

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.

"HIS ONLY FAULT."

Scarcely a week passes but our eyes are greeted by the above words tacked on to a tale of suffering, or closing the recital of a wasted life ended mercifully by a premature death. "His only fault," but it kept his family for years in abject poverty; caused the tears of care to "fret channels in the cheeks" of his wife; drove the rosy bloom of childhood from the faces of his children, and established in its stead the nervous palor of fear; brought the resolves and aspirations of his young manhood under groveling subjection to his appetite, and finally obliterated them; consigned the gray hairs of his mother to the grave, and laid the hopes of his father low. "His only fault," but itself the progenitor of cruelty and sorrow and want and woe to all who loved him.

Only a few days ago we heard it remarked concerning a man who, for a decade, has lain in a drunkard's grave beneath the soil of an adjacent county, that "he was the best one of the family, if he had only the liquor alone."

Al! but that little word, with its subsequent sentence, tells why his children have, during all the years of their boyhood, been deprived of their rightful heritage—a father's love—and left to run like colts about the waste, while their mother, broken in health and spirit, has toiled now at the wash-tub, now at the needle, and now over the cook-stove for their maintenance. But we need not go even to an adjoining county for examples of what this "only fault" can do. Hearken to a recital taken from one of the daily papers of our city a few days since. After rehearsing as a matter of news the fact that a woman had attempted to drown herself by jumping into the river at Albina, her rescue by the captain of the ferry-boat, who fortunately, or unfortunately, happened to be near, her conveyance to the city jail by the police, her chilled, despairing and desperate condition, and her plea to return home, the recital concludes with these words:

We are informed that on last Sunday evening, Sullivan, the husband of the woman, got drunk and whipped her shamefully, and that they had family trouble again yesterday, when she left home, and, running down to the river, leaped in. The people live in Albina, and the husband and father is blacksmith by trade. He is said to be a very industrious man, his only fault being a love for strong drink.

Thousands of women suffer through lives devoid of every blessing not only the untold agonies of body and mind that no pen can portray, but bear, in addition to these, the taunt which almost universally assails a drunkard's wife—"she does not make his home pleasant." How, in the name of charity and common sense, can a woman render pleasant a home where this "only fault" is pampered and indulged by her husband, and pitied and condoned by his friends? It is easy enough to theorize, but when a woman attempts to reduce these theories to practice with only poverty and a drunken husband for aids, she finds it a different matter. We have seen it tried often enough to be convinced that loving kindness, patience, and forgiveness, though a heavenly trio, are, in nine cases out of ten, powerless to eradicate, or even, in many instances, to render endurable "his only fault."

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican State Convention, which met in this city on Wednesday, made the following nominations: For Congress, Hon. Richard Williams, of Multnomah county; for Presidential Electors, W. H. Odell, of Lane, Dr. J. W. Watts, of Yamhill, and J. C. Cartwright, of Wasco county. J. C. Tolman was elected delegate to the National Convention from the First Judicial District, B. C. Van Houten from the Second, J. H. Foster from the Third, J. B. David from the Fourth, and H. K. Hines from the Fifth. H. W. Scott and J. J. Montgomery were nominated for delegates at large, and upon the first ballot being taken, the first named gentleman received 92 and the second 22 votes. This election was, upon motion, made unanimous.

The Convention adopted a resolution declaring their choice of Blaine for President. After short speeches by several of the candidates and others, the Convention adjourned with three rousing cheers for the ticket.

LINN COUNTY W. S. ASSOCIATION.

The Linn County W. S. Association met at the house of Mrs. L. M. Putnam April 15th and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, David D. Gray; Vice-President, Mrs. James Foster; Treasurer, Dr. Crawford; Recording Secretary, Mrs. D. L. E. Luper; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. L. M. Putnam; Executive Committee, Mrs. M. E. Crawford, Mrs. C. L. F. Linn, Mr. A. Pierre, Mrs. L. A. Parton, Mrs. A. Johnson. The meetings of the Association will be held hereafter on the second Monday evening of each month at 7:30 o'clock. The next will convene at the house of Mrs. L. A. Parton.

Mr. Gladstone once said, in referring to those laws where the interests of men and women are opposed: "It is impossible not to see that the law does much less than justice to women, and that women suffer great hardships through this injustice, and that any man who can devise a plan by which this injustice shall be set right, must be considered a great benefactor."

DRIVEN TO THE WALL.

A lady of Chicago, Mrs. Langley, recently made a tour of the medical institutions of that city, to find out why women were not received in them as students. Many and various as were the excuses given, they were uniformly of so trivial a character as to show to what extremes our brethren are reduced to keep up the semblance of their supremacy.

A professor at one college admitted that they had refused twenty-five women already, and had lost seventeen men students thereby. Another declared that they had no room for women, and looked the confusion he could not utter, when pointed to the paragraph in the college circular, which states that "the lecture rooms, laboratory and dissecting rooms are all ample." Yet another prominent physician said, as an excuse for such refusal: "Well, I tell you, medical students are a set of rowdies; they would hiss and whoop, and the lady students could not endure it." To this rather astounding declaration, Mrs. Langley replied: "And are such the men you send out, year after year, with the recommendation of this institution as persons worthy to be received into our families, entrusted with the lives of our dear ones, and admitted to the bedside of women under the most trying circumstances?"

This was, of course, a poser for the learned advocate of the exclusive rights of men to monopolize the medical learning of the world. It is, indeed, an easy task to drive to the wall those who argue that women, though connected with men in every department of life, are to be kept in ignorance of many of its most vital problems, because of their sex. And in view of the fact that the treatment of the manifold diseases that afflict woman only are of a nature to demand treatment from women themselves, the cry of indelicacy raised by those who oppose the medical education of woman is far-fetched, irrelevant, and impertinent. If there is any disgrace connected with the matter—which we deny—it surely lies not more in the scientific pursuit of knowledge together than in the relations of physician and patient which men and women hold so frequently toward each other.

True modesty will not put on the simpler and bluish of assumed ignorance either at the couch of pain or in the lecture-room of a medical institution, but will deal with the necessities imposed by suffering and disease always with quiet, respectful consideration and attention.

SARGENT ON THE CHINESE.

Senator Sargent made a speech in the United States Senate on the Chinese question on the 29th, setting forth the evils that had already resulted and depicting the greater evils that would result to the people of the Pacific Coast, and especially to those of California, unless the present treaty with China were modified. He quoted the testimony of Rev. Otis Gibson, missionary of the Methodist Church for ten years in China and for ten years past in San Francisco, to the effect that the number of Chinese on the Pacific Coast is 150,000; of this number 100,000 are in California, 30,000 being in San Francisco alone, and said that in all this number there were not 100 families. After an exhaustive review of the evils that the presence of such large numbers of these people entail upon a community, the Senator concluded with an earnest appeal to the Government to take some steps to stay the sorrowful scourge.

This is going to work in a proper manner, and one which will probably prove effective. Mob violence and inflammatory speech can do no good while our nation is under solemn treaty stipulations to treat this class of immigrants in the same way that those from other foreign nations are treated. The matter having been brought before Congress in the most forcible light, it now only remains for that august body to prepare a speedy, legal, and just remedy for the evils of which complaint is made.

When the Lafayette Courier pockets the insult which Bradshaw offered to the women of Yamhill county in the last Legislature, or so completely winks at it as to declare that this old fossil "served that county with honor and credit" therein, we are forced to the reluctant conclusion that some men either haven't the sense to know when their wives, mothers, and sisters are insulted, or the courage and manliness to resent it. Not content with misrepresenting one-half of the people of that county in the legislature of 1874, he grossly maligned them, as the editor quoted well knows, yet, when the party lash descends, he cringes and drops into the ranks, bestowing fulsome laudation where well-merited rebuke is demanded.

We had intended to convince the editor of the Bee that it was the dispenser of "bees-whacks," and not the "woman's rights organ" that was temporarily dwelling in a latitude too tropical for comfort, but he, taking counsel of prudence, retires, using his flu. Inasmuch as we had not intended to "enter into a discussion of the Chinese question" with him, his refusal to enter into such discussion with us is somewhat premature. We beg he will be composed. We never strike after an adversary has cried for quarter.

Mrs. Dunlavy was, at last accounts, at Seattle. We have had no direct communication from her for a week past, but learn incidentally that she lectured in that city on Wednesday evening on the subject of "Temperance." Look out for a long chapter of "Editorial Correspondence" next week.

Hon. A. R. Burbank, Republican candidate for State Senator from Yamhill county, commands universal respect, and is, in every regard, the antipodes of his opponent. The voters of Yamhill of course intend to elect him.

A RESPIRE FROM BUSINESS.

Encouraged by the few beaming glances that Old Sol condescended to shed up upon the earth, we, on Thursday afternoon of last week, resolved to take a run up to the embryo "Lowell of the Pacific," and among old scenes and associations forget for a time the calls for "copy" that have spoiled so many of our day-dreams during the past two years.

Thanks to the accommodations of the express train, one is now able to accomplish a good day's work and take a pleasure trip on the same day; so a very short space of time intervened between our good-byes at home and our greetings with friends of "Ye olden time," whom we found in waiting to accompany us a few miles away into the deep-green country. Turning toward the steps that surmount the walls of rock that stand in their grim grandeur frowning upon the habitations below, we found them—not very briskly—but in due time find ourselves, panting and breathless, upon the summit, quite surprised to behold so much of a city before us. Cozy dwelling-houses nestle in their white beauty amongst great boulders gray and lichen-grown which erewhile held either solitary possession or shared it with the squalid bark-covered huts of the Indians.

Mourning upon one of these boulders, we took a survey of the scene and pondered over the changes that the years had wrought since once upon a time we had come to this romantic spot as a most unromantic errand, i. e., to get an aged woman who lived hard by to weave a rag carpet which we had cut and sewed for weeks to make ready for her loom. Our glance toward this picture, then toward that, was, however, speedily cut short by the arrival of a horse saddle for our use, and we became conscious that we must delve still deeper into the past to resurrect our long-unused knowledge of equestrianism. If the rag carpet remembrance had carried us back into the long ago, the act of springing into the saddle and gathering up the reins once more for a "really ride" caused us to take at least a little sip from the fabled fountain of youth, and we grew so gay as actually to receive a compliment upon our youthful appearance from a friend as we journeyed along.

Two days and three nights in the country! Only think of it! We could almost hear the grass grow and see the buds burst, as floating on the humid air came the delicious scent of budding things. The fresh south wind, albeit it came laden with great drops that were too real to be "misty," sang a song of springtime in the tops of the aged firs close by, while the piping voices of birds impatient to build their nests caught up the refrain and seemed to plead with wayward April to bestow her smiles.

Everything in this part of the country, as we presume it is elsewhere, is extremely backward. The rains have been so long-continued as to prevent plowing and seeding to any extent, yet the sturdy yeomanry, with a persistence that should and doubtless will be rewarded by a bountiful harvest, plow a few furrows now and a few then, just as the drenching showers will allow, and trust to Providence for a few bright days for seeding time.

Canemah, the beautiful Willamette on one side, the everlasting hills with all their load of rocks, waters, and woods on the other, looks just as it did fifteen years ago. The people who, in its early and more prosperous days, made themselves homes there, are too thrifty to allow them to fall into decay, and too far-sighted to expend money in improvements that from present appearances will not for a generation be worth anything. Hence, the look of sameness about it is varied only by the changing seasons. There are, however, here to be found some of the pleasantest homes, kindest and most hospitable people, most beautiful gardens, brightest babies, and most industrious girls and boys in the State.

Oregon City, with the exception of the improvements on the hill above the city proper, has also an ancient look about its streets and dwellings, although the unceasing click, click of the machinery of the Woolen Mills gives it an appearance of life.

Most of the boats upon the upper river have been laid by to await the return of the busy season, and as a consequence many men are out of employment. They feel, however, that it will be for a brief season, and cheerfully devote themselves to the task of making their gardens and cultivating the acquaintance of their families. This last seems to be a pleasing state of affairs to all concerned. Steamboat men are liable to be like editors in one respect. The chances are that they will wake up some fine morning to find themselves verging on toward middle life, or perhaps nearing its outermost border, their homes filled with young ladies and gentlemen with whom they have scarcely more than the honor of a speaking acquaintance.

Recollections of certain columns waiting to be filled caused us to start up early on Monday morning and prepare for a return home, and eight o'clock found us, bearing a beautiful bouquet from the garden and conservatory of Mrs. E. B. Fellows, wending our way, in company with a dear friend, toward the depot to catch the morning express train for the metropolis. We enjoyed our way down the additional pleasure of a call at the office of the Oregon City Enterprise, where, although rather early for editors to be out, we found Brother Deibert busy upon his next paper and cheerful as to its future prospects. A brief homeward ride, and we were standing in our office, pulling vigorously at our gloves, looking in dismay at the huge pile of mail that had accumulated during our absence, answering a dozen questions at once, and feebly wondering what we should do first.

"IS IT RIGHT?"

We think it possible for some churchmen and Christian ministers to learn an occasional lesson of justice from infidels, in some cases at least. We were brought to this conclusion while glancing over the columns of the Investigator a few days since, and noting the justice and truth of some of the editor's conclusions upon the subject of woman's enfranchisement, and comparing the same with the bigoted "Vashti-has-lost-her-veil" utterances of Rev. De Witt Talmadge, and other noted divines. A correspondent of the paper mentioned, after speaking in terms of warmest commendation concerning a lecture recently given in Charlestown, Mass., by Miss Susan H. Wilson, while admitting the logic and force of the lady's argument in favor of the ballot for woman, is in doubt whether it would be better to allow her the privilege, because women in general are the chief supporters of religion, and are, in his estimation, "guided as much by ministers as ships are by rudders." This is, of course, putting the matter in its most unfavorable light before the editor mentioned, but while he seems to partially agree with the correspondent relative to the assertion that the vote of woman would strengthen the power of the clergy, the native sense of justice in his composition is strong enough to overcome prejudice, and make him come out in this wise:

With regard to the objection against Woman Suffrage, namely, that the majority of the women would vote on the wrong side, there may be some force to it, but perhaps not quite so much as our Charlestown friend imagined. Then, again—here is the whole question in a nutshell—it woman has a right to the ballot, she should have it. Our correspondent admits that she has this right, and so there is nothing more to be said. There is only one question to be asked in any proposed innovation—Is it right? And if it is, it deserves to succeed, nor should doubts prevent the maintenance of its claims. If we never undertake any project until all obstacles to success are removed, not much will ever be accomplished.

A SENSIBLE CONCLUSION.

We would ask those of our opponents who are so fond of impeaching the modesty of women who believe in and are not afraid to contend for equal rights, why it is that the women of France are so far behind those of England and the United States in this demand? Surely no one is so far ignorant of the social life and customs of that country as to claim that modesty holds its women silent regarding any matter, political or otherwise. Hear what one of their own countrymen, Charles Bigot, says in a book recently published, entitled, "The Intellectual Classes."

"To be sure, women are not yet in possession of political rights. But will that day never come? Able men, like John Stuart Mill, have already come near bringing it about through their efforts. In England there is a strong movement in this direction. In the United States still stronger. The time seems not so very remote when women may sit in legislative bodies. Women in France are less zealous in demanding political rights. Is it from modesty alone? One may doubt it, for one rarely sees them silent when public affairs are talked around them; they have their opinions, clear and passionate enough. They do not vote, but they influence voting. Woman knows under what circumstances man is weak and yields. Her hand and out-ribs are very far from idle. In England, when a man could say to his mother, 'Woman, what have I to do with thee?' or the young Tolmachus sent Penelope back to the woman's apartments and bade her not meddle with man's affairs."

PROSPECTS FOR FARMERS.

The extreme backwardness of the spring, together with early and continued rains in the fall, cause the farmers throughout the valley to regard the season's grain prospects as rather discouraging. As crops have never yet failed in Oregon, however, we feel that the harvest will prove the fears of many groundless. The Farmer, alluding to the matter, says:

There is rather a discouraging outlook for those farmers who live on flat prairie land, as in most instances they have sown little or no grain, and in many cases their fields are not yet plowed. The hill farmers have had a most successful season, and their grain looks uncommonly well. Those who occupy the higher locations have also made a fair show, but those first alluded to have, in some instances, not yet turned a furrow, and in others, even the summer fallow was not sowed early, and could not be put in later, and may have to be replanted.

There is some discouragement felt over the grain prospect, both by disappointed farmers and expectant business men; but there is no particular ground for alarm, as Oregon seasons are very accommodating, and seldom fail of securing good returns. On flat lands, wheat can be sown with almost certainty through the greater part of May, and in case farmers fail to get in all their land, they can rest assured that the remainder can be sown later without loss other than deferring the returns to another season.

Speaking of the recent annual reunion of the Sorosis Club of New York City, the New York Era says: The annual dinner of Sorosis was given on Monday last at Delmonico's, about one hundred and fifty ladies being present. As we glanced over that large dining-room and saw those tables filled with women, among them many who have won for themselves prominent places in literature, art, and the professions, we could not but think that the day of the complete enfranchisement of the sex was not far distant. On the walls above them hung many flags, the emblems of the old days when man alone ruled the world, and force wrested its trophies from the death and horror of the battle-field. But the active, living presence in the room was woman, fair and gentle, yet witty and cultured, typical of that future when the prizes shall be won in intellectual contests, and the rule of the world shall be justice.

G. W. Bethers, of Corvallis, who, with his wife, started some two weeks since to visit friends in Ohio and see sights at the Centennial, writes that they arrived in safety at San Francisco on the 24th ult., well, with the exception of some lingering effects of sea-sickness, and that they expected to leave for the East on the 25th.

The Republicans of Lake county have placed Captain O. C. Applegate on their ticket for Representative to the next Legislature. Should such gentlemen as he compose a majority in that body at his next session, the enfranchisement of the women of the State is assured.

LETTER FROM SALEM.

Memories of past favors at your hands embolden me to ask again for space in your journal, first, for the following "blood drawn from a porpoise," which I clipped from the Salem Statesman, and signed by one "Seth," and second, for a few comments. It would seem that the daughters of Eve, in our day, would sympathize and sustain each other in this, their day of need, when our sex are trampling them under foot, depriving them of their "rights," and letting thousands of them live in single-blessedness all their days. But, on the contrary, the dear creatures go after each other sometimes with a "vim." They dress more to spite each other than to please us. And, let but one fair creature turn aside from the path of virtue, and her own sex are down on her, and show her less mercy than we do. It is too often the case that, when a woman falls from virtue and a fair name, her sex pursues her, and never tires until she is utterly beyond hope.

It is said that whenever blood is drawn from a porpoise, however little the amount, every other porpoise will pursue the wounded one until its life is taken. Our dear ladies, who are contending so strongly for their "rights," find more opposition from their sex than from us. But the strong-minded ones will yet outride the storm, and land their craft safe in the harbor of freedom.

And now I desire to address a few words to "Seth" in a friendly, but plain manner.

Do you say that woman is less merciful than man? To say this is one thing, and to prove it is another. True, there are women who, because of their education, and watchful of their own social position, slight or pass by an erring sister, but in most cases it is because of these things, and not that woman is less merciful. Pause a moment, I beseech you, and ask yourself how men treat the unfortunate of both sexes. What, pray you, is the burden of the news that flashes across the continent, and fills the columns of our newspapers? What the subject of flippant and often unjust editorial comment, when the brother overtaken in misfortune or crime happens to hold political views opposite to your own? What indeed but scathing comment upon the downfall of your brethren. Surely, women could do no worse than this. Do not mothers and sisters and daughters, who are the innocent victims in many instances of the mistakes and crimes of fathers, brothers, and sons, receive more tender, loving sympathy from women than from men?

Christ placed all culprits about on a par. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." And here please to observe that this Magdalen's accusers were all men, and all laws then, as now, were man-made.

It seems that women are rebels, and possibly have been from time immemorial; but the progress of this age enables them to be more prominent rebels than in any other age. A few of these long ago endeavored to arouse the human race to the importance of yielding justice to all, but notwithstanding their valiant labor, the selfishness of the sons of father Adam still prevails, and, together with the customs of barbaric ages, still so fetters woman that she is not dealt with in justice and equity. Yet these workers do not falter, but, with courage that is sublime, keep striking at the rock of superstition and custom and prejudice, until, in due time, it will be demolished.

Let us see if this war for equal rights does not belong as justly to fathers as to mothers, to brothers as to sisters. A man never yet wronged a woman but that he committed a crime against the mother who bore him and the sister who shared his boyish pleasures. Truth and mercy are equally beautiful and desirable, and, inasmuch as the tender mercies of men toward unfortunate women whom the treachery of man has caused to be ranked in that sad category are cruel, it would be as well, I think, to retract the assertion that "her own sex are down on her, and show her less mercy than we do." Even if this were true, men certainly should extend mercy to women when shame, caused by the treachery of man, overwhelms them. The truth is, we all condemn more than we can afford to do. Brothers can illly afford to condemn sisters, and sisters can illly afford to condemn brothers; but it is an undeniable fact that, in all ages, man condemns, and woman pities and forgives.

Brothers say to their sisters, "You must not associate with this or that person." The sister rebels, and the father is appealed to. He answers, "My daughter, your brother knows best." Who now is responsible? Have you ever known a husband to consent for his wife to associate with an unfortunate sister? No one can be ignorant of the dependent position of women in these matters—bound first by commands laid upon them at home, second, by the terrible fear of society's ban, and all the time by a shrinking from associations that cannot be pleasant. To plead ignorance of this state of affairs is to declare one's self a bachelor, absent and forlorn, motherless, sisterless, cousinless and jilted, and that such an unfortunate man as this should misjudge women is perhaps not strange.

MRS. J. A. JOHNS, Salem, April 19, 1876.

The citizens of Jackson county are too far away from the metropolis to join in the Fourth of July festivities that will make merry Centennial celebrations here, and so propose to celebrate on their own account. We see by the Sentinel that extensive preparations are being made to make the American eagle, "historical bird," scream lustily on that eventful anniversary.

The editor of the Bee, terrified at the thought of a discussion in which he was likely to be worsted, throws up his hands and down his quill, and declares he "never disputes with a woman." Since when, brother?

The newspapers generally believe Blaine's defense complete.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS--NO. 2.

BY BILLY BUSTER.

Taking up the subject where I left off, let us inquire where all this thing of "woman's rights" will lead us. By the common law (and allow me to say we have adopted the common law in this country, and of course it must prevail unless changed by statute) whatever a woman earned belonged to her husband. Was not that right? Is it not right now? Of course it is. What right has a woman to her earnings? Do not her services belong to her husband? Does not even her wearing apparel belong to her husband under the circumstances? By a fiction of that law he is supposed to allow her to use and wear her paraphernalia, including jewelry, etc., while she lives, and he permits; but he has the right to sell it if he chooses; he can convey the title to it and she cannot; then in law it is his, not hers. That is as it should be, because, as I have said before, the common law is right. By that law, when a woman entered into a marriage contract, she agreed to give to her husband absolutely all of her personal property, and if a child was born to them alive, that fact gave her husband the right to the use of all her real estate, rents, issues, and profits during his life; our statute commonly known as "Dandy's Code" changes that for the better, and gives the husband the wife's real estate for life, child or no child. Now, is not that right? Is not the wisdom of the common law clearly made manifest? But you would argue that if the husband has a right to the wife's real estate for life by courtesy, why should not the wife have a right to the husband's real estate by courtesy also? Simply, I say, because the right of dower (which is one-third the husband's estate) for life is enough for her; she's a woman; he's a man—that's the difference. Don't the husband give her a new name—his name—at marriage? Is not that something? Don't he give her children his name? Don't he promise to protect and support her? (It's true some bad husbands don't do it, but that is not the fault of the law; the law intends that he should). True, there's no law to compel him to do it, unless some silly grocer is willing to risk a law-suit by trusting her for absolute necessities, mind you, nothing else, on his account, and not many of them like to do it; and I wouldn't, if I were they. These measures are necessary to keep women in subjection, so that the husband can have the control, the government. See what it would lead to if a wife had the right directly to compel her husband to support her. Why, there would be no living with women any more. They would do as they pleased, and if a woman then happened from any cause to marry a man she did not like, he would no longer have the power to compel her to subjection by shutting off her supplies of food and clothing. That would not do. Can you not see that this would tear to ruins in a moment the work and wisdom of ages? that it would overthrow all the reasons upon which the framers of the common law based their judgment? that it would prove those old Patriarchs to have been wrong, and even impeach the veracity of St. Paul? Why, good woman, it would disturb our whole order of things, and after that I would not be surprised to hear a judge charge a jury that a man's chastity must be considered by them in weighing his testimony.

Now, taking up the subject where we drove the peg in the first communication, are we not forced into the conclusion by reason from analogy, that as the giving the negro the right to "freedom" entailed upon him all the other rights, even to being a Congressman, would not the giving of "freedom" to woman give her similar rights and privileges? and if it did, then what would be the consequences? Women would be asking to be made into lawyers, doctors, and politicians, and some would be asking for office. Then, as I said before, we would be compelled to change the whole course of educating our girls; it would not do to give them a superficial smattering of the arts and sciences, and teach them a very little French and music to be fashionable on. We would be compelled to allow them to delve deeply into all those subjects which would cause them to think for themselves, for they would then be individuals. What more education does a girl need now, than to know that the great and only object of her life is to marry? Why, many mothers, and fathers, too, must see that the girls would inevitably have some higher aim in life than to marry and bear children, as it now is. They would be self-supporting; they would not care half so much for dress as now; it would satisfy them in that line if they were dressed in a neat, clean, and tidy manner. They would throw off nine-tenths of their gawds, quit using paints, varnish, cosmetics, perfumes, false curls, and all these beautiful things that make a woman look lovely. They would quit striving to excel in dress, and strive to excel in literature and learning. Don't you see that it wouldn't do? We would have no cooks, (unless we employed Chinamen); we would no longer have wives to wash, scrub, take care of the children, sew on buttons, and iron our shirts. Good heavens! it fairly makes my head swim to think of the change—the radical change it would make in the affairs of men.

Was not Ben Franklin's wife an exemplary woman? Did not she stay at home, practicing her husband's Poor Richard maxims, economizing, patching, darning, and working early and late, while the old kite-flyer went to Europe and staid ten or eleven years, Minister of our Government? Was not that right? It was none of his concern that she was working late and early, up nights with their children, doctering them through measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, fits, and teething, (and she

didn't have any of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, either). Of course Benjamin enjoyed all the comforts and splendors of a foreign court, slept upon velvet couches, ate fine dinners, drank good wine, made beautiful speeches, and enjoyed himself generally, with gay women. Maybe some may think that Benjamin would not do it. Oh, no! possibly not; but then if he wouldn't, how came his natural son, William Franklin, to be afterwards Governor of New Jersey? Perhaps he led a correct life, perhaps. Now, don't you see that the privileges of men must be restricted, or women must be kept in subjection? Old Ben's wife was a model woman, and kept up the credit of the family just as she ought to have done. True, she was what you call a drudge, but what I call a good wife; knew her place, kept it, staid at home and brought up her children. It's true, none of them have ever amounted to much, because she hadn't time to read and improve her mind. And what should she want to improve her mind for? Couldn't she work, cook, and raise children without much education, and without devoting her time to reading? And as to study, she had enough study about her work, and old Ben was her representative, so he did the studying.

Upon the silly sentimentality that declares that it is not enough that "Caesar's wife shall be above suspicion," but will seek to lay the restraints of morality and decency upon Caesar also. More anon.

Portland, April 29, 1876.

RECENT EVENTS.

The press compliment Sargent's speech.

The Prince of Wales and suite arrived at Lisbon on the 1st inst.

The Senate confirmed Ferry as Governor of Washington Territory.

Hannah Cox, one of the small band of original abolitionists, died recently in Pennsylvania, aged 80 years.

Specie shipments to Europe on the 29th aggregated \$370,000, of which \$240,000 was gold and the remainder silver.

The public debt statement shows a reduction for April of \$2,780,000. Coin balance, \$77,605,000; currency balance, \$516,000.

The Occidental Oriental Company's steamer "Belgie" arrived at San Francisco on the 29th with an invoice of six hundred Chinamen.

It is charged that a false roll of persons employed in the New Orleans custom-house has been kept, whereby from \$10,000 to \$20,000 have been expended to pay nominal employes. It is also alleged that this roll is now missing. It is thought that investigations will create no little excitement.

Bets are made that Belknap will not be punished at all. Even some Democrats will vote against jurisdiction. The case has been badly damaged, owing to Clymer's inconsiderate zeal to make a cheap reputation. The grand jury have not indicted Belknap, and it is doubtful if they will. The Marshes are losing prestige with the Government.

The Tribune's Washington special says: Should the Senate decide it has jurisdiction in the Belknap matter, it is understood he will have no difficulty to prove, in an action before the court on his indictment, that Clymer guaranteed immunity if he resigned. Clymer denies any such guarantee; but he told another member of the committee he should recommend Belknap's impeachment if he was in office at noon the next day. His remark was not officially made as chairman, and therefore is not binding.

National Temperance Fair.

The Woman's National Christian Temperance Union will hold a National Temperance Fair in Philadelphia, opening June the 13th, the day after the International Convention, in Horticultural Hall, a central and commodious building.

The Fair will continue for two weeks, and will be conducted on the strictest religious principles. Raffles, chances, grab bags, and everything else that is objectionable, will absolutely be prohibited and prevented.

A daily temperance prayer meeting will be held during the time in a neighboring hall, led by the distinguished workers of the Unions at home and from foreign lands.

The Philadelphia Union will have charge of the restaurant, and conduct it upon the European plan.

The Fair will be under the management of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, but the States are invited to co-operate and take charge of their own goods, and are to have half of the net proceeds of the same. Many of the States need money, and this will enable them to call on the friends of temperance in their several States to contribute, and their profits will be in proportion to their zeal and the liberality of their people.

If public calls are made in the towns and villages of each State, a large amount of goods can be gathered together in a very short time. There are in almost every family fancy articles that have been bought at fairs, or have been made during leisure hours, which have never been used, that our women would gladly lay on this temperance altar, to help on the dear cause.

If the women of Germany, at a time of peril from a powerful foe, had the courage to give their costliest jewels into the public treasury, will not the women of America in her Centennial year sacrifice some of their treasure to free their sons, and husbands, and brothers, and their country from a more fearful foe?

The supplies of all kinds gathered up by each State must be sent on to the Woman's Temperance Union, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia; they will be put in charge of a judicious business committee of ladies, appointed by each State, who will dispose of them at the Fair in the interest of the State.

If the women of each State will act promptly and vigorously, there can be no doubt of the largest success in this enterprise.

Tens of thousands of people who are deeply interested in temperance will visit Philadelphia during those two weeks, many of them men and women of wealth, who will be glad to show their appreciation of this noble cause, and will give freely.

Let there be earnest work for the next two months.

ANNIE WITTEMYER, President, FRANCES E. WILLARD, Cor. Sec'y.