

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.

THE STATE TEMPERANCE UNION.

The annual convention of this body took place at Salem on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. The delegation, owing, doubtless, to the busy season, was not so large as usual, although a goodly number of enthusiastic workers were present. Warm debates upon political questions were had, which were finally ended by the adoption, by a vote of 28 to 10, of a resolution endorsing the action of the convention that placed Mr. Dimick in the field. What effect this endorsement is expected to have upon the election of the candidate has not yet transpired, although doubtless a number of delegates voted for it with the firm conviction that its passage would send him triumphantly to the halls of Congress.

We happened to be one of those who witnessed the pangs that ushered this Temperance Union into the world some two years since, and well remember the rueful throes of its progenitors during the momentous birth-crisis. "All political elements must be kept out," said these sagacious organizers, or rampant disorganizers, who hoped by acting upon this plan to terrify Woman Suffragists and keep the annual convention of the same from sending delegates to wait upon their noisy and polling bantling, which but for the tender mercies of women would have been choked while yet in its swaddling clothes by the nauseous pap upon which ignorant and prejudiced nurses attempted to feed it. To fence against Woman Suffragists, of whom weak-minded men stand in mortal terror, an article was incorporated into its constitution specifying minutely that the members should be composed of delegates sent from churches and temperance societies; afterward, considering Sabbath Schools harmless, non-political bodies, their delegates were admitted. No sooner had these preliminaries been arranged, and a little bunch indulged in relative to the harmony and good order that was expected to accrue from the exclusion of political questions in their temperance deliberations, than a committee on "Political Action" was appointed by the President; and to render the thing still more consistent, a woman, avowedly opposed to women dabbling in politics, was placed thereon.

The complexion of the Union has, however, changed since that period, and many staunch Woman Suffragists have been allowed to sit in its councils, although the clause in the constitution referred to would exclude them did they come accredited delegates from a suffrage society, every member of which was an earnest, conscientious laborer in the temperance reform. Forgetful or unmindful of the dire results that were foretold if political questions were introduced into the organization, this Union has, with its delegation composed exclusively of representatives from non-political bodies, half of them at least not even voters, endorsed by a vote of nearly three to one the action of a political convention. That they in so doing have transcended the bounds set for them by the founders of the organization, is plain; that they have acted without discretion or judgment in assuming prerogatives not possessed by the bodies which sent them there, is certain; that the whole thing—temperance ticket, endorsement, and all—is a farce, is apparent to everybody; and that it will result disastrously to the temperance cause in this State, does not admit of doubt.

Wounded sore At her own altars and among her friends. Will be the sorrowful inscription upon the drooping banners of temperance, as the few who rallied around it return crippled and dejected from the field, mocked by the jeers of their enemies.

Of the few actual voters who joined in forcing the convention into political action, half, at least, comprising all that portion of Democratic antecedents, really want Lane elected to Congress, and will vote for him. Their purpose, of course, to create a diversion in favor of him by drawing votes from the only candidate who is really his competitor. But apparent as this is to every person of penetration, there are some, no doubt, who will not see through it till after the election, when they will rub their eyes and stare at the beggarly list of votes for Mr. Dimick, while the fact that they have been victims of a trick will begin to dawn slowly on their foggy intellects.

Mrs. Dunway accuses the editor of the "Star" of using tobacco. We do not intend to parade our social habits before the public, but being a wife, a mother, and a woman, we have no use for tobacco.—[Star.]

We disclaim any intention of ignoring Sister Turner as editor of the Star, and thought, indeed, that we were doing her a favor to attribute divers and sundry Turnerisms which have recently appeared in that paper to their proper author. And now, if she will make it plain to us why a wife, a mother, and a woman should not have as much use for tobacco as a man, a husband, and a father has, we will apologize handsomely for being able to discern the difference between her articles and another's squibs.

The man who hides behind his wife to say things which facts will not endorse, should seek to excite sympathy and forbearance by proclaiming himself a poor lone widow, with "nine small children and one at the breast."

The petitions to the British Parliament for the woman's disabilities bill had 415,622 signatures.

"INSPIRATION RUN MAD."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Feeling an inspiration this morning, I yield to it to write. The theme is Woman Suffrage, and the question is, Is woman fit to vote? From certain aspects of this question it seems she is not. In the abstract her right cannot be denied under equal qualifications; but in the concrete there seems to be some conditions which forbid her exercise of that political function. When we see women walking the streets with skirts trailing on the sidewalk, sweeping and swabbing over the filth, the question arises, are such absurd and ridiculous creatures fit to vote? In rationality and comfort, excepting the clog shoes, the dresses of the women of the "heathen Chinese" amongst us are far in advance of the swabbers of our own people today. What could be expected from the votes of women who are so easily led to the adoption of such strange, barbarous, clownish, absurd and ridiculous fashions? Such women could be led by the nose by designing politicians to vote anything, however unjust or absurd, for any person who can show no more of reason or common sense than is shown today in the dresses of American women are only fit subjects of guardianship. Our institutions under the molding and management of men alone are unjust and absurd enough, but what would they be when brought under the influence of the reason, sense and judgment, or the lack of them, as shown in the foolish fashions of women? They may be as well qualified to vote as the ignorant negroes, though that may be questionable, for the negroes never adopted such absurd fashions. But the policy of allowing either to vote before showing at least a degree of development in the rational faculties is a question. (Here my inspiration suddenly collapsed).

One thing we most cordially commend about this "inspiration," and that is its sudden and hopeless collapse. What a blessed thing it is to live in a free country, to be sure! Here is a man who admires the dress of the "heathen Chinese" women because of its "rationality and comfort," and no one has a right to say to him, "Nay." Becoming thoroughly imbued with the spirit of "inspiration," he dubs the fashions of today (ladies' fashions) as "strange, barbarous, clownish, absurd and ridiculous," and in this connection pertinently, or impertinently asks, "What is to be expected of their votes?" We may perhaps try to enlighten his inspired vision upon that point, when further inspiration enables him to show the relevancy between dresses and ballots.

"American women are only fit subjects of guardianship," asserts our correspondent; but he is provokingly reticent on the subject of where "fit guardians" are to be found. This oversight is doubtless owing to the "sudden collapse of his inspiration." "What," he asks, "would be the condition of our institutions under the influence of the reason, sense and judgment of women, as shown in their foolish fashions?" Echo answers, what? We, waiting until the buzzing caused by the fury of the question dies away, timidly suggest for the consolation of the questioner, that women, so far as we know, have no intention of putting "our institutions" into petticoats—ballots or no ballots.

"Negroes have never adopted such absurd fashions," he declares. No; but while men have, we answer, and for proof point him to the pictures of the statesmen of the first days of the Republic; old Ben. Franklin, political sage and economist, with his powdered hair, immense shirt ruffles and snuff-box; the "Father of his Country," with his knee-breeches, stunning shoes, buckles, swallow-tailed coat, and long, silk stockings. How does the dress of these shining lights in the nation's history compare in rationality and comfort, "not excepting the clog shoes," with that of the "heathen Chinese?"

We quite agree with our correspondent that the "policy of allowing any one to vote, before showing at least a degree of development in the rational faculties," is a question, and while we thus agree, we feel sure that were the question decided in the negative, many who now boast and swagger and drink with ballots in their hands, would take their places in the ranks with silly women who trail yards of dry goods after them along the filthy streets, and have "all the rights they want."

Trades against fashion are not new, nor always the result of "inspiration." Men inveigh against fashions on paper, because it sounds nicely, and pay court to fashionably dressed women because they look nicely. In the meantime, fashions change, and men and women adopt them, and the world jogs on in this respect pretty much as it did a century ago.

Speaking of an effort proposed to get a Woman Suffrage bill through the Legislature of Washington Territory, a correspondent writes: "A convention of the Territorial Association will probably be called by our President, Mrs. Brown, about the time that the Legislature convenes. Our efforts may result in something, and in any event it is well to keep the ball rolling from year to year. It gathers weight and momentum as it proceeds, and will hit the mark sometime, whether soon or late." We hope our friends will make a strong and consistent fight for their liberties before the honorable body that justly or unjustly holds them in charge.

"WOMAN'S ABILITY TO KEEP SECRETS."

WE find the following in an Eastern journal:

Colfax has faith in woman's ability to keep a secret. He says, "Out of the sixty thousand women who have belonged to the order of the Daughters of Rebecca, he had never known one to break faith; and he protested against the miserable, worn-out, stereotyped theory of the world, that woman cannot keep a secret."

A "miserable, worn-out, stereotyped theory" indeed, and one that has been refuted thousands of times by women who have suffered lives of neglect or abuse in silence, and have gone down to their graves making no sign. Keep a secret! What woman, pray, ever told a secret that did not come to her from her husband, and to him from some other man? That there are women, frivolous, chattering creatures, who talk more than is for the peace and well-being of the community, is as lamentable a fact as that there are men who congregate at corner groceries and do the same. If such men or such women tell "secrets," it is the fault of those who confide them to their keeping, a thing of which persons of average discernment are rarely guilty.

Women, from their ready sympathies and quick intuitions, make the best and most reliable of confidants, as any man who has ever been in trouble knows, and notwithstanding the threadbare slur at women as "leaky vessels," men naturally and safely confide alike their sorrows and head and heart to women, because they are readiest with sympathy, quickest in appreciation, and safest in counsel.

That a man may occasionally be vapid enough to confide some item of gossip, or some paltry love affair, to a chatterbox of the feminine gender, and afterwards find himself the victim of misplaced confidence, is not so strange, since both men and women will sometimes speak when they had better keep silence; but it proves nothing more nor less than that he and she were alike lacking in due appreciation of the golden virtue of silence, and he, at least, in discernment.

Sixty thousand women who have taken the degree of Rebecca, and never one to break faith; and this in view of the fact that their exclusion from the chief degrees of the order, shows a lack of confidence in their integrity by those of all others who have tested and proven them above suspicion.

If ever women would be justifiable in "breaking faith," it certainly would be when men thus publicly betray the lack of confidence in their good sense, judgment and integrity, which is displayed by cooking up a "side degree" for their education, while carefully guarding the "secrets" of the order from their knowledge. Surely, if they keep faith when they are thus distrusted, it is fair to presume that full confidence would receive a perfect reward.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. T. Kalama: Note received. Shall be glad to see you at the time mentioned.

D. D. S. Albany: All right, and thanks for prompt response. Hope better times are coming for us all.

J. S. Brownville: Paper changed as directed. Accept our thanks for your compliments and promise to work for the NEW NORTHWEST.

Mrs. M. M. B. Corvallis: Place and hour of meeting is yet to be decided upon. Presume, however, that those in authority will attend to it in ample time.

O. P. H. Pioneer: We must decline to excite "fun" by cumbering our columns with the articles you refer to. Trash is trash, whether written by Spiritualists, Free Thinkers or orthodox Christians, and it all goes into the waste basket together. This is certainly fair, and leaves no room for complaint from disciples of either faith.

Hon. W. R. Dunbar, G. W. C. T., returned from Olympia last week, whither he had been in attendance upon the Grand Lodge of Washington Territory. He reports the condition of the order within the jurisdiction of his own Grand Lodge as extremely flourishing, while indications point to the same state of affairs regarding Washington Territory. He doesn't seem to be lending a hand at stirring the political pot now bubbling with such conglomerate contents, and if a politician, is wise or witty enough to keep his own counsel. His work in the field during the past year has been of incalculable benefit to the order which he represents.

The Grand Lodge of Independent Order of Good Templars in Iowa, at the session just closed, passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That we believe that it will be conducive to the best interests of the temperance cause of the State and of the nation, that every woman in our land, upon arriving at the age of twenty years, have equal right to vote as men.

Tally one for the Grand Lodge of Iowa. When the Grand Lodge of Oregon has sufficient stamina to thus declare for the right, the temperance element in the State may take courage.

The Woman's Congress will this year convene at Syracuse, New York, on the 14th and 15th of October. It is expected that the American Woman Suffrage Association will hold their annual meeting at New York City, on the week following. This latter is, however, subject to the engagements of the President, Bishop Gilbert Haven, who is now in Idaho. Preparations for both these meetings are going forward with enthusiasm.

All the amendments to the New Jersey constitution were carried at the last election by from 40,000 to 50,000 majority. The distribution of tickets against them in all the Catholic churches of the State seems to have had no effect whatever.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Seattle, queen city of Puget Sound—where two weeks since this correspondence closed—was bright with the glow of myriads of lamps, and overshadowed by the silver-spangled mantle of night, as we bade good-bye to loved friends, hearkened a moment to their fervent "God speed," and hurried to the wharf where panting lay the steamer, ready to convey us to Olympia. The trip being taken in the night, all objects of interest were shut from view; no, not all, for we watched with admiration akin to awe the brilliant path in our vessel's wake, thinking as we gazed of the fabled serpents of the sea that

"Moved in tracks of shining white, And when they reared the elfish light, Fell off in hoary flakes."

Midnight found us reluctant to shut out so much beauty, but remembering that on the morrow we should be anxious to use our eyes to some purpose spying out the loveliness of yet other scenes, we took counsel of prudence and retired.

Morning dawned, and the vessel was moored at Olympia. Making a hasty toilet we were soon upon the dock, viewing the "mud flats" glistening in the morning sun, and waiting patiently for the fickle tide to stretch across them her magic mantle of sparkling waters.

If Seattle is the most thriving city of the Sound, Olympia is the most cozy and homelike. The newness that is so apparent in her sister towns, is not here seen. The steady, settled appearance of her streets, the quiet, orderly and measured tread of her inhabitants, her measured homes embowered in trees whose branches were heavily laden with fruits brushed by the golden touch of autumn, all spoke of quiet respectability and placid contentment born of time and culture.

A walk of an hour through the city and about its environs disclosed much that was beautiful and grand, and over all brooded the same spirit of quietude so grateful to those who are tired of "life's endless toil and endeavor."

Olympia did not escape the speculations and disappointments of terminus seekers, many of its most prominent citizens indulging largely in the former, and quietly submitting to the latter.

Five newspapers are here published, which, together with the fact that the NEW NORTHWEST weekly visits very many of these lovely homes, proves conclusively that the inmates thereof, as well as the denizens of the city generally, are not only generous but progressive, and well posted in passing events.

Whether owing to the fact that the editorial labors of the week were completed, or to the early hour of our call, we failed to find the knights of the quill who preside over the columns of the Standard and Courier, and leaving our compliments with the obliging and gentlemanly foreman of the latter office, we bowed ourselves out, and turned our steps toward "Tumwater."

A walk of a mile, perhaps more—very pleasant at all events—and we were in sound of the glistening waters of the Deschutes, as they leap from point to point and ledge to ledge of rocks, forming a succession of cataracts that gives a picturesque beauty to the place, and is utilized in turning great wheels that set in rapid motion voracious saws that devour with noisy gusto huge relics of the "forest primeval."

A more quaint and comfortable spot for a summer's rest and recreation than this village of Tumwater could not well be conceived. Sanguine terminus-hunters several years ago here invested in real estate, upon which they built many "fair castles" too fragile to withstand the corroding fingers of time; and over the place once peopled with a swarming population by the imaginations of enthusiasts, solitude and silence—broken only by the music of the fall—hold undisputed sway, while a wondrous beauty encompasses alike nesting homes, sounding waters and silent streets.

A delightful evening with friends of olden time was succeeded by a night of refreshing slumber, and this in turn by a morning of drizzling, lowering gloom. Nothing daunted, however, by the forbidding prospect, we quickly donned our apparel, tied a blue veil over our ears, muffled up well in cloak and shawl, and with skirts well in hand waited for the stage. We stood there proudly conscious that nothing was lacking to complete our outfit as a genuine pilgrim of the "strong-minded" literary type but the traditional blue cotton "umbriel," which unfortunately did not accompany our luggage.

The stage arrived in due time, more crowded than ever was a Broadway omnibus, for there was not room for even one more passenger, so we retraced our steps, doffed our toggery, shook out our skirts and spent the day in reading, chatting and rest, in one of the sweetest homes in Christendom.

On the morrow we were more fortunate in securing a seat, having, with the exception of one genial fellow-passenger, the stage entirely to ourselves. Through dense timber, and over some of the beautiful "mound prairies" of Washington Territory, beautiful even in their barren desolation, we rode, speculating now upon the opinions of Agassiz and others relative to the wonderful mounds that rose in uniform elevation on either hand upon the bosom of the prairie—again contemplating with admiration the industry and enthusiasm of those who graded and formed a road-bed for a railway from Olympia to Tenino, and in due time the fifteen miles which divides the two places were overcome, the last-named place was reached, and we changed the bumping, thumping stage-coach for the slow-going train of the Northern Pacific, which was waiting to bear us to Kalama.

Annihilating time and space—especially the former—we finally reached the place last named, and embarking on the steamer "Welcome," looked Portland-ward with longing eyes. The

MUSINGS ON SCIENCE AND ART.

NUMBER FOUR. BY O. F. MASON.

Jupiter is as large as one thousand four hundred worlds the size of ours, and he appears to us only as an ordinary star, and with reference to this earth, or the beings which inhabit it, we can attach to him no great importance. His light is so trifling that we are unable to perceive its benefit, and were he blotted from existence we should not feel the loss, and as for heat, we receive none from him. If this earth is the only inhabited spot in vast creation, all suns, systems, planets and stars were created for its benefit alone, then we must acknowledge that the benefit we receive from Jupiter, in light or heat, is a full recompense in the economy of nature to have placed him there; we must assert that it became necessary that a planet of his proportions should occupy his position in the grand system in order to counterpoise the universe and maintain the equilibrium of the planets by his attracting influence, or we must accept the other proposition that he was created for and does sustain a population of sentient beings. If not inhabited, why has he been given four beautiful silvery moons to light him in his onward course, so arranged by some inexplicable law that all cannot possibly be on the same side of him at once, whilst this earth of ours with its millions of inhabitants has been assigned but one? What benefit can be assigned to these moons with reference to this earth? They are invisible to the naked eye; we receive neither light nor heat from them, and they must be, as far as we are concerned, perfectly useless. To him, peopled by myriads of intelligent beings, their uses and purposes are at once obvious; during all his long rounds, his nights are lightened by the silvery rays of two or more of them. What a beautiful habitation for man! Like our earth, we know he has his oceans, lakes and rivers, his mountains, valleys and plains, and is surrounded by an atmosphere. We then may justly conclude that he has animals, vegetables and minerals, perhaps on a grander scale than we can imagine; that his valleys and mountain sides are clothed with vegetation, his waters teem with life, and his mountains abound in mineral wealth. Can we, with justice to a Deity, suppose that whilst this small earth (a smaller planet of the system), is so peculiarly adapted to the wants and requirements of man, that there, with all the similarity of circumstance, in barrenness and desolation, this immense planet rolls his mighty rounds from year to year? That whilst from our earth songs of praise and prayer are raised to heaven from intelligent beings, that there no sound has ever broken upon the solemn stillness of eternal gloom? that no sweet notes of warbling choristers ever enlivened the stillness of the green forests and shady groves? that his morning breaks and his day comes on in solemn stillness, and a bright sun sheds his genial rays upon barren wastes and blackened mountains, void of life? that in eternal silence, without one living creature in all his vast domains, he rolls his mighty rounds from year to year?

LETTER FROM CANYONVILLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

A few items from Canyonville may not be interesting to you, therefore I hurriedly submit the following:

Having received my commission as State Deputy from our Grand Worthy Chief Templar, I commenced my labors in that capacity by delivering a temperance lecture on the 18th inst., at Day's Creek, seven miles east of this place. A large audience was in attendance, and of the interest manifested you can judge by the fact that I succeeded in organizing a lodge with thirty-seven charter members, a few days thereafter. I have an appointment to lecture on Cow Creek on the 30th inst., where I hope to organize a lodge.

The saloon men got the better of us on their petitions for license last court. We did our best, but they beat us two to one. There are therefore three saloons flourishing under the protection of law in Canyonville. I think we will defeat them next year, if the good work goes on as now.

Canyonville contains three stores, two blacksmith shops, one wagon shop, a cabinet shop, two hotels, a church, and about 200 inhabitants. We have also a good school with about 80 students in attendance. No rain has fallen in this locality as yet this fall, consequently it is very dry and smoky, and withal somewhat sickly, typhoid fever being the prevailing disease.

The temperance ticket will receive but slight support in this locality. We do not think that the temperance convention displayed wisdom or prudence in placing a candidate before the people at this time. The temperance element should be fed and fostered by every true lover of the cause, until it becomes sufficiently strong to go before the people with a surety, or at least a chance of success. The contest in this and Jackson county will be between Warren and Lane.

Canyonville, Or., Sept. 24, 1875.

RECENT EVENTS.

A Paris special says the Prince Imperial is to make a tour of the world, ostensibly for health, but really for political reasons.

The work of setting headstones at the graves of soldiers and sailors interred at Cypress Hill Cemetery, Long Island, was completed on the 29th.

Private subscriptions to the amount of \$16,400 were forwarded from New York, by telegraph, to the sufferers by the recent devastating storms in Texas.

Secretary Delano has returned to Washington for the purpose of closing his official and private business. The name of his successor is not yet announced.

A dispatch from the Swedish Arctic expedition reports its arrival at Hammerfest, Norway. All the officers and men were well. An important map and scientific collections have been made.

A heavy snow-storm in the vicinity of Silver City, New Mexico, occurred on the 25th. Snow fell to the depth of seven inches for a distance of ten miles. Eastern mails were delayed nine hours.

It is announced that the Young Men's Christian Association have leased Gilmore's Garden for the winter, and that Moody and Sankey will begin a series of revival meetings November 1st, which are to continue all winter.

Work in the factories at Fall River, Mass., began on the morning of the 27th. The operatives, as they presented themselves at the mills, were asked if they would or would not sign the agreement. Those who would not were sent away, and those signing passed into the mills. R. Borden's mill started up with 700 looms, and with a full complement of spinners and spoolers, and the carding-room nearly full. About 8:30 o'clock some thousand operatives marched down to the yard, but were met by the superintendent and overseer of the weaving department, whom they stoned, but were kept at bay, and the gate closed against them. This intimidated a large number of weavers, who then left the mill, and it is running about 350 looms.

Harper's Magazine for October is more of an attractive number. It opens with a beautiful idyll of country life, contributed by Jean Ingelow, and gracefully illustrated with six pictures by Sol. Eytinge, Jr. A richly illustrated article, entitled "The Land of Lakes," describes Minnesota—its resources, natural scenery, and its principal cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis. Of short stories, this number has an unusual variety. Charles D. Deshier recounts a characteristic story of Southern life, for which Mr. Eytinge has made two excellent illustrations. William Mackay, one of the most brilliant contributors to Punch, in "The Popular Idol," tells a downright humorous story of his romantic adventures in Ireland. Mrs. Frank McCarthy contributes "A Fair of Scales;" and Louise Chandler Moulton, "Bertha's Experiment." Besides Jean Ingelow's poem, there are also poetical contributions by J. W. DeForest, A. H. Louis, F. W. Boardman, Nelly M. Hutchinson, L. W. Backus, and A. F. The editorial department admirably covers their respective fields.

MUSINGS ON SCIENCE AND ART.

NUMBER FOUR. BY O. F. MASON.

Jupiter is as large as one thousand four hundred worlds the size of ours, and he appears to us only as an ordinary star, and with reference to this earth, or the beings which inhabit it, we can attach to him no great importance. His light is so trifling that we are unable to perceive its benefit, and were he blotted from existence we should not feel the loss, and as for heat, we receive none from him. If this earth is the only inhabited spot in vast creation, all suns, systems, planets and stars were created for its benefit alone, then we must acknowledge that the benefit we receive from Jupiter, in light or heat, is a full recompense in the economy of nature to have placed him there; we must assert that it became necessary that a planet of his proportions should occupy his position in the grand system in order to counterpoise the universe and maintain the equilibrium of the planets by his attracting influence, or we must accept the other proposition that he was created for and does sustain a population of sentient beings. If not inhabited, why has he been given four beautiful silvery moons to light him in his onward course, so arranged by some inexplicable law that all cannot possibly be on the same side of him at once, whilst this earth of ours with its millions of inhabitants has been assigned but one? What benefit can be assigned to these moons with reference to this earth? They are invisible to the naked eye; we receive neither light nor heat from them, and they must be, as far as we are concerned, perfectly useless. To him, peopled by myriads of intelligent beings, their uses and purposes are at once obvious; during all his long rounds, his nights are lightened by the silvery rays of two or more of them. What a beautiful habitation for man! Like our earth, we know he has his oceans, lakes and rivers, his mountains, valleys and plains, and is surrounded by an atmosphere. We then may justly conclude that he has animals, vegetables and minerals, perhaps on a grander scale than we can imagine; that his valleys and mountain sides are clothed with vegetation, his waters teem with life, and his mountains abound in mineral wealth. Can we, with justice to a Deity, suppose that whilst this small earth (a smaller planet of the system), is so peculiarly adapted to the wants and requirements of man, that there, with all the similarity of circumstance, in barrenness and desolation, this immense planet rolls his mighty rounds from year to year? That whilst from our earth songs of praise and prayer are raised to heaven from intelligent beings, that there no sound has ever broken upon the solemn stillness of eternal gloom? that no sweet notes of warbling choristers ever enlivened the stillness of the green forests and shady groves? that his morning breaks and his day comes on in solemn stillness, and a bright sun sheds his genial rays upon barren wastes and blackened mountains, void of life? that in eternal silence, without one living creature in all his vast domains, he rolls his mighty rounds from year to year?

Every thing has been designed for a purpose, whether or not visible to our understanding. May we not reasonably conclude that similar things exist in other parts of creation? Can we suppose that our earth, beautified and enlivened by all the grand designs of nature that elevate and ennoble man, is the only favored spot in all that vast creation of worlds? that on other planets, instead of beauty and sublime grandeur, reigns eternal desolation, where no flower has ever bloomed to shed its fragrance on the air, and no sound of voice in prayer or praise has ever broken the eternal stillness of the scene, and that they sweep their trackless rounds in silence from year to year?

Every thing has been designed for a purpose, whether or not visible to our understanding. May we not reasonably conclude that similar things exist in other parts of creation? Can we suppose that our earth, beautified and enlivened by all the grand designs of nature that elevate and ennoble man, is the only favored spot in all that vast creation of worlds? that on other planets, instead of beauty and sublime grandeur, reigns eternal desolation, where no flower has ever bloomed to shed its fragrance on the air, and no sound of voice in prayer or praise has ever broken the eternal stillness of the scene, and that they sweep their trackless rounds in silence from year to year?

Relative to the preparations going forward for the State Fair, the Statesman says: As the time approaches for the great exhibition of the Oregon State Agricultural Society for 1875, workmen are busily engaged in preparing the grounds, New wells are being dug, the old ones cleaned, and new pumps fitted, to secure if possible an abundance of good water. The executive committee have partially completed arrangements for sprinkling the road from the bridge near the factory to the fair grounds, and about the same; and in this particular, as in all others, no effort will be spared to make the occasion in every respect a pleasant one. The frame of the new grand stand has been erected, and the building will be finished by the contractor during the next ten days. New booths are about ready for business, and carpenters are employed on the new theater building, a good covering of calumine, which gives the grounds an entering the gates a cheerful and thrifty appearance. Two weeks for preparation still remain, and in that time, with the force employed, the fair grounds within the enclosure, will hardly be recognized by those familiar with the dilapidated buildings, filth and rubbish of former years.

The State Temperance Convention, which closed its labors in this city on Wednesday last, was a severe joke on political conventions. A handful of Lane's friends were determined to unite the Republican portion of the Temperance party on Rev. Mr. Dimick, while they would of course vote their Democratic ticket; and, to stiffen up the forces, a question of voting the ticket was forced before the convention, and but few actual voters agreed to vote the ticket. The Democrats in that meeting will all vote for Lane, but a few Republicans who cannot yet see through the trick will vote for Mr. Dimick. No temperance man or woman can object to Mr. Warren, and, knowing that each vote for Dimick is equivalent to one for Mr. Lane, how can people making such professions do what they foreknow the effect?—Statesman.

MUSINGS ON SCIENCE AND ART.

NUMBER FOUR. BY O. F. MASON.

Jupiter is as large as one thousand four hundred worlds the size of ours, and he appears to us only as an ordinary star, and with reference to this earth, or the beings which inhabit it, we can attach to him no great importance. His light is so trifling that we are unable to perceive its benefit, and were he blotted from existence we should not feel the loss, and as for heat, we receive none from him. If this earth is the only inhabited spot in vast creation, all suns, systems, planets and stars were created for its benefit alone, then we must acknowledge that the benefit we receive from Jupiter, in light or heat, is a full recompense in the economy of nature to have placed him there; we must assert that it became necessary that a planet of his proportions should occupy his position in the grand system in order to counterpoise the universe and maintain the equilibrium of the planets by his attracting influence, or we must accept the other proposition that he was created for and does sustain a population of sentient beings. If not inhabited, why has he been given four beautiful silvery moons to light him in his onward course, so arranged by some inexplicable law that all cannot possibly be on the same side of him at once, whilst this earth of ours with its millions of inhabitants has been assigned but one? What benefit can be assigned to these moons with reference to this earth? They are invisible to the naked eye; we receive neither light nor heat from them, and they must be, as far as we are concerned, perfectly useless. To him, peopled by myriads of intelligent beings, their uses and purposes are at once obvious; during all his long rounds, his nights are lightened by the silvery rays of two or more of them. What a beautiful habitation for man! Like our earth, we know he has his oceans, lakes and rivers, his mountains, valleys and plains, and is surrounded by an atmosphere. We then may justly conclude that he has animals, vegetables and minerals, perhaps on a grander scale than we can imagine; that his valleys and mountain sides are clothed with vegetation, his waters teem with life, and his mountains abound in mineral wealth. Can we, with justice to a Deity, suppose that whilst this small earth (a smaller planet of the system), is so peculiarly adapted to the wants and requirements of man, that there, with all the similarity of circumstance, in barrenness and desolation, this immense planet rolls his mighty rounds from year to year? That whilst from our earth songs of praise and prayer are raised to heaven from intelligent beings, that there no sound has ever broken upon the solemn stillness of eternal gloom? that no sweet notes of warbling choristers ever enlivened the stillness of the green forests and shady groves? that his morning breaks and his day comes on in solemn stillness, and a bright sun sheds his genial rays upon barren wastes and blackened mountains, void of life? that in eternal silence, without one living creature in all his vast domains, he rolls his mighty rounds from year to year?

Every thing has been designed for a purpose, whether or not visible to our understanding. May we not reasonably conclude that similar things exist in other parts of creation? Can we suppose that our earth, beautified and enlivened by all the grand designs of nature that elevate and ennoble man, is the only favored spot in all that vast creation of worlds? that on other planets, instead of beauty and sublime grandeur, reigns eternal desolation, where no flower has ever bloomed to shed its fragrance on the air, and no sound of voice in prayer or praise has ever broken the eternal stillness of the scene, and that they sweep their trackless rounds in silence from year to year?

Relative to the preparations going forward for the State Fair, the Statesman says: As the time approaches for the great exhibition of the Oregon State Agricultural Society for 1875, workmen are busily engaged in preparing the grounds, New wells are being dug, the old ones cleaned, and new pumps fitted, to secure if possible an abundance of good water. The executive committee have partially completed arrangements for sprinkling the road from the bridge near the factory to the fair grounds, and about the same; and in this particular, as in all others, no effort will be spared to make the occasion in every respect a pleasant one. The frame of the new grand stand has been erected, and the building will be finished by the contractor during the next ten days. New booths are about ready for business, and carpenters are employed on the new theater building, a good covering of calumine, which gives the grounds an entering the gates a cheerful and thrifty appearance. Two weeks for preparation still remain, and in that time, with the force employed, the fair grounds within the enclosure, will hardly be recognized by those familiar with the dilapidated buildings, filth and rubbish of former years.

The State Temperance Convention, which closed its labors in this city on Wednesday last, was a severe joke on political conventions. A handful of Lane's friends were determined to unite the Republican portion of the Temperance party on Rev. Mr. Dimick, while they would of course vote their Democratic ticket; and, to stiffen up the forces, a question of voting the ticket was forced before the convention, and but few actual voters agreed to vote the ticket. The Democrats in that meeting will all vote for Lane, but a few Republicans who cannot yet see through the trick will vote for Mr. Dimick. No temperance man or woman can object to Mr. Warren, and, knowing that each vote for Dimick is equivalent to one for Mr. Lane, how can people making such professions do what they foreknow the effect?—Statesman.