

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.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

Those who have pursued the fortunes of "Madge Morrison" throughout the successive weeks of the past six months, bid her adieu this week, happy and contented. As will be seen by notice and advertisement elsewhere, Mrs. Dunlway's pencil will not flag, but is already at work upon a new story entitled "Edna and John, A Romance of Idaho Flat," the principal incidents of which she doubtless collected during her recent visit to Idaho. It is not possible to tell just when the new story will commence, as the advance chapters have not yet come to hand, but it will certainly not be long. In the meantime, we hope friends everywhere will bestir themselves and send in new names and renewals, so that all may begin with the new story and not be encumbered with back numbers.

"I WISH I WERE A MAN."

Not an uncommon wish, yet withal a very foolish one. We looked at the wisher contemplatively, perhaps curiously, for a moment, and thought, "a man, my dear, with no more energy than you possess, would be dependent upon chance for his meals and charity for his tobacco."

A young man who would sit about the house from day to day with no thought of pecuniary independence or responsibility, would be in all things, except depositing his ballot, as much of a nonentity as are girls who waste time that should be given to energetic labor in idly wishing for a vague something that a transformation from one sex to the other might bring about.

If it were not all too common to lay the blame of everything upon women, we might be tempted to blame the mothers somewhat for the aimless life which so many girls lead. Girls should be taught that it is the meanest selfishness to live upon the labor of others, whether those others be fathers, brothers, mothers, or husbands, without giving an equivalent of some kind; they should understand that life without an object must always be a failure, and that waiting for a husband to come and take them off of father's hands, is besides being unwomanly and degrading, often tedious, with nine chances in ten of proving in the end—however it ends—unsatisfactory. We would appeal to womanhood, to motherhood, in this vital matter, to endeavor if possible (and in this day nothing is impossible) to give the girls an equal chance physically and mentally with the boys. Direct the mind to some work; the labor and study to some end. Weakness is an accompaniment of an aimless life, the curse of a purposeless existence. When girls learn to despise and overcome the weakness that so many of them exhibit, they will learn to revere their womanliness, to treasure it above all God's gifts, and as the basis of all.

Strong in purpose, and in the knowledge of purity and truth and individuality, no girl will cast the slur upon her womanhood by giving utterance to the foolish expression, "I wish I were a man."

WE ARE PUZZLED.

Our Democratic exchanges one and all declare, with all the zest inspired by a new and important discovery, that "Samuel J. Tilden was born in New Lebanon, Columbia county, New York, in 1814."

We suppose that rejoicing over what in some mysterious way seems to be thought by the exchanges aforesaid to have been a most auspicious event, is in order. Now, we always like to rejoice with those who rejoice, but we are a little in doubt what point in the above remarkable chronological discovery should cause us to jubilate. Whether it is the fact that Samuel J. Tilden was born, or that he was "born in New Lebanon, Columbia county, New York," or that he was born in 1814, shall be the cause of rejoicing, is what puzzles us.

Will Brother Norton or Brother Nolter, or some other rejoicing brother, tell us what is expected of everybody in this matter? We do dislike to laugh in the wrong place, and to appear stolid concerning a great event is not to be thought of for a moment. Enlighten us, brethren, we beg, for if left to ourselves we will probably sulk over by rejoicing, seeing the fates decided that Samuel J. was to be born in the county and State aforesaid, in the year 1814, that he was born of a sensible mother, whose common sense teachings and womanly example have caused Samuel J. to be a Woman Suffragist, and if we should even hint this, think of the consternation of many of the faithful who, if they do not refuse to vote for him upon this indictment, will have to console themselves by doubting our veracity.

Mrs. Dunlway, writing from Silver City under date of July 17th, says: "I am getting along somewhat slowly, but doing the best possible under the circumstances. Have been gone from home five and a half weeks, lectured 22 evenings, staged 800 miles, canvassed every town, written four chapters of story, and sent seven of Editorial Correspondence." I will get to Philadelphia in ample time for the Convention, and get home in three months from the time I started. Commenced a new story entitled "Edna and John, A Romance of Idaho Flat," and will send you several chapters in a few days. I lecture here to-night, and start for Winnemucca to-morrow."

THE WOMEN'S DECLARATION OF RIGHTS.

The officers of that energetic and indomitable body—the National Woman Suffrage Association—addressed a letter to General Hawley prior to the Fourth, asking that they might on that day be permitted to present, without remark or debate, their Declaration of Rights at Independence Hall after the reading of the original Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Sara J. Spencer, who represented the Association at the Cincinnati Convention, said:

General Hawley, the women citizens of the United States ask the men of the United States one slight boon on the occasion of the birth of our nation. We only ask that we may present, in perfect silence, our Declaration of Rights.

To this General Hawley, with a bow which he doubtless thought ample compensation for the privilege denied, replied:

It seems a very slight request, but our programme is published, our speakers engaged, our entire arrangements for the day decided upon, and we cannot make even so slight a change as you ask for.

Mrs. Spencer continued: We are aware that your programme is published, your speakers engaged, and your entire arrangements for the day decided upon, without consulting with the women citizens of the United States. For that very reason we desire to enter our protest. We are aware that the Government of the United States has been conducted for one hundred years without consulting the women of the United States. For this reason we desire to enter our protest.

The reply was: Undoubtedly we have not lived up to our own original Declaration of Independence in many respects. I express no opinion upon your question. It is a proper subject for discussion at the Cincinnati Convention, at the St. Louis Convention, in the Senate of the United States, in the House of Representatives, at the State Legislatures, in the Courts, wherever you can obtain a hearing. But to-morrow we propose to celebrate what we have done the past hundred years; not what we have failed to do. We have much to do in the future. I understand the full significance of your very slight request. If granted, it would be the event of the day—the topic of discussion to the exclusion of all others. I am sorry to refuse so slight a demand, but we cannot grant it.

The determined women assembled at the rendezvous at 1431 Chestnut street were not discouraged nor silenced by this refusal. On the contrary, it but seemed to imbue them with new courage—with a stronger determination to be heard, not only by the multitude there assembled, but by the women of 1876, who will doubtless read, each in the other's countenance, her own astonishment, first, for the necessity that called the protest into existence, and then for the arrogance that would have denied it breath.

Five officers of the National Woman Suffrage Association were seated upon the platform at Independence Hall when the original Declaration of Independence was read—Susan B. Anthony, Matilda Joselyn Gage, Sara J. Spencer, Lillie D. Blake, and Phoebe W. Couzeus. As the last words of this immortal document stole up and out upon the sultry summer air of the century newborn, these women advanced to the speaker's stand, the guests, and military and civil officers of the government making courteous passage way, and Miss Anthony presented the parchment to Vice President Ferry, saying only:

Mr. President, we present this Declaration of Rights of the women citizens of the United States.

The President took the document in embarrassed silence, and the delegation retired to the front of Independence Hall, where Miss Anthony's clear intonations gave it to the breezes that bore it to the ears of the multitude who had failed to gain admission to the Hall.

After the reading was completed the committee repaired to Dr. Furness' Church, where a crowded house listened with close attention to speeches from Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and many others. The Convention held, over five hours, an audience whose enthusiasm would not allow them to adjourn.

The full text of this great Declaration of Rights of the women of the United States of America, we will publish as soon as we can make room for it. In the meantime women, and friends of equal rights, know that the leaders and representatives of the great cause in the East are making a record that shall redound to the glory of woman in the centuries yet to be.

CO-EDUCATION AT COENELL.

At the eighth annual commencement of Cornell University, which took place on the 15th of June, 1876, five ladies graduated.

Women were first allowed to enter this college in 1872, and the class referred to is the first through class since that period. In the class of 1875 the vote on co-education stood, 16 for and 57 against it, while this year 29 were in favor and 29 against, showing a rapid gain in its favor. Instead of the standard of study being lowered by the presence of women, it has been constantly raised since their admission. In an open letter President White states that in but one instance has a lady failed to pass required examinations; and as regards health, that of the young women has averaged better than that of the young men. A test of this character is more than sufficient to refute the "sex-in-education" theories so elaborately built up by Dr. Clark.

A HUMANE LAW.

A most humane law is to be found upon the statutes of Massachusetts relative to the employment of children in circuses, shows, and public exhibitions of various kinds, which our State Legislature would do well to imitate. The Act was passed May 29, 1874, and reads as follows: "No license shall be granted by the Mayor, Aldermen, or selectmen of any city or town, for any exhibition at which children under fifteen years of age are employed as acrobats, contortionists, or in any feats of gymnastics or equestrianism." The passage of such an act is a credit to any body of men.

NOSING ABOUT FOR A SKELETON.

M. H. Abbott, editor of the Oregon Tribune, published at Dalles City, moralizes upon an alarming extent in the last issue of his journal over "domestic trouble and infidelity," and in a manner that would lead his friends to hope, did they not know the man so well, that, if he had his life to live over again he would really make a model husband, provided he could succeed in entrapping a woman into the matrimonial noose with himself.

Taking up the bit of scandal furnished by the unhappy but temporary aberration of mind of Sheriff Coffee, of Vancouver, and rolling it up as a sweet morsel under his tongue, he declares that the "domestic trouble" of the gentleman named, and which doubtless never had an existence except in the brain of some impertinent nose-monger and eager scandal-dealer, "consisted in the fact that Mrs. C. some weeks ago visited New York ostensibly to visit friends; but, as ostensible events proved, really to desert him." The fact that "Mrs. C." returned home on the last steamer, puts a quietus upon this proof that must be somewhat embarrassing to this self-constituted guardian of holy matrimony.

One would think, to hear this divorced editor moralize, that it is women only who seek refuge from the turmoil of discordant wedlock in the divorce courts, and that men were never known to prove recreant to their marriage vows, or leave their wives and children to loneliness and disgrace "without assigning justifiable reason for their conduct, and substantially admitting that their wives were unusually lenient and confiding."

His theory regarding the imminent peril in which the "sacred institution" of marriage is thrown by the extremely reprehensible conduct of wives who are faithless, causes not the consternation which he evidently designed it should produce, but rather provokes a smile from persons who understand that he sees said "sacred institution" through the troubled glasses of recent experience in a divorce court, wherein he was doubtless proven anything but the kind and tender husband that he should have been.

The Vancouver Independent, in a spirit directly opposite to the carping, fault-finding tone of the journal first quoted, says:

Domestic trouble is mentioned as one cause of Mr. Coffee's derangement, which is a very unjust imputation to Mrs. Coffee, who is an estimable lady, and highly respected, not only by the community, but by Mr. Coffee himself.

We would suggest to the sphenic quill-driver of the Tribune, while nosing around other people's closets in the hope to make gleeful discovery of a hidden skeleton, that he would better be careful, lest the whitened bones and grinning skull within his own be, by his own rashness, revealed.

"WORSE THAN MURDER."

One of the barbaric cruelties established by the old Mosale law of a "life for a life," which is yet perpetuated in the horrid and revolting system of hanging, is thus forcibly denounced by the San Francisco Alta. Alluding to an execution of a criminal, in which a victim dropped eight feet and had his head torn off his body, it says:

Of all the heasty and abnormal methods which society have at different times adopted for taking human life when justice demands the forfeit, that of strangling a man with a rope seems the most bungling and horrible. When properly performed, the process is a cruel one; when bungled, it is abominable. And how often it is bungled. The victim drops, the rope breaks, and he is forced again upon the gallows to undergo all the horrors of death again. How much better the French method, by means of the guillotine; and the Spanish, by the guano. The old system, by the axe and block, was better. If the law and justice and the good of society require the sacrifice of human life, surely human invention might produce a method of snuffing out this poor, brief candle of ours without mashing and mangling it. Such an execution is worse than the murder which it is intended to avenge.

Yes, worse; and for many reasons, among which is the fiendish thirst for vengeance displayed by law and its baleful effects upon the minds of those who witness it. The law simply does with cool deliberation, in a shocking and barbarous manner, and in the presence of witnesses, that which the individual did secretly, and perhaps in the heat of passion. And all this is practiced by a so-called Christian nation, whose book of creeds emphatically declares that "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Why such a law, the operation of which is so shocking and so degrading to humanity, should blot the statute books of any enlightened commonwealth, is a mystery, or would be, were it not in company with so many other legal absurdities.

"A BILL OF ATTAINDER."

One of the "Articles of Impeachment" which the Declaration of Rights of the women of the United States "submits to the impartial judgment of the people" is this:

While making a show of virtue in forbidding the importation of Chinese women on the Pacific Coast for immoral purposes, our rulers in many States, and even under the shadow of the National Capitol, are now proposing the sale of American womanhood for the same vile purpose.

Could sham protection and sham virtue well receive a more scathing rebuke—a more complete exposure? Some persons should wince at this, or Shame should abdicate her throne and retire forever from her presence, taking with her the blushes she is powerless to plant upon their cheeks. Mock modesty ill becomes advocates of licensed prostitution.

The Cherokee nation pays men teachers \$225 per month, and women teachers \$200. They set an example which other nations that make much more pretension to civilization would do well to follow, the wages of their men and women teachers being more nearly equal than in any other nation we were of.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: Our labors having closed for the time being in Idaho City, behold us on Sunday afternoon aboard the stage and bound for Placerville, where we were engaged to speak in the evening.

Brother Kingsley and his excellent lady had previously written to several of their personal acquaintances apprising them of our expected arrival, and had also fortified us with letters of introduction to the landlord of the hotel, and Mr. Weller, the principal merchant, both of whom, with many other gentlemen and ladies, treated us with that whole-souled hospitality for which the great Northwest is everywhere remarkable.

Our road lay through, or rather over, the great Idaho Basin for twelve miles. We have never in our life seen but one thoroughfare that equaled it in crookedness, and that is the tidal river Skipanon, which lies like raveled crocheted loops between Astoria and Clatsop beach. All the afternoon we rode through the interminable mountain gorges, now gazing high upon the surrounding and distant peaks, bald here and there in mighty patches, and again clothed in primeval forests of pine and fir, and now peering from our precarious perch beside the driver into awful abysses, so deep and dark and solemn in their silent dignity that we would hold our breath and ask, as did the Psalmist of old, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Oftentimes the road lay alongside of purling, crystal streams that laughed at the feet of vernal gorges of stunted cottonwood, wild cherry, willow, and alder, flanked by syringas in snowy bloom, and currants loaded with yellow fruit. Again, we would ascend a sidelong ridge where mother nature had carpeted the parched earth with variegated hues, too beautiful to be allowed to

"Waste their sweetness on the desert air." Then we struck the bed of Grimes' Creek, an erewhile mining camp from its source to its mouth, but now comparatively deserted, where evidences of the toil of thousands of miners will remain for aye, to tell of "scenes and sounds departed. And the end of hopes deferred." Like Moore's Creek, of which we last week gave description, the bed of this stream has been stripped to the bed-rock, and all the soil turned over and burrowed out. And there is yet much gold that but for the scarcity of water would yield constant wages to the industrious miner. Indeed, water here, in many places fabulously rich in ore, is quite as precious as the gold itself. Great ghosts of what were once great flames for carrying water long distances for hydraulic mining yet rear their skeleton frames high in the air, and speak to you of days departed when the busy hum of human voices, the resonant clangor of pickaxes, and the dull rumbling of disemboweled and falling earth were heard in the haunts that now contain but scattering squads of miners, mainly Chinamen, who wade in the muddy water of the creek in gum boots reaching to their waists, and wield long-handled spades and clumsy wheelbarrows with dexterity and profit. The whole country abounds in gold. You can take a pan-full of earth from any gravel point along the road-side and get a "prospect" anywhere. Some day, when chemical analysis has solved the problem of securing the gold that here abounds, without water, the historic wealth of ancient Ophir will pale into insignificance.

It was four o'clock when the open coach emerged from the gravelly bed of the literally uprooted creek and bore us into Placerville, where Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, of the well-kept hotel, gave us a cordial welcome.

The evening brought us a fine audience. Miners from Quartzburg, Granite Creek, and Gold Hill, valuable and paying quartz mines within a radius of a few miles, came in to hear the gospel of peace on earth and good-will to men and women, and the citizens of Placerville turned out en masse. We supposed we had at last reached a place where nobody knew us, but were agreeably surprised when, at the close of the lecture, the Garret brothers and their wives and Miss Emma, their sister, old "Hardscrabble" neighbors of ours in the land of Webetaf and red apples, came up and spoke to us with gladness greeting.

We had intended to return to Idaho City on Monday, but as fate would have it, awoke with one of those excruciating headaches which will visit us about three times in every year. A stage ride and that headache were not to be thought of in the same day, so we resigned our rebellious cranium to a wet towel and ourself to the solitude of a cozy chamber till 3 P. M., when the racking pain in eyes and temples having somewhat subsided, we went a-cavassing, accompanied by Miss Emma Garrett, who knew everybody. The Journal of Peace will henceforth be no stranger to the denizens of Placerville.

As our headache was too severe for stage riding, and just mild enough for lecturing purposes, we again met a goodly audience on Monday evening, and talked upon the "good time coming." The good people heard us gladly, and it was late when the last good-bye was spoken and we retired for a little much-needed rest.

Three o'clock and stage time. But the headache was gone, we were much refreshed by a dreamless sleep, and were soon rattling our bones over the stones that lined the bed of Grimes' Creek.

The morning stars were singing together, and the gray harvest moon was smiling for joy as she hung low over the frost-dewed mountains and lit the arched gulches with scintillating radiance. Our teeth chattered and our feet were numb with cold. But sunrise came at last, warming the chilly air and banishing from sight the morning stars and harvest moon.

Seven o'clock, and Idaho. Brother

Kingsley's family had not yet breakfasted. Good coffee and golden cream, glad faces and cheery voices, hot cakes and omelet for breakfast. What a feast after such a glorious ride!

Then came delicious, dreamy rest, and after it lunch and canvassing. Again the Journal of Peace received many added subscribers.

Evening came, and with it another goodly audience in the M. E. Church, the good people listening gladly to the gospel of freedom. Many good-byes were spoken, and again friends bade us God-speed.

Seven o'clock A. M., and stage time. We are off for Boise. Again we traverse the long mountain road described in the last letter, the only important change being in the dinner station, which we reach when within twelve miles of Boise. Here a tidy housewife sets a dinner worthy of the appetite of a tired missionary. The station is kept by an intelligent, industrious young couple, who have earned themselves a home in Kansas within the past three years by living here, to which they design returning in the spring. We knew we'd get a subscriber there when we stopped to dine. Whenever we see a tidy, industrious, economical housewife, we know she wants the woman's paper.

Three o'clock, and Boise. Dear Mrs. Kelly meets us at her gate, and welcomes home the missionary. A bath and nap refresh us, and at night we meet a large and fashionable assembly in the Methodist Church, a stately edifice of brick, to which, (the good pastor being now at home), we were welcomed as becometh Christians. To-night we are to give the farewell "talk," and are to have a crowded house. On the morrow we are off for Winnemucca, having chosen that instead of the Kelton line, as we had intended, because of the intervening towns where we can get audiences.

What we should do, or whither go, if we should violate the laws made by the protectors of women in this land of sovereignty, we really do not know, for there is no spot on this green earth yet visited by us where we have not met old acquaintances.

In the printing office of Judge Kelly we were surprised to meet the sons of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gaylor, formerly of Albany, and now residents of Sparta, in Eastern Oregon. They are enterprising and steady young men, well worthy of their parents.

In Idaho City we were pleased to meet Mr. Jones, proprietor of the World, who crossed the plains with our legions in 1850, and also worked with him in the Salmon River mines in '62. We might mention scores of other old-time friends, did time and space permit. All greet us cordially, and are ready at all times to render every needed service. The gospel of freedom finds no opponents among the people of well-developed mentality.

But it is nearing lecture time, and we must close this hasty scrawl to make an evening toilet and meet a sympathetic multitude. A. J. D. Boise, Idaho, July 13, 1876.

PHRENOLOGY--NOT DYSPEPSIA.

A valued friend and occasional correspondent sends the subjoined verses and writes: "Poetry is not my forte, I am well aware, although O. S. Fowler told me I could write it, and I have had a half unconscious desire to try to do so ever since the old humbug examined the bump on the outside of my cranium. This afternoon I felt like rhyming, and now I send the trifle to you that you may judge of its merits. * * I have been thinking of several subjects that would be appropriate to discuss in the NEW NORTHWEST, but illness has prevented me from preparing the papers. I shall send you something soon, however."

OH! NOT IN HOURS OF MIRTH AND GLADNESS. Oh! not in hours of mirth and gladness Would I then remembered be; And, oh! less the hours of sadness, I'd wish to bring thee thoughts of me. Oh! not when other friends are smiling, Filling all thy heart with glee, Shadows from thy brow begetting, Would I have them turn to me. But when softly by thy bedside kneeling, All thy soul to God revealing, Then, oh! then thy thoughts I'd share, Name me, name me, in thy prayer.

DEATH OF AN AUTHOR.

Harriet Martineau died a short time since at her home in England, at the age of 74 years. She was descended from a family of French Huguenots, who fled from France on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. In the best sense of the term, she was a strong-minded woman, and one who did much for her generation by the brilliancy of her genius and the depths of her sympathies. Her first published work was devotional in its spirit and aim, and all of her earlier stories were intended to convey moral and religious lessons. As she advanced in years, she became more speculative and philosophical, and several of her later works were undertaken to illustrate the principles of political economy. In all her writings she displayed vigor and clearness of thought, conscientious fidelity to convictions, and careful regard for facts. Her advanced age is another proof that intellectual labor is not detrimental to the health or fatal to the longevity of woman.

The Republican candidates for Presidential electors have decided to divide the State for campaign purposes into three districts, southern, middle, and eastern. W. H. Odell will canvass the first, J. W. Watts the second, and J. C. Cartwright the third. Democratic candidates have been notified of their appointment, and appointment for joint discussion of political issues will doubtless be satisfactorily arranged.

Congress will not adjourn before the 1st of August. Intense heat is thinning out the members.

THE TENT MEETINGS AT OREGON CITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: Taking advantage of your liberality in presenting opportunity for all parties and faiths to have a fair hearing, I shall send you a short account of the tent meetings so recently held in this place by the Seventh Day Adventist minister, Elder Van Horn, of Walla Walla.

The tent was pitched on a vacant lot near the Methodist church, and lectures on the prophecies and history, which is only the fulfillment of prophecy, were commenced May 20th, continuing five weeks.

The weather, being at first cold and rainy, was very unpropitious for a great attendance, but those present gave good attention. Elder Van Horn is a fine speaker and handled the various subjects which he presented for our consideration with perfect understanding.

Did you ever know a protracted meeting to be conducted during five consecutive weeks by one minister without aid, each evening finding him ready to speak for one, and sometimes nearly two hours, completely holding the attention of his audience from first to last?

The arguments were so clearly and forcibly presented that many expressed themselves convinced and convicted of duty to act as well as think upon the truths presented, yet they hesitated to make a start. Seven have signed a covenant to observe the Bible Sabbath, but as yet no church is formed. The meetings closed on the evening of July 2d.

On the following Wednesday three of the seven were baptized—one a lady of culture and refinement, who had at the tent, and for the first time, heard the Bible explained to her satisfaction, desired to acknowledge Christ as her Savior in the symbol or memorial of our Lord's burial and resurrection. There, by the water's side, with the approving presence of her noble husband and three lovely daughters, she cast aside the world with its vanity for the service of God and his dear Son, Jesus Christ.

So comparatively few understand our principles of faith, I shall take the liberty to summarize them and note briefly the difference existing among those called Second Adventists. Of course all those expecting the soon coming of Christ are really Second Adventists, but many seem entirely ignorant of the fact that there are two distinct classes bearing this name.

One class, keeping the first day of the week as a Sabbath, are frequently setting a day for His undoubted appearing, bring reproach upon all bearing the appellation.

The other class, denominated Seventh Day Adventists, are so named because they insist upon their adherents' restoring, so far as they are concerned, the seventh day or Bible Sabbath to its honorable and rightful position, being in their estimation quite as important as any other in the Decalogue—indeed, being the only commandment in the law written upon the tables of stone by the finger of Jehovah that contains the name of its Author, thus becoming the seal of that august instrument. They claim from facts which the most learned have thus far failed to overthrow, that prophetic time ceased in 1844, and that we are now awaiting the test which is soon to come upon us, as to whether we are to obey the behests of God or those of man.

The Sunday question, which is half to form that test, in that the denominations, including all who exalt the first day above the seventh, shall unite in gaining for it an honorable position in the Constitution of the United States, when it will be rigorously enforced. Of this result none can be in ignorance who read such papers as the Christian Statesman, and other religious papers whom editors and contributors are first day observers, and have noted the rapidity with which this sentiment has gained ground in the past ten years.

Now, you have doubtless observed that learned men never, if they can avoid it, discuss the Sunday question with those who show forth the claims of the Bible Sabbath in opposition to its papal rival, Sunday, for learned men know full well that the first day institution is based on false foundation, and that its advocates are like a drowning man catching at a straw; that the Bible, either by inference or otherwise, gives no hint that the ten commandments were annulled and a new law given in their stead, for every one who has the least understanding concerning municipal or legislative affairs knows that when a new law is framed and even passed, it cannot take effect until the old law, which the new one is intended to replace, has been declared null and void by the same authority (or one of equal power) that framed the new.

Learned men not finding any scriptural authority for a change concerning the Sabbath, it was not surprising that they did not accept Elder Van Horn's oft-repeated and courteously expressed offer of the tent and its appliances for their use in showing the people he was in error either scripturally or historically, if they so considered him. One minister did attempt in his church on three succeeding Sundays to tell us when the change was made. He set out by informing his hearers that whoever observed that law (pointing to the ten commandments, which were framed and hung near him) should die, but those who did not observe them should live, thus virtually telling his audience that all were now free from the restraint which we were wont to suppose those precepts imposed. After groping vainly during most of three sermons in search of Bible proof for Sunday observance, he left that venerable book and betook himself to the testimonies of the Fathers with much the same desperate air that characterized the worthy skipper who, after vainly scounding for anchorage, cried out, "Here we are three fathoms atop and no bottom!" and thus the bat-

tle continued to wage until he settled the matter to his own satisfaction, I presume, by bringing Dr. McClintock, a gentleman who has the honor of being still living, for aught I know to the contrary, to the rescue, this latter gentleman's opinion being sufficient.

The tent meetings were set aside on two of these occasions, that none might be kept away from hearing.

The inhabitants of this place express themselves as much pleased with the open, straightforward course of Elder Van Horn.

Elder J. H. Waggoner, who has recently arrived from Oakland, California, to assist in lecturing and preaching, is a logical, clear, and concise speaker.

The tent, which, when new, cost five hundred dollars, is used because with it the lectures are independent.

Yours faithfully, Mr. SUPRA. Oregon City, July 23, 1876.

LETTER FROM SOUTHERN OREGON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: Situated as we are in a secluded corner of Josephine county, I thought perhaps I might write you a few items that would be of interest to the many readers of your valuable paper. Although women are but few here, we find some that have the stamina to openly advocate the right, and are making inroads upon the prejudices of some of the people, that awakens them to think of things that apparently never entered their minds before.

I am pleased to see the steady and firm progress the Woman Suffrage question is making in the different States and Territories, and the consideration it received at the hands of the late National Conventions of the two great political parties of the day. It is conclusive evidence that ere the dawn of another Presidential election, our mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters will stand side by side with us, and will have an equal voice in the nominating and electing of the persons (not men) who fill the various offices of our country.

The principal interests of this county are the mines that are being developed in quartz and gravel ranges. There is a company now incorporated that have commenced work on the Great Yank ledge, and from present prospects, it is destined to become the bonanza of the Pacific Coast. There are many other ledges that prospect well, and will doubtless be valuable in the near future.

The great gravel range and ditch formerly owned by J. H. Reed, of Portland, is now in the hands of an English company, that have expended seventy-five or eighty thousand dollars in bringing in a ditch and putting on machinery. It is paying well, and will do much toward developing the gravel ranges of Southern Oregon. Also the claim of Courtney & Co., on the same range, has yielded well. Though not worked on so large a scale as that of the English company, they have moved a great amount of gravel and opened up an old channel from two to three hundred feet wide, that prospects better than anything I have seen in Southern Oregon, and the owners deserve great credit for the energy they have displayed in opening up their mine, and they will undoubtedly be well remunerated, as they have a splendid water right and plenty of good ground to last them for many years.

The farming in this county is very limited, but crops, so far as they go, look well.

That the time will soon come when the immense resources of this locality will be made to add to the wealth of enterprising laborers, is the wish of

A MIXER. Galice Creek, July 17, 1876.

AT NEW ERA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: Though perhaps a little out of date, I would like to give you a short sketch of our Centennial celebration at New Era. It was a celebration that gave to all equal chance to be heard, and was, in fact, one of equality, politically, socially and religiously.

The ever glorious stars and stripes were hoisted upon a pole 60 feet in height, straight, white and beautiful, and no prouder piece of bunting waved in this flag—the handwork of an ardent Suffragist—which floated over the enthusiastic band here gathered to celebrate the great Centennial birthday of the nation.

Mr. S. Johns was President of the day; Rev. J. Casto Reader of the Declaration of Independence, and Mr. Foster, Orator of the day. The three gentlemen named are all residents of New Era or vicinity.

Mrs. J. A. Johns of Salem read an essay on equal rights for humanity, and this was followed by a forcible and eloquent suffrage speech by Rev. J. Casto. Refreshments were now in order, and all partook of a bountiful repast, without which no celebration, however imbued with patriotism, is complete.

After dinner resolutions were called for and were responded to by Mrs. Johns, who read one claiming political rights for woman. This was signed by all present except one woman and two or three men. After some further discussion the company dispersed, each well pleased with the exercises of the day.

That New Era is a charming rallying spot for the friends of equal rights, is the opinion of

NEW ERA, July 17, 1876.

Mrs. Lincoln is proved to be sane, if, indeed, she ever was insane. A short time since a brother-in-law, Mr. Edwards, of Springfield, filed in the county courts a petition signed by Mrs. Lincoln, praying that the management and care of her estate, which was taken from her one year ago by order of that tribunal, might be restored to her. The conservator, Robert T. Lincoln, made no objection to the proceedings, and waived the ten days' notice required by statute,