...e New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....JULY 30, 1875.

NOTICE.

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

UNREASONING OBEDIENCE.

"What thou bid'st
Unchanged I obey, as God ordains.
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise."

It is not so strange that Milton in a past century should, out of the depths of the overweening egotism and tyranny that drove his wife from his home, have placed the lines above quoted in the mouth of Eve, in a servile address to Adam; but that a lordly D. D., in a baccalaureate sermon to the twenty-four young lady graduates of Packer Collegiate Institute, in Brooklyn, in the year of grace 1875, should quote them, recommend them to the careful consideration of cultured women, and weave a sermon for their edification, the warp and woof of which was akin to the quotation in sentiment, is almost past belief.

The reverend doctor, as may be supposed, took for his text the following: "But I would have you to know that the head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is man, and the head of Christ is God."

The sermon abounded in declarations of man's superiority; in exhortations to submission; in lordly assumption of the divine right of husbands, and kindred relics of barbarism and tyranny. He counseled them as women to accept the lot he assigned, and which he claimed the Scriptures assigned to them; and "if doomed to walk with a soulless brute, to suffer and strive to win; to fulfill nobly their high destiny in giving their lives in sacrifice for the sins of men." He argued that God and nature gave woman long hair in sign of subjection, and if she has any rights to assert which conflict with her subjection to man, she ought to begin the unlovely and unnatural struggle by shaving off her hair.

Why the reverend gentleman neglected to further strengthen his position by declaring that woman must wear bifurcated garments, or gracefully submit to an unreasoning assumption of power, we cannot imagine. The short hair and pantaloon argument always go together, and carry such immense weight with men of his class, and women who delight in servility.

That this doctrine of passive obedience is neither Scriptural nor rational, is not hard to prove. The death throes of government by "divine right" are protracted and severe, but its annihilation is certain. In refence to this matter, the *Woman's Journal* says: "Tory ministers in 1776 preached sermons from the text, 'Fear God and honor the King.' Pro-slavery divines in 1860 waxed eloquent over 'Servants, obey your masters.' To-day the same class of men fall back upon the passage, 'Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands as unto the Lord.'" This sort of thing may go down with ignorant people; but when a man ventures to address such unmitigated nonsense to a graduating class of young women, we know not whether most to admire the effrontery of the preacher or the patience of his audience. We quite agree with the journal mentioned that "Brooklyn is not the place nor the present the time for giving such advice to women."

That such advice, faithfully and literally carried out, would result disastrously to woman, and through her to the race, is apparent to all whose sense of truth, honor, and justice is not encased in the impenetrable crust of human selfishness. The kind of obedience which women propose to exercise is "resistance to tyranny," which is "obedience to God."

INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS.

One by one the doors of colleges so long closed against women are thrown open to their persistent and determined demands; one by one spring up new institutions founded for the purpose of giving women equal intellectual advantages with men; and by hundreds and thousands of women are the long and eagerly anticipated opportunities for intellectual development improved.

Smith College, at Northampton, Mass., has been dedicated during the present month, and the system of instruction adopted is as broad and thorough as it is in colleges for men. President Seeyle, in an address upon the occasion, in speaking of the aims of the institution, says, "that that narrowness which has always been the bane of woman's education will especially be avoided; that the aim has been so to arrange the course in natural sciences that young ladies may become sufficiently well acquainted with their general principles and leading facts to feel an interest in the progress of science; to clearly comprehend its important discoveries, and to be prepared to make afterward, in some chosen field, original investigation."

He maintained that there was no more danger of impairing the health of women by a judicious course of study than of impairing the health of man in like manner. It is understood that they need special safeguards, but these are easily provided. Some of these are secured in the construction of buildings; in proper attention to sleeping apartments; in gymnastic training wisely adapted to their needs; and in separate homes under the supervision of intelligent women; while for the sake of their spiritual health, to promote virtue, add to their amiability and teachableness, the college is to be distinctively and unequivocally Christian in its character.

The President concluded his address in the following language: "We appeal to all who have at heart the welfare of humanity; to all who have had in their own experience the evidence of woman's high capacity, as well as of her unbounded influence, to help us form an institution which will enable her the better to know that All-perfect Mind in whose image she was created, and whom it is her highest glory to express and her highest joy to apprehend. We believe that the higher intelligence which may thus be secured will eventually elevate and ennoble all departments of woman's work; that a richer inheritance of blood will descend to children; that children themselves will be more carefully nurtured; that fashion will be less tyrannous and dress less absurd; that unostentatious culture will take the place of noisy pedantry; that home life will be valued more and home influence felt more deeply; that marriage will have less bitterness, and society less frivolity. These, my friends, are not the fanciful, they are the logical and natural sequences of the culture we propose to give."

After the first year there will be three elective courses of study for those who desire the culture of special talents. The arrangements of the institution are in every respect superior and complete, and its influence upon the women of the State and nation during the years that are to come will doubtless be vast enough to satisfy the benevolent designs of its founder, and fulfill the hopes of thousands of ardent advocates of educational advantages for women.

INSANITY OF ROBERT DALE OWEN.

Much has recently been written and read concerning the insanity of Robert Dale Owen, the wreck of his brilliant reason being usually attributed to the effects of Spiritualism, and especially to his public endorsement of the "Katie King" fraud. This is denied by those who know most of the circumstances connected with his aberration of mind. While *en route* for the Indiana Insane Asylum, in company with his two sons, the Indianapolis correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* obtained an interview with them, and gives the probable causes of Mr. Owen's insanity, as told him by one of the sons; of this we give a short synopsis.

About a month previous to his commitment to the asylum, he was prostrated with a severe attack of nervous bilious fever, and for a week or ten days was very dangerously ill. He had commenced writing a new work on theology, which he was desirous of completing as soon as possible, and several days before he had sufficiently recovered to do any brain work, and while still confined to his bed, he resumed work upon it, dictating to his daughter, who acted as amanuensis. The more he did the more he seemed determined to do, and as soon as he could lift himself out of bed, he would get up at any hour of the night to jot down any point that occurred to him. This aggravated his disease, and soon his mind seemed to lose its balance. He lost the power of concentrating his thoughts, wandering from point to point and completing no line of thought or argument.

His malady presently took a more tangible form. He imagined himself immensely wealthy and the heir to the earldom of Bradalbane; that he was the last of the family, and upon him had descended its title and estates. He continually talked about how he would found institutions of learning, provide homes for the poor, etc., etc. He became restless and uneasy, seemed to have no idea of time and space, his mind continually wandering, and he desiring to wander with it. Upon being interrogated relative to the Katie King matter, in connection with his father's insanity, the son replied: "I do not think it had the least to do with his trouble. At the time, he was very much chagrined, and thoroughly indignant at the deception practiced upon him; but long before his sickness he had forgotten all about it, at least he hadn't mentioned the matter for several weeks. For some time before his sickness he was wholly occupied with his new work on theology, entitled, 'The Unity of God,' I believe, which he wished to finish before his death, for he has an impression that he shall not live a great while longer."

The physician at the asylum regards his case as a difficult one, but not altogether hopeless.

Any version of the story of a mighty mind that has suffered melancholy wreck, after years of brilliant action, is sad and pitiable enough, and we give this version as we found it, presuming it entitled to as much credence as any other given.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

After having finished your last editorial letter from Astoria, it became the pleasure of your humble servant to climb the hights overlooking the settled portions of the town, with a view to speculating in real estate. There is no denying the natural commercial advantages of this seaport, and there is every evidence that sometime there will be a city here. But there is one fatal drawback to the prosperity of this and every other terminal point, both by sea and rail, upon the Pacific slope. The early squatters, or those who, from the accident of birth, got a footing before others, from a like accident, received existence, as well as all those who have acquired a later imaginary monopoly of the soil (which is in reality the birthright of humanity, the same as air or water)—the primal squatters hold the land they cannot use, and consequently have no right to monopolize, at such exorbitant figures that no sensible buyer will purchase, because he knows better than to bankrupt himself to secure a few square feet of mother earth which, at an angle of forty-five degrees, frowns in his face from amid a jungle of fallen trees and underbrush, above which blackened skeletons of the fire-killed forest hold aloft their denuded branches, like gnomes from Hades. Consequently, though the town seems to be improving somewhat, and is certainly alive with a floating population, its real prosperity is a myth, so far as the masses are concerned, and will so remain till those who wish to settle on the seaboard can buy Astoria property at San Francisco prices.

The great present want of the visitor, as well as the resident here, is telegraphic connection with the inside world. This is soon to be a paying investment for capital, and it puzzles us greatly that it has been so long delayed. We can only account for it from the fact that women haven't the control of money with which to build it, and men are so slow and plodding.

Finished our course of lectures with undiminished audiences, and then canvassed portions of the town for subscriptions to the People's Paper, receiving a goodly number.

So a week passed, and on Friday morning beheld us, accompanied by a bevy of girls, bound for Cape Disappointment and Baker's Bay. The "Varuna" was being loaded with hay for Fort Stevens, and was behind time. But we waited her convenience, and then went aboard by running down a narrow plank, a distance of ten feet, at an angle of forty-nine degrees, to the top of the wheel-house, upon which our avoirdupois tremblingly and ponderously alighted, while the little steamer rocked itself in the tide like a pioneer baby's cradle, hewed from an elderberry tree. The bosom of the river heaved with the undulating breath of the surging waters, and the little steamer bore us upon the billows like a thing of life; whistling to scare the seals that basked upon the beach at Sand Island, and again lashing the spray with her bow and stern like an excited little whale.

A half-hour at the base of Cape Disappointment, and we were compelled to bid the bevy of girls good-bye, and reembark upon the "Varuna" bound for Unity, a city-that-is-to-be, which you can't yet see for the bushes for which you are heading, beyond Baker's Bay. Ran aground about a hundred feet from the little wharf and—waited. A balky horse may try your patience, and a mired team may vex you, but that is nothing to compare to the annoyance of a grounded boat. How you sympathize with her as she scratches bottom, throwing up sand and slime! And how sorry you feel for yourself when the reaction from a fit of sea-sickness admonishes you that you're hungry! But there's no help for it, and you wait, wait, wait, until a lucky turn in wind or wheel or tide—we defy any land-lubber to say which—let's you out of the mud, and you fetch up alongside the little wharf, which, you are assured, is soon to be builded out to deep water, and mounting the steps you rejoice once more to breathe the exhalations of vegetation.

Here we meet a party of Salem friends, who have been rusticating at Bay View House, a hotel that rightly takes its name from its surroundings, which is admirably kept, at reasonable rates, by our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, who will see that the wayfarers get good, clean, substantial food and tidy rooms and beds.

The July air is cool enough for October, and you gather your wraps about you with a sigh of sympathy for loved ones who are enduring the tropical heat of Portland and the Willamette Valley, while you are replenishing the fire in the hotel parlor stove.

J. D. Holman, of Portland, is the town proprietor here, and he, like every other freeholder on the beach or near it, owns a terminus to Columbia River navigation which is sure in time to make a sea-board city. And surely Mr. H. has much to justify his assumption. The location is lovely, the climate unsurpassed, and the natural advantages for water, fuel, fishing, bathing, boating, gunning, and sight-seeing remarkable. He names his new town "Ilwaca," the same being the euphonious appellation of a departed siwash, the foundation of whose earthly habitation was pointed out to us by the aforesaid proprietor; and we were just growing poetic, *a la* Payson Hammond, when our friend informed us that the great Ilwaca's spouse was burdened with the prosy Saxon patronymic, "Jane." Shades of Minnehaha! how we ha-ha—ed!

In the evening a goodly company gathered ourselves in the glow of a great camp-fire in front of Mr. Holman's public tent, where we indulged in "sparking" with fir boughs that sent the lighted crackling cinders heavenward through the swaying trees, reminding us of other times in the long ago,

"When we all went gipsying."

Then we retired to the seats in the great tent, and indulged in songs and jokes and speeches and laughter and reminiscence and anecdote until the hour of ten, when the campers betook themselves to the tents, the rest of us to the hotel, and all to the healthy repose of the honestly weary.

Dr. Glenn and daughter, Mrs. Denlinger, (the "Arcadia" of the *Oregonian*), and husband, Mrs. E. F. Russell and children, Mr. and Mrs. Trayer, and Mr. and Mrs. Cornell, of Portland, are here for a sojourn, and many others are arriving and departing daily.

This (Saturday) afternoon's stage takes us to Oysterville, where we are to carry the gospel of freedom, from which place you will next hear from your humble servant, A. J. D.

Ilwaca, W. T., July 24, 1875.

Another has received "the crown without the conflict." Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Northrup were on Wednesday called upon to commit to the place appointed for all living, the lovely form of their infant daughter. We tender them our sympathies for their earthly loss, while we feel that there is no death for the cherub whom they so sadly miss from their home.

"In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead."

PROJECTS TO ABOLISH WAR.

Most people know it may be supposed that there are societies in Europe and America, which have in view the ambitious purpose of abolishing war. At Elgin, Ill., there is a "peace office," from which circulars and bulletins are occasionally issued, in which the folly and wickedness of war are set forth and enlarged upon, coupled with exhortations to all Christendom to unite in a resolution to prevent international disputes and rivalries from being pushed in future to trial by battle. To say nothing about the scheme itself for abolishing war being full of absurdities, it may be remarked that the arguments presented in these bulletins are in many points crude and ill-considered. One writer asserts that the profession of the hired soldier—and all soldiers are under pay—is no better than that of the hired assassin. Another thinks that all the money spent in maintaining standing armies is so much wealth annihilated and forever lost. Another, that as the result of our great war, we have nothing but an immense debt, an appalling waste of human life, and a fearful depression of the standard of morality. And the results of all wars are put in the same category—exclusive evil to mankind.

Now, these are views which few sound thinkers are able to join in. Some of them run counter to the common sense of mankind. There is the broadest distinction between the destruction of life by war and the taking of life by murder. Here there is no room whatever for argument. The common judgment of humanity naturally makes the distinction; and those who argue on the philosophy of the nursery poem, that Alexander the Great, by causing the death of multitudes in war, was therefore a greater criminal and greater enemy of the human race than the man who murdered his neighbor on training day, is rather weak for a society which proposes to reform an evil so ancient, so ubiquitous, and so inalienable from man's position on earth, as war is.

There are both permanent causes and proximate excitements of war. The permanent causes lie in the system of national competition. The proximate causes, which might better be called the *occasions* of war, lie in the pretexts which are found to bring about a collision between the antagonistic forces. Every nation's duty, first and last, is to itself. In diplomacy, civilities and high-bred courtesies pass between nations. But these are simply the covering in which exquisite dissimulation masks itself. Where there are rival interests there is an enmity between nations, which arises not out of the feelings, but out of the necessities of their position. This is a great insurmountable *fact*, and it is not possible to regulate human affairs, except on the basis of human interests and human nature. Therefore, it will be hardly practicable to enforce the ambitious project of abolishing war.

Admitting that evils grow out of war, it by no means follows that war is wholly an evil. In fact, as history shows, it has always been a most powerful agent of human progress. Writers who anathematize war see only its proximate, not its ultimate, results.

From Herodotus to Channing and Robert Hall, they dwell mainly on the horrors of the battle-field, where, indeed, there are horrors enough. But war brings in the long run its compensations. Alexander's campaigns produced prodigious slaughter and vast temporary misery. But they opened a new career for human development; they led directly to an immense extension of human culture; and it is not too much to say, as Draper and others point out, that to these same wicked campaigns of Alexander's mankind is indebted immensely, almost inconceivably, for the progress made and still being made in intellectual enlightenment. The wars of the French Revolution have been called a horrible scourge to our race; but we should not forget that to these wars Europe is mainly indebted for her present growing freedom. From the evils that attended and followed our own civil war, we have abundant compensation in the removal of mighty wrongs that cursed us as a nation; we are done with the sectional hostility, almost resembling war, which long existed prior to the actual shock of arms, and we have what was absolutely necessary for the permanence of our government, namely, an assertion and definition of the true limits of national authority.

Though the idea of abolishing war is a romantic one, there are the best grounds for asserting that it ought not to succeed if it could. When we take anything like a wide view of the subject, we are driven to the conclusion that war is among the evils that are salutary to man. Nor will this appear paradoxical when we reflect that by the exercise of evil passions equally with good purposes, our race is driven irresistibly on in its progressive course. All is governed by overruling law. Evil furnishes its own antidote and thus corrects itself. Wordsworth, with his deep philosophical insight, saw this; we find him saying,

"That God's most dreaded instrument
In working out a pure intent
Is man—arrayed for mutual slaughter;
Yea, Carnage is His daughter."

For this Wordsworth has often been censured by those who never understood him. His critics dwelt on the surface of things. He looked far below first and obvious appearances, and derived his light from an insight into the principles which underlie and direct the whole progress of our race. War, he perceived, is a physical necessity arising out of man's nature when combined with man's situation. It is the mother of wrong and spoliation; it is the scourge of God. But, like other scourges in the economy of nature, it purifies and redeems itself in its character of a counter force to greater evils that could not otherwise be interrupted or redressed, and furnishes continually new starting points for the onward movement of humanity.

As for the argument that everything which is drawn from the industry of a people to support armies and furnish the material of war is so much altogether wasted, it will not bear a moment's examination. All the nations of Europe to-day maintain immense armies. To clothe and subsist them stimulates every branch of industry, furnishes employment for multitudes, and spreads prosperity on all sides. On this point the writings of the peace association of Elgin are too weak to deserve an answer.

On the whole, we may fairly pronounce the project for the cessation of war to be Utopian. War will wholly cease when man ceases to be man. We could not even promise that it would cease were woman endowed with the government of all the nations; for there is some human nature in woman as well as in man, and the same dependence on the necessities of circumstances and situations.

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LETTER FROM LAFAYETTE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Strange it is how some people can magnify mole-hills into mountains. Truly they have eye-glasses with powerful lenses. The *Lafayette Courier* man is undoubtedly the fortunate (?) possessor of one of these *very* complicated optical instruments.

As evidence of the presence of some more precise and investigating lenses than those mentioned in "Steel's Fourteen Weeks in Natural Philosophy," as rightfully belonging to a *natural* human eye, witness the *Courier's* sympathetic (?) item in regard to the Yamhill County W. S. A. "But two persons present besides the President," says this "free white male," who "doesn't," as "Josiah Allen's wife" would say, "believe in wimmen havin' a right."

Poor soul, so afraid the *Courier* won't have a W. S. A. item that the truth has to have additions built to it; though *perhaps* he was misinformed in regard to the intended meeting, though *that* idea is rather hard to recognize, considering the style in which the item in question was gotten up. Did he but know it, the President himself wasn't there! Now, that's all the funnier, and still *more* comical, that the Secretary was absent, and "comicalest" yet to think of the fact that neither Vice President, Corresponding Secretary, nor Treasurer, were there to seize each a spoke in the great progress wheel and use their respective strength to help roll it along over the obstructed highway.

I suppose it does make the opponents feel unusually hilarious to lean back on their dignities and watch a so-called "fizzle." Just you wait, Brother *Courier*, and others of your church, until next November, or sooner, if the empowered officers see fit; *then*, nothing calling immediate attention in another channel, as was this time the case, they will show all you clinging ivy vines and *poison oak* vines whether or not we need so much pity (?) as you so ungrudgingly bestow upon the poor unsexed "females" and feminine (?) men who are untiringly and unceasingly laboring in the world's great vineyard.

It was the intention of all officers and members to have the Association meet as usual and have a pleasant and instructive meeting, as is commonly the case. But a few days before hand we found out to our disappointment that our meeting would necessarily have to be postponed. It comes right in the midst of the haying season, (which, by the way, is a bad arrangement), and farmers cannot leave their winter's stores uncared for, even for our pleasant conventions.

On the evening prior to the day set for our meeting, the Corresponding Secretary received a letter from the President (however, the President isn't one of your *poison oak* vine gentlemen, either,) stating that he could not possibly come to our meeting, as every "available man, boy and beast" was engaged in harvesting hay. The gentleman at North Yamhill commissioned to engage a hall was farther off in the country filling business contracts, and had not the hall engaged. The usual rush of summer business was on hand, and understanding the situation at a glance, it was thought best to postpone the meeting.

Now, Brother *Courier*, do we need your sympathy *quite* as badly as you supposed? *Don't* think we're dead yet, for you'll find us decidedly lively if you come to that conclusion. We're no *vines* that we need to be supported by poison oaks. N. E. E.

Lafayette, July 27, 1875.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. P., Freeport: Bill sent as requested. Order will be complied with.

Mrs. J. A. P., Salem: Glad to learn of your safe and pleasant trip. Hope you are permanently and pleasantly situated by this time.

E. M. E., Gervais: Your letter came too late for insertion last week, and is out of date for this. Glad that you had such a pleasant meeting.

A. B. W., Eagle Cliff: Please tell us what office you have been receiving your paper from, and so save an annoying and tedious search through our mail books.

Mrs. S. M. K., Lafayette: Money order received and properly credited. Thanks for your interest. The change mentioned relative to the county meetings would doubtless prove beneficial.

Miss F. M. P., Palouse Bridge: Sent sample copy of paper according to request. Subscription price $3 00 per annum. The poems to which you refer will be mailed to your address on receipt of 25 cents. Let us hear from you again.

Haying is about over in Lane county. The price ranges from $7 to $9 per ton.

LETTER FROM OREGON CITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Though your paper is generally taken and much read in this place, I seldom see a communication from any of our citizens in your columns, and feeling that we should not be totally overlooked, I venture to myself enter the arena, new to me, of a newspaper correspondent.

And now it occurs to me that there is, after all, very little to write about that will be of general interest, for, although our people are generally the best of citizens, they usually pursue the even tenor of their way, their lives unmarked by incidents either strange or startling; seemingly at peace with themselves and all the world. True, the sudden descent of Rev. Mr. Hammond upon the ungodly caused quite a stir a few weeks since; but the ripples he made upon the waves of public opinion hereabouts have become smooth again; the excitement caused by his temporary advent was inconsiderable, and although his audiences, especially at his last visit, were good, the general impression upon the people seems to have been evanescent, and what remains, I am sorry to say, is not flattering to the evangelist.

Our city and its beautiful suburbs are now more than usually quiet, owing, perhaps, to the oppressive heat, that prevents people from stirring abroad, and the annual exodus of numbers of our citizens to the mountains and seaside. Industry, however, does not seem to be paralyzed by the near approach, if not the actual presence of the "dog days." The stupendous machinery of the woolen factory keeps up its busy din for twelve and a half hours each day, its throng of industrious operatives being promptly at their posts at half-past six in the morning, and receiving at the close of their month's labor pay according to the service performed.

The light draught boats pass and repass, making regular trips, conveying immense quantities of freight to different points.

The general health of our citizens was never better than now; pills and powders are at a discount, and doctors as cheerful as could be expected under such discouraging circumstances.

The NEW NORTHWEST is thoroughly read and highly appreciated among the reading members of this community, and although many cannot overcome their prejudices relative to political equality, yet they are forced to admit the truth of many of the arguments set forth in its defense.

But as I am a novice in the business of writing for a newspaper, I will not continue this letter farther, but will, with your permission, write again at some future time, when our city is more lively. Respectfully, I.

Oregon City, July 27, 1875.

RECENT EVENTS.

The vomito is prevailing in Vera Cruz—125 persons died of it in June.

Isaac M. Singer, inventor of the Singer sewing machine, died at Portland, Me., on the 23d.

The continued rains in lower Missouri and Illinois cause serious apprehensions of an overflow.

Within the past three weeks the Carlists in Spain have lost 4,000 men, killed, wounded and missing.

The Ingleside summer resort, three miles from Holyoke, Mass., was burned on the 25th. Loss, $30,000; insurance, $20,000.

An engine on the Erie Railroad exploded its boiler on the evening of the 24th. The engineer, the fireman and a flagman were killed.

The Spanish government has determined to make a loan of $7,000,000 to indemnify the owners of emancipated slaves in Porto Rico.

It is estimated that the coinage of the subsidiary silver coin at the three mints of Philadelphia, San Francisco and Carson City, will reach $4,000,000 for the two months ending August 30th.

It is estimated at the Treasury Department that the receipts from miscellaneous sources this year, not comprised under the head of customs or internal revenue, will be $15,000,000 or $20,000,000 less than the receipts from the same source last year.

Judge Fisher has tendered his resignation of the office of U. S. District Attorney, and it has been forwarded by the Attorney General to the President. Fisher will retire upon the qualification of ex-Governor Welles, of Virginia, who has accepted the office.

The proprietors of thirteen book and job printing offices and newspapers in Washington City have signed a paper stating that from and after the 2d of August they will not be governed by the rules and regulations of the Columbia Typographical Union, deeming them onerous and detrimental to private printing in the District.

Twenty-two persons, of which number sixteen were boys, were badly burned at Newark, Ohio, on the 23d, by an explosion. A test was to be made of a fire extinguisher. A building had been erected by consent of the city council, which was to be fired for the occasion. It was thoroughly saturated with coal oil. During the preparations it prematurely took fire and exploded.

A dispatch from London, under date of July 25, says: "In accordance with notices given by the cotton masters of Ashton, Stanley's Bridge, Dunkenfield, and Mossley, a lockout commenced in several of the mills Saturday. Unless operatives yield by the end of the month, the mills now open will be closed, as the time of notices expires, in which case several thousand people will be thrown out of employment. Meantime the strike set on foot by operatives in Oldham goes into effect to-morrow, and will involve 100 mills and 13,000 hands. The workingmen's associations of Yorkshire, Lancashire and Cheshire have resolved to support the locked out and striking operatives."

THE SCHOOLMA'AM ABROAD.

Miss Ada Coburn, who went some four weeks since into one of the "rural districts" of Wasco county to teach school, writes an account of her trip thither, and recounts some of her experiences there, in a lengthy letter, from which we make the following extract:

I will pass over the twelve hours that succeeded my embarkation on the steamer "Oneonta" at Portland, only saying that the trip from that city to The Dalles was extremely pleasant, and that we reached the latter place in due time. Here I tarried a few days for the purpose of attending the public examination for teachers, and at the close of this, pocketing my certificate, I started on a night ride of forty-five miles.

Reached Scott's P. O. at 4 A. M., and found myself still forty-five miles from my destination. After partaking of a delicious (?) and strengthening (?) breakfast, consisting of muddy coffee and black bread, the former innocent of cream and the latter minus butter, and paying the customary four bits therefor, I climbed into the wagon of our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Reed of East Portland (who were on the way to the relief of their son, who received severe injuries from the kick of a horse some three or more weeks since, and whose destination was fortunately almost exactly my own), and all day we traveled up hill and down, beneath a scorching sun and through the densest alkali dust. Night came on and we camped twenty miles from our journey's end. Our good friends only had bedding for two, but, nothing daunted, they charitably spread it out for four—our party having been increased during the day by a young man who came to bring them tidings of their son. We passed the night shivering under our scant covering, and early in the morning again started, and reached here about eleven o'clock.

The country hereabouts is a succession of hills, beginning near The Dalles and continuing until the Blue Mountains are reached. Except a few scrubby willows along the margin of streams, and a very few dwarf pines, there is not a tree during the entire distance from The Dalles to this place—a distance of 100 miles. So, whatever else may in the future add to the wealth of this magnificent and extensive region, it is clear that it will never rival Washington Territory in lumber exports.

My post office is conveniently near, being only 55 miles away.

Hills, covered with the bunch-grass that makes Eastern Oregon the grazers' paradise, stretch for miles and miles away in every direction.

Rattlesnakes abound, and report says that several gray wolves are lurking about the neighborhood, ready to pounce upon the unwary. I haven't made their acquaintance yet, however, and trust I shall not, as I have no desire to add another "Red Riding Hood" narrative to the list of juvenile publications.

But if I have not interviewed the wolves, I have had a visit of ceremony from a rattlesnake. His snakeship made his appearance in the school-house, and crawled leisurely along until he came to a convenient hole in the floor, by which he made his exit. Emerging from under the house a few minutes thereafter, he was attacked by the larger boys of the school and ruthlessly slaughtered. He sported six rattles.

A terrific hail-storm passed over the mountains near us last Thursday. The hail-stones were many of them as large as hens' eggs, and the noise of their falling was like a continuous roar of thunder. The storm came just as school was out, and with it a fearful wind that seemed as if it would demolish the house. The creek between my present boarding-house and the school-house became so swollen that we had to hunt a new crossing some distance further up. This day [July 18] is fearfully warm. The skies seem to be of molten brass, glowing and merciless.

The people here are kind, hospitable and pleasant, the children tractable and industrious pupils, and, as a legitimate consequence, teaching is robbed of its drudgery, and becomes enjoyable pastime.

I should write very frequently, but the distance to the post office renders it tolerably certain that the letters would accumulate upon my hands with but an occasional chance of mailing them.

Time passes so rapidly and pleasantly that I have not had a chance to get homesick yet. It is possible that unless this calamity should occur, I will remain until December. Very truly,

ADA C.

The members of the Bar of the Supreme Court met in the Supreme Court-room at Salem, on the 21st inst., for the purpose of showing respect to the memory of Hon. Geo. A. La Dow, deceased, a member of said Bar, and member of Congress elect, from the State of Oregon. Suitable resolutions were framed by the committee appointed for that purpose, which were adopted and presented to the Supreme Court and ordered spread upon the records of the same. Short addresses corroborative of the high character and worth of the deceased were delivered by several eminent legal gentlemen, after which the Court adjourned until Monday afternoon, out of respect to the memory of the honored dead.

The Woman Suffrage bill was voted upon in the Connecticut House of Representatives a few days since, and lost by a vote of 82 to 102. The large vote that it received is occasion for great encouragement to the advocates of equal rights, as is also the fact that the committee to which the bill was referred reported unanimously in favor of its adoption. A few years ago a Woman Suffrage bill presented to a legislative body excited only laughter and derision; now it receives a vote which compels the respect of its opponents. Yet there are those who say that the movement is not gaining ground.

Rev. E. McAllister, of Bethel, sends a polite challenge to Rev. E. Payson Hammond to publicly discuss the following question: "*Resolved*, That the Old and New Testament alike teaches the final salvation of all mankind." The challenger wishes to take the affirmative side of the question and at the conclusion of the debate to allow the people present to decide who has the best of the argument. It is not probable that the challenge will be accepted.

The New York *Herald* announces that it will run a special train every Sunday morning to Niagara Falls, Saratoga, and other places of summer resort, for the purposes of its own distribution.

The late inundations in the south of France destroyed property to the extent of $15,000,000.