The New Northwest.

THURSDAY.... NOVEMBER 28, 1878.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

This time-honored festival, a strange medley of social pleasures, Christian observances, gastronomical feats and culinary triumphs has again, by presidential and gubernatorial proclamation and changing cycles, returned to an unthankful nation. To say that the day is, to any great extent, what its name implies, is so foreign to fact that none will attempt the assertion. But to say there comes with it, inseparable is some degree from it a lingering odor of sanctity such as surrounds cherished memories is to a great extent true. Its antiquity is established by dates which tell us that the first Thanksgiving day in America was appointed by John Carven, first govenor of Plymouth, in 1621, the specified cause for the appointment being the abundance of the first crops gathered by the pilgrims in their New World home. Turkey was not an indispensable feature of this primitive Thanksgiving feast, but upon that memorable day in the first quarter of a dead century our pilgrim forefathers gathered around the board and with heads reverently bowed waited while the white-haired pastor "thanked God that they were permitted to feast upon the cream of the land and the sea," and then with a relish, unknown to modern epicures, they partook of the clams and cakes made from meal ground between stones that comprised the dinner. The broad and tempestuous Atlantic rolled between the wild and rock-bound coast upon which they had taken refuge and the homes of kinsmen for whose presence they yearned in vain. After this first Thanksgiving, the day had not regularly recurring anniversaries, but was only occasionally observed for more than half a century. After 1680, the day was regularly appointed and rigidly observed according to the customs of those times, and has by successive and easy stages reached the plane on which we find it to-day. Glad meetings round the joyous hearth, quiet reunions about the festive board, quick stepping to inspiring strains of music, devout prayers in the sanctuary, pious rehearsal of the many blessings enjoyed in the year now gone; these are the occupations of Thanksgiving day, 1878.

CHECKMATED.

A friend takes issue with us upon the question of the justice of allowing a jury of women to try a woman criminal, and triumphantly cites as proof of the correctness of his position, the late case at Salem where a man was condemned for murder, and a woman upon whom the evidence strongly fastened complicity in the deed was acquitted. This we take it, is proof positive that our position is correct. A woman is, and should be, held as an accountable human being; with an equal voice in making the laws to which she is amenable, she should be held to as strict a personal accountability when she breaks them as man is held. If men, when they form a jury to decide upon her guilt or innocence, are likely to be swerved from justice by a feeling of compassion because of her sex, then they are clearly incompetent to act as jurors in her case. If a penalty attached to a broken law is a just one, framed for the safety and peace of society, we would not have a woman escape it when justly due, any more than a man. This is too much like the antiquated custom that places woman in the category with idiots and insane persons. But, while women are in this category and men fight to the death (of common sense) any attempt to elevate them to political equality, we hold that they should not be held amenable to law, nor suffer penalty for its violation any more than those with whom they are classified. "Absurd," exclaims some one. Yes, it *is* absurd, we know, to treat women politically as idiots and insane are treated, in one portion of the statutes, and in another to hold them amenable to law; but we didn't make the law, nor do we endorse it; we can stand the cry of "absurd" when we are only stating facts which we had no hand in moulding. We are not afraid of justice, nor do we ask favor. Strict personal responsibility for all, an equal chance in framing the laws, and after that, an impartial administration of them; this is our doctrine, and if carried out, would be simple justice to all intelligent citizens. In making answer to the triumphant citation mentioned above, we feel what we trust our friend will consider a pardonable desire to exclaim, "checkmate."

Comparatively few persons get access to Mrs. A. T. Stewart's gallery of paintings and sculpture, which is not only the best in the country in private hands, but has some paintings of the modern school almost without equal in Europe. The most costly and elaborate Meissonier in the world is at this house, the "Battle of Friedland," and so much did the artist think of it that he sent a request to let him exhibit it in the exhibition, 1867. So much also did the owner and her friends think of it that they were obliged to decline entrusting an investment of $60,000 in gold, without insurance, to gratify the painter. Here also are the two great Bonheurs—Rosa's "Horse Fair," and Auguste Bonheur's "Cattle in Woodlands," which Mr. Stewart appraised at something like $105,000 apiece. Gerome is represented by some of his greatest works, as the "Chariot Race," the "Fight of the Gladiators," and the seance between Corneille and his actor.

The thinnest person on record is the tramp who, when he had a pain, couldn't tell whether it was a touch of the colic or a backache.

A VITAL QUESTION ABLY DISCUSSED.

The article referred to elsewhere, from the pen of Hon. Geo. W. Julian, in the *North American Review*, contains so many gems of thought worthy of repetition, that we cannot refrain from noticing a few of them, and commending the entire to the careful perusal of our readers. The subject question, "Is the Reformer any longer needed?" attracts at once the attention of the worker, and its careful elucidation commands his admiration. "The unbelieving conservatism which sees only danger and disaster in courageously following the truth," is controverted by such calm logic and such invincible statement of fact that we feel a little throb of triumph, thinking how closely driven to the wall are our conservative friends who, while acknowledging the justice of the demand for woman's enfranchisment, doubt its expediency. We quote: "The motto of the social evolutionist is 'slow and sure,' and he exhorts us, as far as possible, to eliminate the time element from our reckoning of human progress, and imitate nature in her infinite patience in waiting for the physical world to grow into comely shape. With him, human endeavors for ameliorating the condition of humanity are hindrances rather than helps, and the reformer is to be regarded as representing a type of mind no longer needed, and as destined soon to disappear under the law of the survival of the fittest. After he shall have become extinct we shall patiently and placidly look on while evolution does the work which his ignorance and fanaticism so clumsily attempted in a ruder and less advanced stage of society." "This new gospel," Mr. Julian observes, "demands our attention, inasmuch as it makes its appeal in the name of science, has the support of great names, is plausible in its teachings, embodies a measure of truth, is remarkably solacing to a certain order of minds, and multitudes will be tempted to embrace it as a scape-goat for their laziness or moral indifference. Arraigning, as it does, all the great reformers of the world, it would substitute a sickly moral fatalism for those deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice that have glorified human nature and lighted the world on its way to a higher truth. We cannot become co-adjutators with God by folding our hands and waiting upon evolution or the cold logic of events, but by acting well our appointed part in the fleeting drama of life, by plunging into the strife and struggles of our time, wisely but fervently toiling for our kind. We have no right to shirk the great tasks to which we are summoned, waiting for evolution to perform for us a vicarious office which we as intelligent beings should perform ourselves."

In defense of the ground so grandly taken, the following apt quotation from John Stuart Mill is given, which must appeal with a convincing force to the minds of those who believe in waiting upon the cold logic of events: "Political institutions are the work of men; owe their origin and existence to human will. Men did not wake on a summer morning and find them sprung up. Neither do they resemble trees, which, once planted, are aye growing while men are sleeping. In every stage of their existence they are made what they are by voluntary human agency." Following step by step the plea so eloquently made for reformers, "the world's great martyrs to liberty," we must accept the lesson of history as stated by Mr. Motley that "the generation that plants is not the generation that gathers in the harvest, but all mankind at last inherit what is sown in the blood and tears of the few." In dealing with this question it is not possible for the essayist to ignore the great reform that has aroused the energies of so many lovers of justice in the past three decades, the "Woman Suffrage reform," nor does Mr. Julian show any inclination to do so. Tracing our governmental policy step by step, noting what its declarations are, and how widely on the subject of political equality at variance with its practice, he says: "We have now no qualifications for the ballot founded on race or color or property or educational requirements; and yet we have twenty million citizens in the United States who are compelled to pay their taxes and obey the laws, while they are denied any share whatever in the exercise of political power. This is done because of their sex, and is as hateful and antirepublican a discrimination as can well be conceived. In the name of justice and decency, what has sex to do with the question of moral or political right?" He stops not to argue the question, only to state it and rank it among the grand living issues yet to be tried by the people; to foretell its place in the future among the curious and startling barbarisms of the past, and to declare that there can be no stationary place in woman's progress toward her political equality with man. He winds up this part of his subject with the following words: "When and how this goal shall be reached, must largely depend upon the labors and sacrifices of those who would speed the work; for the struggles and toils of the abolitionists might just as wisely have been renounced, as to surrender the cause of woman's enfranchisement to the tender mercies of social evolution." Speaking earnestly because feeling deeply, he exhorts all to keep alive their faith in virtue, in the preciousness of character, in personal responsibility, for without this faith men will content themselves with coddling their own comfort and turning every good cause adrift, leaving humanity without God and without hope in the world. The entire article is replete with sentiment that must cause the reformer to thank God and take courage, while he buckles on anew his armor of faith and goes forth in his battle against error and oppression.

A young man is made better by a sister's love. The love of another fellow's sister may do.

ACQUITTED.

Reference has been made several times in these columns to the case of Mrs. Leonard, indicted by the grand jury of Wasco county for murder. Her trial took place at The Dalles last week and resulted in acquittal. Both her mind and body have suffered greatly during her long and cruel imprisonment, and we rejoice with all true friends of humanity in her release. The *Inland Empire* says of the case:

> Nearly a year ago, the good people of this community were thrown in a state of consternation by the report that Daniel G. Leonard, proprietor of the toll-bridge over John Day's River, in this county, had been shot dead while lying in his bed. The excitement grew still higher when it was made known that his wife had been arrested for the perpetration of the crime; also that one Nathan Lindsay had been arrested as an accessory. There was no positive evidence as to the commission of the fearful deed. The only ground of suspicion was that Leonard and his wife lived unhappily together, and that he had threatened to sue her for a divorce. Since that time, the unfortunate woman has been in jail, surrounded by criminals of every age and race, a prey to the most painful sensations. On Monday last her trial was begun in the Circuit Court, before Judge McArthur. She was ably defended by Hon. William Lair Hill, of this city, the State being represented by Prosecuting Attorney L. B. Ison. From the very outset, it was apparent that the jury must acquit the defendant. The evidence against her was not only flimsy, but very disjointed, and Hill handled the case in a very masterly manner. Quite a number of jurors were rejected before twelve men could be found to try the case. The speeches of counsel on Wednesday were most exhaustive, but the jury could find no just grounds for conviction, and rendered a verdict of "not guilty" soon after they retired for deliberation. Thus ends a very vexatious as well as a sad case, for even though acquitted, the prisoner seems totally broken in spirit. It is hard to bear.

Here is a woman who has lain nine months in jail, her companions criminals of all grades, the only foundation for the fearful charge against her being the fact that she and her husband "lived unhappily together." If all the women so situated should be treated in a similar manner, wild-eyed wonder would start back appalled at the number of sad faces peeping from behind iron gratings.

The query with us, and with all lovers of justice who have any knowledge of this case, is why could not this "flimsy disjointed evidence" have been heard as fitly in February or in May as in November, and the unfortunate victim of bad men's machinations been relieved from the degrading surroundings that have "totally broken her spirit?" If conscience does its work faithfully, what haunting specters must pursue a man whose decisions have subjected an innocent person to mental and physical wreck, when common humanity demanded that the fierce strain should be at once removed by settlement of the matter for good or for ill.

PARTY DISINTEGRATION.

To him who has watched the signs in the political heavens for the past few years, nothing is plainer than that the old political parties are on the eve of utter disintegration.

One of them was born of one idea, amid the clamors of slavery propagandists for territory and power, and maintained an honored existence as long as any work remained for it to do in its legitimate field, but with the surrender of the confederate forces, the reconstruction of the disaffected States, the political rights of freedmen assured, and the adoption of the 15th amendment to the constitution, its mission, its work was accomplished, and its existence, except in name, ceased. And as the principles of the Democratic party at that date were just the opposite of those of Republicanism, the triumph, and general acceptance of the principles of one, rendered the existence of the other impossible. And, as proof that these parties live only now in name, let the fact be noted that the fall elections just past were the first in the history of the government where the negro question in some of its phases has not been prominent.

Hence, all this talk of a "solid South" and a "solid North" is really unfounded, existing only in the diseased or dishonest brain of politicians. Every one who deserves to be called a statesman knows that those issues of a sectional character upon which only one section of the union could array itself against the other, are settled. And it is not only unwise, but absolutely inexcusable, for men, as editors, or political leaders, to persist in representing to those who trust them as political guides, that the name Republican or Democrat represents any distinct political creed.

And, since the now effete issues that gave distinctive character to the old political parties should be buried, and the vital questions of finance, of suffrage, of governmental aid to corporations for internal improvements, etc., etc., are forcing their way to public attention, does it not become the duty of American citizens to study them?

Away, then, with old party names that can only mislead and keep up sectional strife, when they really represent nothing—mean nothing.

Worshipers at the shrine of party idolatry may, and doubtless will, cling with tenacity to the name that has stood in some degree as an index to principle, but it is impossible to chain the living needs of the present to the dead issues of the past, and as undesirable as impossible to do so.

Ad interim of the *Enterprise* is nothing if not poetical. Not satisfied with painting his pungent (?) editorials with high-sounding quotations from celebrated bards, he essays a poor pun, in doggerel purely original.

"As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare,"

He counsels us to "have faith," and we confess we need a little exhortation upon that point when we see what ninnies some men are, and then reflect that they have a vote.

When a man's chin whiskers turn gray before the hair on the top of head does, it shows which part has done the most work.

AN HOUR WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Taking up a letter postmarked "Olympia," we find the following jubilant query: "What do you think of the vote on Woman Suffrage in this county? Only three majority against it; a majority for holding office and local option. Hurrah!" And hurrah, say we, for the men of Thurston county, Washington Territory, all but the majority of three who hold the balance of power against woman's political rights. The men of Washington have done well, and sensible women appreciate them accordingly.

A lady writes from Southern Oregon: "My husband says stop the paper when the time is up, it costs too much. I tell him I will stop the paper when he stops tobacco, which in the year costs much more. He says nothing, but I think your chance for continuing my name on your list is good." It is refreshing to find a woman who knows what to say and when to say it, and withal to say it with such quiet good humor that her words are sure to prevail. No man who is fit to be a husband would deprive his wife of her paper on a score of economy while he squandered six times the amount of its subscription each year in so selfish a habit as that of using tobacco.

A little woman sends us a cheery letter written with a nervous hand, which she closes thus: "Please excuse my writing, as I have been washing all day, and the babies are romping in noisy glee around my chair as I write." This is one of the believers in equal rights who is about to neglect home duties and forget maternal instincts because of such belief.

D. W. Cheesman, whom the suffragists of Oregon gratefully remember for his work in their cause in the ninth biennial session of the legislature, writes: "I have mailed to your address, October number of *North American Review*, in which you will find a very able article from the pen of Hon. Geo. W. Julian, which I am sure you will read with deep interest. It has been my good fortune to have known Mr. Julian for half a lifetime. I regard him as one of the ablest and truest of men, and from the incipiency of the Woman Suffrage movement one of its most consistent advocates. I was in his office as a law student when he wrote the first article advocating the homestead policy written in the United States. These articles appeared in the *National Era*, then printed or published in Washington City. He is really the father of the homestead policy, was its advocate while in Congress, and as chairman of the public lands committee, favored it with the most scrupulous vigilance. It is most gratifying to find one so consistent in political life." It is always a source of pride and pleasure to do honor to those who have found time amid the turmoils of political life to give constant and consistent support to the woman movement, and we cheerfully give a place to the foregoing tribute to the labors of Hon. George W. Julian. When in the decades to come, the historian shall count up the nation's jewels, his pen shall longest pause at those names which stand for equal rights upon the records of national legislation.

Had we needed proof that there are men in whose hands woman's cause, in in any calamity however dire, could with safety be intrusted, it would have come to us in convincing force in the following letter from a member of the Oregon bar. After making inquiry as to whether a woman (to whose case reference is made elsewhere) had counsel to defend her, he says: "I have no time to waste, the duties of my practice being very exacting, but if a poor, unfortunate woman needs my professional service to plead for *her life*, I have time to stop all else and attend to that duty. When I was a law student I cut out and pasted in one of the first law books I ever owned, this motto:

> "For the cause that lacks assistance,
> For the wrong that needs resistance,
> For the future in the distance
> And the good that I can do."

Prompted by this motto, I have made the above inquiry. I congratulate you that, through the NEW NORTHWEST, you are doing very much to call attention to the thousand wrongs that need righting, and I pray that you may continue in well-doing." "The cause that needs assistance," the cause that, impelled by a principle of justice that cannot be blotted out, receives a powerful impetus from such words of encouragement, strengthening alike the impulse that drives the pen and the spirit that resounds in the voice of the earnest, but often weary advocate of freedom. Whenever we see these opportune but seemingly random expressions of sympathy, we emphatically endorse the sentiment that "words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

A correspondent who has an acute perception of the needs of the times, says: "It is said that one of the wants of the age is *men*. While not desiring to dispute this trite saying, I will add that in my opinion it wants *women* as well. Mothers, wives and sisters who can sweetly and lovingly adorn their various positions and yet earnestly, forcibly and eloquently protest against the wrongs that are apparent on every side, and plead for 'even-handed justice' for the oppressed, the beguiled, the ignorant ones." We commend this last quotation to the careful perusal of some hundreds of women in this city who boast of having all the rights they want, and sit in supine selfishness while hearts are wrung and lives wrecked all around them for the want of such women as our correspondent describes to come up to the help of the weak against the mighty. When selfish indifference and "sharp-toothed unkindness" gives place to that spirit that calls every woman sister, the want of the age will no longer be "women," for the world will be full of them and none will be dubbed as now—superfluous.

Mining prospects in Southern Oregon are extremely flattering.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

You will know, by these presents, that the undersigned proceedeth slowly toward the northern star. The hard cold before grumbled at, that will not down at its victim's bidding, neither will it *up* for all her coughing, compels us to literally "go slow." And yet, barring the fact that we are always anxious when absent from the loved ones at home, we are having a delightful time. Our stay at Umatilla was an agreeable change from the noise and hurry of the State Legislature and Aricultural Fair. The lectures, though not attended by packed audiences, as in many places, brought out a large majority of the citizens, which is more than we can say of New York or San Francisco, where the halls are filled from the many abounding thousands.

The good people, for the most part, keep seasonable hours, and the one saloon in the place is more orderly than many churches. The school-house has a new coat of paint, and is as clean as an old maid's dimity apron. We confess that we shuddered a little when we went there to lecture, bearing our own candles, bought on the way, when, a light being struck, we were shown the bullet-holes in the wall, where, during the Indian scare, when the school-house was the barracks, a venturesome Lo, who had risked himself as a spy among the pale-faces, had paid the penalty for his temerity by receiving the first force of the leaden missiles, which made him a "good Indian" for all time, and left their impress under the black-board as a memento of the prowess of somebody who had protected the whites by a rifle, while the ill-fated Indian was a prisoner and asleep.

The second lecture was given in Mrs. Wilson's dining-room, and everybody was happy. Though, for that matter, for all we know to the contrary, they were happy enough on the former occasion. At any rate, Umatilla gives more subscribers to the NEW NORTHWEST according to its population, than any other city in the union.

Each day, during our visit, the plain was alive with freight teams. The merchants, hotel folks and expressmen are as busy as bees. As a forwarding point, this town, as ragged and windworn as it looks, possesses immense advantages. The supplies for LaGrande, Union, Cove, Baker, and Boise, that are shipped up the Columbia, are all landed here, and are forwarded by prairie schooners, with mule engines, to their place of destination. Mr. J. H. Koontz is the principal merchant, and himself and many clerks are always busy. He carries a large assortment of general merchandise, and deals in everything from a mouse-trap to a Bain wagon, from a Valencennes lace collar to a military tent, or a cambric needle to a bale of gunny-sacks.

The United States signal station is kept here by Mr. Willes; but whether he be colonel or major or professor, or whether he have any title at all, deponent forgot to inquire. But it does not matter. Suffice it to say that he was gentlemanly and affable, and took much pains to explain the mysteries of the signal service.

Imagine an inverted funnel through which a liquid is projected by some outer force, with such velocity that it moves spirally, and you can have some idea of the walls of atmosphere through which the hot air from the tropics rushes, forming a spiral motion, analagous to the fluid in the inverted funnel. Then you have the true cause of storms, which always get their impetus from the tropics, and everywhere trend westward. And when east winds come, to freeze your marrow, please remember that it is the west wind that does it, which, obeying the spiral law, and following the circumfrence of the earth, like the circumlocution in office which Governor Thayer so wisely illustrates, makes a wide difference between apparent and real progress; or, to make the simile complete, it were perhaps better to say apparent and real motion. The gentleman instructed us in the use of the barometer, battery, maximum and minimum thermometers, windometer, etc., etc., and we left the office after half an hour's inspection of everything scientific about it, not omitting to notice the comfortable room itself, with a decided impression that such positions properly belong to women. Any man whose labor is all indoors is as badly "out of his sphere" as any woman would be in tilling the soil or wielding a sledge-hammer.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 19th, good Mrs. Wilson aroused us from a dream of home, and we arose and departed for the steamer "Almota," that lay alongside the wharfboat, but had not yet given warning of her early departure. A gentleman had carried our baggage to the boat "over night," so we had no baggage but a hand-satchel; but the dim gray of the morning was hardly discernable, and our lonely walk to the riverside was the acme of desolation. We thought of Indians and banditti, and trembled a little, and our heart beat audibly when a span of horses trotted by in uncomfortable proximity to the solitary pedestrian. But we were soon on the long bridge, and then we breathed freely, but we were not wholly at ease till a watchman met us at the gang-plank and piloted the way to the "Almota's" cabin, and there we were at home. The water has risen about a foot since we last wrote, and the ugly rocks in the rapids are trying in vain to show their impudent faces above the foaming waters.

Nine o'clock, and Wallula. But it is off day on the passenger line, and we must lie by till the morrow; so we take our baggage to the Cummings hotel, and then seek the office of Mr. Peabody, where we visit for a while with the wife and children, and then proceed to scrawl this missive, which, because of its illegibility, we know will make the typos scold. As we scribble, an Indian enters, and upon hearing his name, we realize that we are in the august presence of royalty. His Majesty's name is Homely, and he is too impecunious to pay his way to Vancouver, whither he is going, doubtless on official business connected with his realm. Mr. Peabody kindly telegraphs to General Sprague for the required pass, and his Majesty, the Indian Emperor, awaits its coming, with the air of patience on a monument. In half an hour the General responds, and the great chief of the Wallulas is as happy as he is majestic.

Nobody can imagine the growth of this upper country unless favored with a sight of the travel, freight and merchandise. The freight, both up and down the Columbia, is enormous. And the travel is often too great for any degree of comfort in the crowded thoroughfares.

A. J. D.

Wallula, W. T., November 19, 1878.

RECENT EVENTS.

Six temperance meetings were held in New York on the 24th. The Murphy success is increasing.

About 70 temporary clerks, a majority of them women, have been discharged from the treasury department, the appropriation being exhausted.

Forty armed men took a negro ravisher from the jail at Lagrange, Ky., on the night of the 21st, and hung him. His victim was a little girl eight years of age.

The Vermont legislature has passed a joint resolution instructing Vermont Congressmen to use all honorable means to prevent the repeal of the resumption act.

The work of preparing the annual appropriation bills was formally commenced last week. The general impression seems to be that the department estimates cannot be very materially reduced without detriment to the public service.

A conspiracy to defraud the government out of $850,000 by means of fraudulent vouchers in connection with the construction of the Chicago custom-house has been discovered. The chief contractors have been indicted by the grand jury.

A terrible explosion occurred in the Sullivan Pennsylvania coal mine on the 21st. Twenty-seven men were at work in the mine at the time, eight of whom were killed. The miners carelessly blasted through a new partition, and the accumulated gas exploded with tremendous concussion.

The committee investigating charges of cruelty in St. Peter's insane asylum, find the charges sustained, and that cruel treatment has caused the death of two patients, one man being strangled by forcing food down his throat with a wooden spoon, and a woman being so scalded by being left carelessly in a bath that death ensued.

The case of Mrs. J. Anderson, of Chicago, who has been on trial before a jury of the Trinity Methodist Church for conduct unbecoming a Christian and a Methodist, for renting ground to be used as a beer garden, was recently concluded, and a verdict rendered of guilty to both charges, with a recommendation of forbearance on the part of the church.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Russia will send 120,000 men into Bulgaria before the close of the year.

Ten thousand cotton operatives at Oldham, England, went on a strike on Saturday.

Outrages continue to be perpetrated upon Bulgarian inhabitants, 320 being massacred by the Turks recently.

A heavy gale prevailed at the mouth of the Tagus last week, during which three vessels and eighteen lives were lost.

In pursuance of the treaty of Berlin, the Bulgarian Assembly, composed of bishops, functionaries and notables, has been summoned to meet at Tirnova on the 27th of December to prepare organic laws for the province. The assembly is to complete the task in April, and then elect a prince.

Harper's Magazine for December opens with four old Christmas poems by Ben Johnson, Georgie Wither, T. Colebridge, and Giles Fletcher. Abbey illustrates these with three remarkable pictures the Christmas waits, the Shepherds, and the Madonna in the stable. An illustrated article on "England's Great University," contributed by M. D. Conway, gives a satisfactorily comprehensive view of the various colleges of Oxford, the social life of the students, the most eminent of the professors, and the work accomplished by the university in promoting scholarship in Eng-England. The illustrations are picturesque and interesting. The most interesting paper in the number—because of its humor—is the fun-provoking narrative of B. Munn Chowson, of Dedham, concerning the peculiar institutions of Knoware—an island upon which he is thrown by shipwreck. The editorial departments are also up to their usual standards, being even more complete in some respects than usual. This is a publication which no one who enjoys current literature can afford to be without, and the number under consideration is one of the most complete and entertaining of a long line.

"Enoch Arden" will be rendered by a company of amateurs at Salem on the occasion of a Thanksgiving entertainment. This beautiful piece is certainly very appropriate for a Thanksgiving festival, for if ever anyone was truly thankful for anything, it must have been Philip Ray when Enoch Arden came back no more to his "gentle Annie."

One hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer.

NEWS ITEMS.

STATE AND TERRITORIAL.

A newspaper will soon be started at Weston.

Miss Sallie Ball has been appointed postmaster at Sitka.

Lafayette and Hillsboro will each hold their elections on Monday, the 24 proximo.

The actual majority of Brents, delegate to Congress from Washington Territory, is 1,411.

Hugh L. Brown and wife, of Linn county, celebrated their golden wedding last week.

Land is getting to be valuable in Nehalem. Persons fond of seclusion find there pleasant homes.

Delazon D., second son of the late Hon. Delazon Smith, died at the old homestead in Linn county on the 14th of November.

The late rains have furnished T. L. Beck, of Willow Springs, enough water to wash up some ground-sluicing done last winter, which is paying well. He will engage quite extensively in mining operations this winter.

The dam at the salmon-hatching establishment on the Clackamas gave way several days ago, jeopardizing the existence of half a million of little fish that were in danger of being washed away before repairs could be made.

J. D. Whitney, of Salem, convicted of the murder in August last of Oliver Hibert, had the sentence of death pronounced upon him last Saturday by Judge Harding. The day fixed for the execution of the sentence is January 17, 1879; the place, the yard of the county jail.

The main shaft in the weaving-room of the Oregon City woolen mills broke a short time since, with disastrous results to the machinery, much of which was injured before the mill could be stopped. A week's repairs, however, sufficed to make everything better than before, and gave to the operatives a week's vacation.

The teachers' institute for the fourth judicial district will be held at Oregon City during holiday week, commencing December 30th. Professor Powell, superintendent of public instruction, will spare no pains, on his part, to render the institute a profitable one, and earnestly solicits the co-operation of educators throughout the State, and especially in the district included.

Mail service in Oregon will be increased as follows, to take effect soon: From The Dalles to Prineville, from one to six times weekly; Ashland to Lake View, three to six times weekly; The Dalles to Baker City, twice to three times weekly. Also the following new service: Oakland to Elkton, Oakland to Fair Oak, Roseburg to Patterson's Mills, Pilot Rock to Robinsonville, once a week.

Some of the deacons "down East" seem to have a bad practice of snoring loudly while asleep in church, which appears to disturb some folks there, as a Maine paper recently had the following polite notice for one of them: "Deacon Jones is requested not to commence snoring to-morrow until the sermon has begun, as some persons in the neighborhood of his pew would like to hear the text."

Now is the time to make up clubs.

The National Scourge.

It is estimated that the annual damage caused by the ravages of insects and worms exceed $100,000,000 in the United States alone. Truly an enormous loss! Yet it sinks into insignificance when compared with the ravages of that more terrible scourge, consumption, which annually sweeps hundreds of thousands of human souls into eternity. The causes of consumption are various, depending in every instance for the development of the disease upon the scrofulous diathesis, or ten perament, of the victim. Thus, the same cause which will produce in one person an attack of a slight disease, or a slight nervous prostration, will engender consumption in a person of scrofulous habit. That consumption can be cured by proper treatment will be readily perceived when the exact nature of the disease is understood, viz.: the accumulation and deposition of scrofulous matter (tubercles) in the lungs. Obviously, the principal remedies required are (1) a powerful alterative, or blood purifier, to arrest the accumulations and also cleanse the blood of the scrofulous matter, and (2) a mild cathartic to expel the diseased matter from the system. This course of treatment, in conjunction with a strict hygienic regime, has proved the most successful method of curing this disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the best alterative and cathartic remedies before the public, and have been alone used in thousands of cases of consumption with the most marked efficacy. Dr. Pierce's Invalid's Hotel, at Buffalo, New York, affords special and unequaled advantages to consumptives, not only possessing the best medical and hygienic means of treatment, but having the essential advantages of being situated in a climate where the inhabitants are notably free from this disease.

Horrible to Think Of.

The attention of the people of this city and county is specially called to the number of deaths reported in the papers of that dreadful disease, consumption. In fact, this disease is reported to be continually increasing, as can be seen by examining the mortality list, and all caused by not breaking up a slight cough or cold as soon as it appears, which can be easily done by using HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR, an article which was discovered by the late Dr. Hale, a celebrated physician of Europe, and used in his private practice for many years with great success. The present proprietor, believing this market required just such an article, has purchased the same at a large outlay, and is now preparing it according to the original recipe. And those who have used the article (which are thousands) consider it a certain cure for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, difficult breathing, and all affections of the throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs leading to consumption. Sold by all druggists, and at Crittenton's patent medicine depot, 7 Sixth Avenue, New York City. Prices, 50 cents and $1. Great saving by purchasing large size.

Home for Homeless Women.

Under the auspices of the Band of Helpers. Location—Columbia street, between Fifth and Sixth. Mrs. Virgil, matron. The doors of the Home stand open to all homeless women of good character. Board and room will be furnished at cost to those who have means, and FREE to those who have not. Temporary work will be furnished at the Home, and permanent situations obtained for inmates. Ladies who have sewing to put out, who are in need of professional nurses, or any kind of help, are urged to apply at the Home, and thus aid this noble effort to help their own sex.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All business letters pertaining to the NEW NORTHWEST, and all money due this office on subscriptions or otherwise, must be directed to MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY.

☞ The National Gold Medal was awarded to Bradley & Rulofson for the best Photographs in the United States, and the Vienna Medal for the best in the world. 429 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

MRS. DR. BURR,

Homeopathic physician and electrician, First street, between Morrison and Alder. 8-1