certainly there are many changes needed. Reader, perhaps you will say, "I do not need any better laws, nor do I want a voice in the laws of our land." Let us look at a few facts in the case, facts to which nine-tenths of the women of our land can bear witness. To say that woman is an unpaid servant is a gentle expression. A husband owns all things; he can make contracts—wife is not consulted, he thinks it none of a wife's business; he can give to churches and charitable institutions, thereby get unto himself a reputation for generosity and magnanimity at the expense of his wife and little ones; in short, he can do just as he wishes, it matters not whether his wife is suited with his business transactions or contributions. It is his money, and not hers, although she is general-house-keeper, seamstress, nurse, and much of the time, cook and laundress. Let us sum up each one of these occupations at the ordinary rates. House-keeper, \$15 per month, nurse \$15, seamstress \$20, cook and laundress \$25; total, \$75. Do wives even get this small sum? No, indeed. When wife's wardrobe gets shabby, with a humiliated heart she must ask husband for means to repair it. When the children need clothing, she is reminded that times are hard, money is scarce, etc., etc., yet perhaps he has spent fifty times more than the wife asks for, for tobacco, fine drinks and other useless articles. Wife is reminded that her clothes are good enough; after having done the work of three or four, she is not paid, and being compelled to ask for necessities, is refused, as if she were incapable of judging of her needs. You may say that this picture is overdrawn, but the condition of the majority of womankind to-day is that of beggary, and nothing else can be made out of it. There are thousands of cases that pen could not portray the wretchedness thereof. The picture drawn is not exceptional, but general. God has endowed woman with ambition and independence; either He has made a mistake, or man has violated His laws.

So much has been said that I can only reiterate the same plea. The excuse is offered by man, that woman if enfranchised would lose her modesty and womanly loveliness. That is simply nonsense. They know they have exclusive power, and by keeping woman down, they hope to retain it. It is human nature to want to rule. It is time men were taught to abide in their sphere. For so, these many centuries man has polluted to us our humble sphere, and it is only right that we should reciprocate their kindness. It is absurd that freedom would render us less charming. Men preach freedom and its blessings to every creature but woman. They dwell upon it, describing its beauties and elevating influences; assert that its recipients are better capable of enjoying life and making others happy than they could possibly be otherwise. If this is what freedom will do, gentlemen, we want it and must have it. We want to be equal partners with our husbands, and we do assure you that we will be more charming, loving, intelligent and happy, thereby elevating you to a higher standard of human intelligence.

Yours for justice, JENNIE L.

Salem, May 31, 1875.

LETTER FROM HON. C. A. REED.

To the Yamhill County Woman Suffrage Association:

I am in receipt of a very polite note from the Corresponding Secretary of your Association inviting me to be present and co-operate with the same at the meeting to be held at Amity, on the 21st of May. While it will be impossible for me to be present on that occasion, you will have my best wishes for your success. And could I write a word or line to encourage you in the good, the glorious cause you are engaged in, I should most certainly do so. 'Tis not the mere right of the ballot that prompts you to action; but growing out of it comes equality before the law and the emancipation of the human race. Take courage, therefore, for your cause is just, and the day will come when success will crown your efforts. Take courage, for you are gaining ground. The people are becoming more and more educated upon this subject, and it only requires thought and investigation to win the masses to your support. I might point out to you some of the many obstacles that lie in the way of the speedy enfranchisement of woman; but the chief one is in woman themselves not being thoroughly aroused and in earnest in the work. Hoping that harmony and good feeling will attend your meeting, and that much good will be the result, I remain, Yours faithfully, C. A. REED.

Salem, May 17, 1875.