

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 SPOILMEN ARGUMENT.

If women who get so far from their self-appointed "sphere" as to neglect babies and buttons long enough to write nonsensical and vapid letters to the newspapers did not always stick some namby-pamby non de plume in their letters, we would take pleasure in occasionally mailing to their address a copy of the NEW NORTHWEST, that they might see what thoughtful and intelligent women think and what they say concerning equal rights.

When, however, a woman is both a Granger and Good Templar, and attends to her duties as a member of these orders and finds time to write letters containing such unchristian and irrelevant bosh as the following for publication, we are strengthened in our belief that capable and sensible women can find time to vote without neglecting their household avocations. One of the class to whom allusion is first made writes thus, and does not record herself as "ashamed of it."

I belong to both orders, (Granger and Good Templar), and am not ashamed of it. I believe in woman's rights in the right place. I don't believe in women going to the polls and voting and being judges of court and masters of Granges, etc., but all those who do I think ought to have an introduction to a good man and wedge and some respectable-looking rail timber.

Overcome with her "striking" simile, this writer closes abruptly, without telling us why she thinks this introduction would be serviceable, and utterly neglects to say that she has never known "a judge of a court" who mauled rails under penalty of being disfranchised.

That women, as well as men, exist in large numbers who never go beyond such trifling and wholly irrelevant arguments (?) as the one above quoted is an apparent and humiliating fact. There is more excuse for them on the one hand for their illogical liberality than for that of their brethren, for they have been all of their younger days cramped and narrowed by the petty economies that belong to a subjugated and isolated station in life, and what kind nature does not beget in their hearts is unbegotten there forever.

"I can listen with some degree of patience when a man argues against equal rights," said a solely tried friend upon one occasion, "but to hear a woman turn against her own sex and advocate as right the serfdom that custom has so long imposed upon woman, makes me consider her words too contemptible for answer."

"Don't blame her for what she don't know," said we, by way of soothing our friend's impatience.

"But why don't she know?" persisted the other. "She will consume two hours of my time with her illogical and narrow clap-trap, and when interrogated relative to facts and figures that the NEW NORTHWEST has given to the breeze for years, she will declare that she has no time to read. May the fates preserve me forever from association with women who have no time for anything that looks to their own enlightenment, but have ample time to waste the time of others with their ignorant disquisitions upon woman's sphere. Why, this woman would actually have us believe simply upon her unsupported assertion that if women were allowed to vote they would forthwith have to take their place at the plow, work the roads, etc., while the men washed the dishes and tended the babies."

We have all of us heard these silly women talk, and felt irritated, even while we pitied them. Nine-tenths of all of the women who actively oppose equal rights bring forward such objections as these—objections that have been answered times without number, and these are the women to whom our opposers among men point, saying, exultantly, "Women do not want to vote."

It is any wonder that intelligent, energetic, well-informed women object to being judged by this standard of womanhood and gauged by the capacity of these women?

DIVERSITY OF OPINION.

By reading a communication published elsewhere, and remembering certain criticisms in "Yours Truly's" letter published in our last issue, it will be seen that ladies, as well as "doctors," will differ. We also give an extract from a letter from Seattle, giving facts concerning the same subject from another person's stand-point. We leave the field to our correspondents for the present, but assure our readers that we have an opinion which we will express in terms unmistakable when we get ready. "Yours Truly" will probably send the "horns" stirred up in her path, "home to roost" in due time. We wait in smiling serenity.

The Salem Record says:

Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway lectures next Monday night in Dallas. Subject, "Female Cussedness."

Mrs. Duniway had thought to lecture upon "Male Cussedness," but an interview with the editor of the Record convinced her that, owing to the poverty of the English language, she would be unable to do the subject justice; hence the change.

Theodore Tilton is lecturing in San Francisco. It has been intimated that he will visit Oregon before his return to the East.

A bill authorizing women to practice law in all the courts in that State has passed the Legislature of Minnesota.

A PRACTICAL TEST.

While pettifoggers and shysters are bitterly opposing the entrance of women into the profession of the law, because in the event of their presence in courts these could not then be made the alms for vulgarity and obscenity that they now too often are, and learned judges upon the Supreme bench are denigrating the applications of talented and efficient women lawyers to practice in their courts, ostensibly because it will render them unwomanly, but in reality because they do not wish to divide honors and emoluments with them, quiet, earnest, educated women are quietly fitting themselves for and entering upon the practice of law as their chosen profession. Those of their brethren in the profession who "sit in the seat of the scorpion" are quietly ignored; custom is braved in its most belligerent stronghold; "squint-eyed prejudice" is passed in silence by, and these women lawyers first prepare themselves thoroughly and understandingly for business, and then go bravely forward in its accomplishment. There are now working under the firm name of "Perry & Martin" in the city of Chicago, two young women graduates of the Law School of Michigan University, whose scholarly acquirements and legal lore have won for them already a name and place in the practice of law. Misses Fredrika Perry and Ellen A. Martin entered the school named in the fall of 1873, each having previously read for two years in the offices of lawyers of large practice. Both had been entrusted with responsibilities of office, and one had served as salaried clerk.

Thus to superior natural ability was added a liberal literary education and the advantages of practical office work. It is not surprising that, entering school under these auspices, they should complete the course with honor and take foremost rank in their class.

A friend who has long known them says that they "are possessed of more than ordinary charms of womanhood, and have relied only on untiring systematic labor for success." They are receiving both patronage and encouragement, and have taken their place in business as serenely as if croakers were not proclaiming their chosen avocation "unwomanly," and men in the profession, from the Chief Justice of the United States to the shyster who expounds in execrable English the local laws in the County Court of obscure localities were not rendering themselves ridiculous and disgusting their hearers by attempting to define "woman's sphere."

One practical test like this will accomplish more for the enlargement of woman's field of labor than volumes of theories, however true and fine spun, can do. That there are sitting now in the colleges and high schools of Oregon young women with comprehensive minds and active brains who will, ere yet another decade shall have passed, furnish practical test of what woman can accomplish in this profession, we know. The brave pioneers who have gone before them will render their path more easy and pleasant, but their success will be none the less sure.

Think of it, girls, and take courage from such examples of culture and the success it brings, as are found in the business firm of "Perry and Martin, Attorneys-at-Law."

AN OPINION FROM SEATTLE.

A correspondent writing from Seattle, under date of May 18, says: "I am delighted with the way 'Yours Truly' handles the giant I am—Dr. Brennan—in your last issue. He came here as a Catholic, gave several very good lectures, which were listened to by large audiences. Most of whom, however, thought his ideas too advanced for Catholic sentiments. Even the Catholics took this view of them. Although his ideas were mostly on the superficial plane to the mind accustomed to the searching into the 'whys and wherefores' of things or tracing the relations of cause and effect, yet had he conducted himself as a sober, respectable man while here, his first made friends—the better portion of his audience, both liberal and Catholic—would have stood by him. As it was, they deserted him to his boon companions, the whisky men and the saloons. His seems to be an sad example of that old adage, 'It is easier to preach than to practice.' But 'Yours Truly' handled him without gloves, to the great delight of very many in this quarter."

The Sunday Welcome, with a display of unsophisticated innocence beautiful to behold, says that Dr. Brennan "evidently must possess something more than ordinary merit, or he would not be the recipient of so much praise from the press." Will the Welcome please inform the dear public whether it was the Doctor's "extraordinary merit" or the payment by that functionary of the so much "per square" that secured for him space for the local notice furnished by the "gifted man" himself, which appeared in the last issue of that paper. "Extraordinary pay" often induces even that "great palladium of our liberties," the press, to do extraordinary things without regard to "merit," "ordinary" or otherwise.

The new Court-house in process of construction at Rockford, Ill., fell on Friday, burying in its ruins and shockingly mutilating some twenty-five workmen. The building was not yet under roof, and the workmen were at the time of the disaster engaged in putting in place the massive stone cornice. The brick walls beneath gave way, and the immense mass of iron, stone, mortar, and brick came to the ground with a deafening report. Thorough investigation as to the cause will be made, and another incompetent architect will probably be brought to the light.

The Russian fleet at New York is said to be under orders to sail.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: Again the compiler of these journalistic chronicles finds herself afloat upon the world. Very beautiful is the face of nature, as, rejoicing in the smile of spring, she dons her mantle of green, all variegated with flowers, and sends her fragrant breath abroad upon the earth, a very balm of consolation to the weary wanderer.

How familiar the landscape along the east side railroad line. It seems possible that we should have been absent a year, and doubly so to the many subscribers to the NEW NORTHWEST who cheerfully liquidate their annually returning bills and lighten our labors by bidding us God speed in the ways of well doing.

The bosom of the earth is everywhere rejoicing in the promise of an abundant harvest. Never did farmers look more jubilant; never had they better prospects. To one who has been travelling so long among strangers, it is indeed refreshing to meet so many familiar faces.

Salem sits as quietly as ever beside the winding Willamette, rejoicing alike in her clean, broad streets and leafy shadows, while her church spires point heavenward as of yore, the left-handed Goddess of Justice reaches out her revered symbol as in days of yore, and the unfinished State-house holds aloft its skeleton form after its work, revealing itself in unfinished address as a reproachful monument of the fabled expectations of mighty law-makers. A visit to the inner temple reveals to us the sunny face of Governor Chadwick, the smiling phiz of Colonel Cann, and the courteous manners of Secretary Jackson. Here we also see the carpets and furniture of the former executive apartments, denoting economy, and a fine crayon drawing of the State-house as it is to be, denoting aspiration. All of the officials and their employes are in fine spirits, except that they express very natural regrets both over the Watts-Cronin electoral failure and seven-to-eight commission success.

The Professors and students of the University are making extensive preparations for Commencement, as is also the graduating class of the Medical College. What the world is going to do with all the talent that Oregon is marshalling for the bread-and-butter brigade in a State where nobody is raising farmers is a mystery that time alone can solve.

The real estate dealers are jubilant in Marion county. Property is both reasonable and in demand. Choice homes can be purchased in Salem at fair figures, and numbers are availing themselves of the present favorable opportunity to own their own garden patches.

Mrs. N. A. Conn is in the dollar store again; Mrs. J. O. Beardsley is flourishing in the millinery business in the building formerly occupied by Mrs. Moxley, who is now a milliner in Portland, and Mrs. Millican has a fine assortment of everything in this line that ladies call for. Mrs. Cross is also in the millinery business, and you can throw a stone in almost any direction and hit some business sign revealing what women are doing for a livelihood, notwithstanding the prevailing idea that the dear creatures are supported and protected by men. Women everywhere are becoming teachers, poets, painters, editors, salesmen, tailors, and inventors, in spite of the law, while men are found in every locality who are chambermaids, dress-makers, cooks, laundresses, carpet-beaters, house-cleaners, dish-washers, baby-tenders, and tape and needle vendors, yet they withhold the ballot from women lest the designing creatures may compel them to exchange occupations with themselves! Oh, consistency! consistency! what a jewel thou must be, yet whether shall we go to find thee?

The Breyman Bros. are the leading dealers in general merchandise in Salem, their stock being always large, complete, and well selected. The new water works are to be quite an institution, all the water being filtered through charcoal before leaving the reservoir. The Farmers' Warehouse is an immense structure on the river bank, through which were shown by Mr. Herron, the gentlemanly manager of the business, who is justly proud of the great building and its many improvements for the reception, cleaning, storing and shipping the wheat that is coming in, under the stimulation of present prices, by tons daily. The main building is one hundred feet deep and eighty feet high, with many additions and out-buildings for the machinery. We have not seen better or more permanent arrangements for this branch of commerce, even in Chicago. There is no work about the building which a girl of fourteen could not perform with ease, so perfect are all the appointments. The days for man to earn his bread in the sweat of his face are passing away with the era when women are ruled over by husbands. Verily the seed of woman is bruising the head of the serpent of oppression and the Scriptures are being literally fulfilled in spite of all the opposition of the ages. The leading Woman Suffragists of the city are as wide awake and earnest as ever, and the feeling in favor of universal freedom has a steady, healthful growth.

On Saturday afternoon the obliging superintendent of the penitentiary sent a hack for us and we made a visit to the State prison and gave the inmates an hour's talk, which seemed to entertain them pleasantly. Mr. Burch and his amiable wife were hospitable and gracious, and the prisoners expressed themselves highly pleased with their new superintendent. There are at present ninety-five men convicts and one woman, yet a very young and obliging employe of Mr. Burch's, in talking over the woman question at the supper table, informed us that it would be dangerous to entrust women with the ballot, as they were so much more liable to run to extremes

than men that they would not be capable of self-government!

There is one poor fellow from the Dulles incarcerated here who was sent up for five years because accused of swearing a lie about somebody's property. Another fellow is out already who was sent up for six months for shooting and very nearly killing a young lady in Astoria who didn't want to marry him. There is grave doubt about the former's guilt, and no doubt at all about the latter's, yet men's property is of much more value in law than many women, hence the difference in the two sentences. Those persons who are rated in law with "idiots, insane persons, criminals, and Indians not taxed," are of but little consequence to law-makers, because they represent no political or money value, but men's property is quite another thing, you see.

The Commercial Hotel, where we spent a few days, is still kept going by our good friends, the Graves, who, despite the rude hand of affliction which has been laid heavily upon them, rendering their fireside desolate, are catering daily to the wants of the multitude. We are now at the Chemetka, the best hotel north of San Francisco, which is well kept by Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, who are certainly meriting the patronage of the traveling public. Hospitality, plenty, quiet, and cleanliness reign here at rates far less expensive than house-keeping.

Salem boasts three daily newspapers, each claiming a larger circulation than both the others. There is patronage here for but one good daily, and in Portland for but two, but it isn't our funeral. Let them all wave. There is always room at the top for all enterprises.

This afternoon we go to Dallas, where the Record says we are to lecture on "Female Cussedness"—whatever that is. Guess we must have mistaken the gender of the subject; but that isn't to be wondered at. Men's brains will go wool-gathering when they try to comprehend the woman question.

The good people receive "David and Anna Matson" in a manner quite gratifying to both our purse and feelings, and the NEW NORTHWEST is in constantly increasing demand. A. J. D. Salem, May 15, 1877.

TO THE POINT.

"What shall girls read?" is a question that has been disturbing friends and sundry correspondents of the Farmer for several weeks, and the diversity of opinion and the confidence which each feels in his or her own capability to advise is quite amusing. When people find out that girls are not mannikins any more than boys are puppets, they will be saved considerable trouble concerning what they shall or shall not do, and pay some respect to individual intellect. While these discussions are going on, the sprightly girls are reading all of the current literature that is brought into the house, and making selections from the public and Sunday School libraries, just as if disinterested people were not trying to run the brains of others through their own filter.

Girls, as well as boys, have brains given them for use, and depend upon it they will use them. Good associations, correct example, and liberality and sound judgment in the choice of home literature, and there is small danger of young people secreting themselves in the hay mow to read stolen or borrowed Ledgers and dime novels. One correspondent thus comes to the point:

The writers themselves will probably derive more benefit from the discussion than the girls will, for girls, as a rule, do not care to read anything except their big brother's love letters until they are old enough to select their own reading matter, and then every discreet mother will give them that liberty.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Egyptian government will send 10,000 troops to Turkey.

Works for defense of Constantinople will be constructed by the inhabitants.

The papers announce that the Russians have withdrawn from Kars, Ardahan, Bayazid, and Kageaman.

The largest Turkish monitor on the Danube, which anchored before Ibrail, was sunk by fire from Russian batteries on the 11th.

A fierce battle, lasting eight hours, was fought at Batoum on Friday. The Russians were repulsed with a loss of 4,000 killed and wounded.

The Jews in Jassy have been warned that if they continue prayers in their synagogues for the success of the Turks they will be severely punished.

The Russians attacked on Friday, in great force, the position occupied by the vanguard of the Turks' auxiliary troops in the vicinity of Batoum. An engagement ensued, lasting 8 1/2 hours, resulting in complete rout of the Russians, who lost 3,000. The Turkish loss is considerable.

Intelligence has been received from Sulin that on Wednesday the Russians attempted to cross the Danube at Reni. They threw a bridge over the river, but were met by the Turkish infantry and artillery, assisted by three gunboats. The bridge was broken and a large number of Russians killed and captured. The Russians were completely defeated.

A correspondent writing from Pine Creek, Wasco county, says that black crickets are so thick in that region that it is impossible to step without treading upon them. They have as yet done no damage to vegetation, and it is hoped that "bunch grass" will satisfy their appetites.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1876, this country gained in gold \$8,500,000 and \$22,000,000 in silver.

Tweed has laid in a new stock of liquors for the entertainment of his friends in Ludlow street jail.

Hon. W. Carey Johnson has removed to his elegant new residence in Oregon City.

LETTER FROM NEW ORLEANS.

To the EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: Perhaps a breeze from the sunny South might find a welcome with you; but which one will you have first? for there are so many different kinds.

Political breezes which threatened to become a gale are moderating, for the returning board has done its work. Hayes is President; Nicholls is the governor elect of Louisiana; poor Packard is—where? and echo answers, where? The Ship of State moves on again, spite of a lot of old foggy predictions that the country was going to ruin—dropping to pieces of its own weight.

But I didn't mean to talk politics; but you see another illustration of the old-fashioned truth, that women do care about politics, do love their country, and heartily wish they could serve it to a better purpose than by being misrepresented. This much by way of a "few remarks before speaking," and now for a breeze from the Mississippi.

Just imagine our party with eleven trunks and fourteen bags (more or less), after a trip from Canada by rail, and then you can understand the restful feeling that came over us, when we found ourselves stowed away for a week at least aboard the packet "Fannie" (never mind her last name; she mightn't like it to get in print, you know).

The view all along the river was simply grand, while on the Ohio and just as we turned the bend into the Mississippi we seemed to be passing through fire, the banks on either side were so lined with trees aglow with the flames of autumn; but gradually the picture changed, till we seemed to be taking the seasons in their reverse order, and the middle of November found us enjoying another springtime. Everything was fresh and green, with no signs of autumn or the coming winter. But we had other matters to occupy our time besides deliciously, lazily dreaming in the sunshine. Hunger put in its plea, and thrice a day it had to be satisfied, for travelers have keen appetites, and the sound of the dinner-bell made a welcome variety to our otherwise monotonous days. How beautiful the table looked, and what a delusion and a snare the dinners were! The world never before saw the like of the dishes they gave us on that boat. We felt like saying "I pass," as did the Innocents Abroad in the Egyptian sausage-shop; but we were finally starved into partaking of their queer little messes, composed chiefly of rice, red pepper, and tomatoes, served up with sole leather steaks and very doubtful coffee minus milk. Appetizing, wasn't it? But they did redeem themselves with good biscuits, so we'll drop the veil of charity over the rest of their numerous shortcomings.

Every day passed about the same. We ate and dreamed by day, and danced and slept by night, the dancing being performed to the tune of a harp and a brace of asthmatic fiddles. Perhaps you are imagining the glorious Mississippi with clear blue waters. I used to do that. But in fact the river all along looks like an immense mud-puddle, being a very decided shade of "Bismark" brown. This was partly owing to the shallowness of the water, the average depth being only about five feet at that time, so it is easy to see that the pilot had need of all his skill to steer clear of the numerous sand-bars and snags, which have wrecked more than one unlucky boat on this same river. Yet, spite of his best efforts, we "stuck" high and dry once or twice. This incited him to still greater caution, so that on foggy nights we found ourselves "latched up" to a tree till daylight should make it tolerably safe to proceed. This was the life we led for about ten days. Once we came very near bringing our journey to a sudden termination, or, rather, a "land slide" nearly swallowed us up. Our delicate mite of a boat gave a sudden lurch, and for a minute or two everybody thought they had breathed their last; but she "kicked out!" (please excuse the slang) bravely once more, and brought us to the rest of our journey in safety, though with considerable fear and trembling on the part of the passengers.

The grand finale to that trip took place at twelve o'clock one night, when our "bark" struck the New Orleans levee with a bang, which sent us all bouncing out of our berths, while the hosts of mosquitoes, which seemed to expect a Northern bite, came in and tendered a hearty, though exceedingly sharp reception. In other words, they nearly chewed us up. Of course sleep was banished for the rest of the night; so we did what we could to kill time—and mosquitoes—till daylight bade us go forth to battle with the back-drivers. For about ten minutes we "run the gamut," but at last we came out victorious, steadied our hats, and deposited ourselves bag and baggage in a horse-car. Then for the first time we felt real homesick. The rain was drizzling down, and we were really alone and friendless in a strange city. We were a solemn-looking set. Everybody wanted to cry, but nobody would "break down" first, so we laughed instead. But it was a weak laugh, and hard drawn.

At first sight New Orleans gives one the impression of great age. "Down town" the buildings (especially in the rain) have a grim, somber appearance, which is quite imposing, after a fashion; but as we get into the heart of the city, and see the beautiful trees and flowers, we begin to realize that New Orleans is justly considered the "garden of the world."

The city is so different from those of the North that one feels almost as much in a strange land as if he had gone to Europe, and the citizens are a very unique type of Americans, being for the most part Creoles—half French and the other half Spanish—with a sprinkling of "Yankees." They have very little of the busy, nervous, bustling ways that characterize the movements of our Northern

folks. Here everybody takes his time, goes slow and steady, but never, never hurries. As a natural consequence, New Orleans is far behind the age. Now, however, that spring has made her tardy annual appearance, and political troubles have righted themselves, New Orleans seems to be making new headway, and a few years more will see her one of the first cities of the Union. For what with the fertile soil, the genial climate, and all the natural resources Louisiana possesses, it is the fault of the people if she does not soon play a prominent part in the commercial interests of the country. Ever thine,

CRICKER. New Orleans, April 30, 1877.

"YOURS TRULY" STIES UP A HORNET'S NEST.

To the EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: After perusing an article from the pen of "Yours Truly," I have decided to express mine and numerous other ladies' regret that the columns of our "womankind" paper should pass such severe and indeed unjust criticism upon Dr. Brennan's last lecture, which was merely the continuation and conclusions of the previous lecture to ladies.

If "Yours Truly" had attended the full course, she would not have thought the one mentioned so disconnected and illogical. I am thoroughly surprised at the ignorance "Yours Truly" betrays when writing of the peculiar pronunciation of the lecturer's words, which delightful peculiarity is only one distinguishing mark of his universal popularity over the entire continent. I consider the assertion in regard to the blushing of the young ladies as unfounded, for never has the delicate subjects pertaining to woman been handled on the rostrum in any more comprehensive and refined language than brought into requisition by the learned gentleman, and if young ladies or married ladies attended the aforesaid lecture to hear superficial remarks upon the subject, why their expectations were debased and rightly, too.

No doubt "Yours Truly" felt as nettled as did Dr. Thompson at the Doctor's advanced theories in regard to certain phenomena, and felt as though she must wreak vengeance on him in some unanswerable way, hence her remarks on the gentleman's personal habits, which I refute, as having an acquaintance with him outside of his profession entitles me to.

"Yours Truly" doubts not but that "gentlemen could be sufficiently entertained by the Doctor, but surely not woman." Now how silly and incongruous; to be candid, I do really think that the gentlemen require as pleasant and aesthetic entertainments as we do, and that they should not be pleased with impurity, and if the lecturer could please them and not us, why the fact speaks ill of Portland's men.

The knowledge that the criticized lecture was given at the request of all the ladies present on the previous afternoon must be to the Doctor a flattering appreciation of his talented efforts in behalf of all humanity, and sufficient guarantee of the interest and pleasure felt by all except "Yours Truly." When "Yours Truly" wields her pen in criticism again, let us beg her to be just, and to rather encourage all efforts, great and small, in building up our future woman than endeavoring to strip bare grand achievements for some whimsical technicalities. JUSTICE. Portland, May 15, 1877.

RECENT EVENTS.

The Attorney-General has returned the papers to Tweed, and has declined to release him.

Ben Butler applauds Key's action in removing George H. Butler, Ben's nephew, for drunkenness and ungentlemanly conduct.

Secretary Thompson, accompanied by several heads of bureaus of the Navy Department, inspected the condition of things at Norfolk navy yard last week.

Grant has withdrawn from the Treasury Department several valuable swords held for him in the vaults for safe keeping. They were forwarded to Philadelphia.

The jury in the case of Rev. Mr. Bolt, of Philadelphia, charged with adultery, having failed to agree, were discharged. One of the jurors, A. H. Hodgson, was held to answer on a charge of declaring "no difference what the evidence might be, he would not convict."

Petitions are being circulated among the people of Washington City for the removal of Fred. Douglass from the position of the Marshal of the District, because of the animadversions of the people of Washington, alleged to have been made in a recent lecture delivered by Douglass in Baltimore.

Professor Barton, of the college of the city of New York, committed suicide at Hamburg, Sussex county, N. J., Wednesday. He leaves a wife, son, and two daughters. He was a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and had been instructor in the college of the city of New York for a long time.

The Times' Washington special says the smallness of the appropriation for the Postal Department threatens to be the most serious of all those for which the forty-fourth Congress is justly responsible, since it may result in seriously crippling the postal service, and perhaps in suspending that service entirely in some branches.

Fred. Douglass publishes a card saying the attacks upon him on account of remarks made by him in Baltimore are both malicious and silly. Washington is a great city, not a village, nor a hamlet. It is the capital of a great nation, and the manner and habits of its various classes are proper subjects for presentation and criticism, and therefore he is very much mistaken if this great city can be thrown into a tempest of passion by any humorous reflections he may take the liberty to utter.

IN MEMORIAM.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF MATTIE GRAVES CARDELL BY A FRIEND WHO LOVED HER.

"Mary calls me, mother dear, And I would go, at once, to her. Earthly life is full of weal, Husband, mother, let me go."

"From the beautiful realms of light, Where all is joy and brightness, I will return and visit you, In atmosphere of love, so true That you will feel my presence near, Like breath of angels in the air."

"My father, husband, sisters, all, To you in still, small voice I call, As with most loving tongue can tell, I softly whisper, 'It is well.'"

"Within the amaranthine dale, Where joys surpass all earthly shall fall, You, too, transformed, shall shortly dwell, When you have done life's duties well."

We have laid her away where the roses blow, Our Mattie, so tender and precious and true, But she liveth no more under suffering's rod, For she treadeth the evergreen gardens of God, Salem, May 10, 1877.

NEWS ITEMS.

STATE AND TERRITORIAL.

Wheat is worth \$1.00 per bushel at Hillsboro.

Columbia county will ship 500,000 pounds of wool this year.

The wheat lands on the Snake River are being rapidly taken up.

New-comers are arriving at Snohomish City on every steamer.

The Imperial Mills and other valuable property at Oregon City will be sold on June 11th.

Astoria has now thirty-two hotels and restaurants, with many private boarding-houses.

The allowance of fifty dollars to the Capital Guards has been reduced to fifteen dollars per month.

Strawberries are ripening in Southern Oregon. It is said the crop of wild berries will be immense.

The "City of Panama" brought 289 tons of railroad iron for the Payallup road on her last trip to Seattle.

A Chinaman who had served out ten of a twelve years' sentence in the penitentiary was recently pardoned by Governor Chadwick.

W. R. Dunbar is laboring in the interests of the I. O. G. T. in Southern Oregon, meeting, as usual, with welcome and success.

Should all the fishing establishments on the Columbia run to the full limit of their capacity, there will be 54,840,000 cans of salmon put up.

The entire Republican ticket was elected at the recent municipal election in Oregon City. I. T. Barin, Esq., heads the list as Mayor.

Myriads of black crickets are doing a great deal of damage on the South Fork and Main John Day Rivers. They can clean an eighty acre wheat field in twenty-four hours.

The seasonable rains have materially improved the before excellent prospects for good crops this year, and this, together with anticipated high prices, renders farmers jubilant.

One of the largest establishments on the Columbia employs Chinese blacksmiths to do their work. There is a good deal of jealousy exhibited by the white proprietors on this account, and sensible people think it an unwise and impolitic move on the part of the proprietors.

Unsolicited Testimony.

FAIRFIELD, Me., April 28, 1864. Gentlemen—Seeing numerous certificates in the "Maine Farmer," endorsing the merits of the Great Long Balm, WINTER'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY, I am induced and I take great pleasure in giving publicity to the great cure it accomplished in my family in the year 1856. During the summer of that year my son, Henry A. Archer, now postmaster in this place, was attacked with spitting of blood, cough, weakness of lungs, and general debility, so much so that our family physician declared him to have a "severe consumption." He was under medical treatment for a number of months, but received no benefit from it. At length, from the solicitation of his friends, I was induced to purchase one bottle of WINTER'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY, which benefited him so much I obtained another, which in a short time restored him to his usual state of health. I can safely recommend this remedy to others in like condition, for it is, I think, all it purports to be—the Great Long Balm of the times!

The above statement, gentlemen, is my voluntary offering to you in favor of your BALSAM and is at your disposal. ASKED, yours, ANDREW ARCHER.

Tonic.

Every one, at times, feels the necessity of some restorative of the vital powers, depressed by mental or bodily exhaustion. In such conditions, let every one, instead of flying to the alcoholic or medicinal stimulants, which must be followed by depression equal to their excitement, rein vigorant his drugged system by the natural tonic elements of the PRUVIAN SYRUP. Sold by all druggists. 32

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—Dr. J. P. Miller, a practicing physician at 32 Spruce street, Philadelphia, has discovered that the extract of cranberries and lamp cottons cures headache, either bilious, dyspeptic, nervous, or sick headache, neuralgia and nervousness. This is a triumph in medical chemistry and suffers all over the country are ordering by mail. He prepares it in pills, at 50 cents a box. The Doctor is largely known and highly respected.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

TAKE NOTICE.

Mr. Hendee is in town and is taking pictures in all styles of the art, and has all the advantages of easy access to his Gallery and the best light in the State, and takes as good pictures