The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....SEPTEMBER 4, 1874.

MY PEER.

She was my peer;
No weakling girl, who would surrender will
And life, and reason, with soft, loving heart,
To her possessor; no soft, changing thing,
Who would find breath alone within the arms
Of a strong master, and obediently
Wait on his whims with slavish carefulness;
No fawning, cringing spaniel, to attend
His royal pleasure, and account herself
Rewarded by his pats and pretty words;
But a round woman, who, with insight keen,
Had wrought a scheme of life, and measured well
Her womanhood; had spread before her feet
A fine philosophy to guide her steps;
Had won a faith to which her life was brought
In strict adjustment; brain and heart meanwhile
Working in conscious harmony and rhythm
With the great scheme of God's great universe,
On towards her being's end. —J. G. Holland.

The First Marriage in the Family.

"Home!" How that little word strikes upon the heart-strings, awakening all the sweet memories that had slept in memory's chamber! *Our* home was a "pearl of price" among homes; not for its architectural elegance—for it was only a four-gabled, brown, country house, shaded by two antediluvian oak trees; nor was its interior crowded with luxuries that charm every sense and come from every clime. Its furniture had grown old with us, for we remembered no other; and though polished as highly as furniture could be, by daily scrubbing, was somewhat the worse for wear, it must be confessed.

But neither the house nor its furnishing makes the *home;* and the charm of *ours* lay in the sympathy that linked the nine that called it "home" to one another. Father, mother, and seven children—five of them gay-hearted girls, and two boys, petted just enough to be spoiled—not one link had ever dropped from the chain of love or one corroding drop fallen upon its brightness.

"One star differeth from another in glory," even in the firmament of home. Thus—though we could not have told a stranger which brother or sister was dearest—from our gentlest "eldest," an invalid herself, but the comforter and counsellor of all beside, to the curly-haired boy, who romped and rejoiced in the appellation of "baby," given five years before—still an observing eye would soon have singled out Sister Ellen as the sunbeam of our Heaven, the "morning star" of our constellation. She was the second in age, but the first in the inheritance of that load of responsibility, which in such a household falls naturally upon the eldest daughter. Eliza, as I have said, was ill from early girlhood; and Ellen had shouldered all her burden of care and kindness, with a light heart and a lighter step. Up stairs stairs and down cellar, in the parlor, nursery or kitchen—at the piano or the wash-tub—with pen, pencil, needle or ladle—Sister Ellen was always busy, always with a smile on her cheek and a warble on her lip.

Quietly, happily, the months and years went by. We never realized that change was to come over our band. To be sure, when mother would look in upon us, seated together with our books, paintings, and needle-work, and say, in her gentle way, with only half a sigh, "Ah, girls, you are living your happiest days!" we would glance into each other's eyes and wonder who would go first. But it was a wonder that passed away with the hour, and ruffled not even the surface of our sisterly hearts. It could not be always so—and the change came at last!

Sister Ellen was to be married!

It was like the crash of a thunderbolt on a clear summer sky! Sister Ellen—the fairy of the hearthstone, the darling of every heart—which of us *could* spare her? *Who* had been so presumptuous as to find out her worth? For the first moment, *this* question burst forth from each surprised, half angry sister of the blushing, tearful Ellen! It was only for a moment; for our hearts told us that nobody could help loving her, who had looked through her loving blue eyes, into the clear well-spring of the heart beneath. So we threw our arms around her and sobbed without a word!

We knew very well that the young clergyman, whose Sunday sermons and gentle admonitions had won all hearts, had been for months a weekly visitor to our fireside circle. With baby Georgie on his knee, and Georgie's brothers and sisters clustered about him, he had sat through many an evening, charming the hours away, until the clock startled us with its unwelcome nine-o'clock warning; and the softy-spoken reminder, "Girls, it is bed-time!" woke more than one stifled sigh of regret. Then Sister Ellen must always go with us to lay Georgie in his little bed; to hear him and Annette repeat the evening prayer and hymn her lips had taught them; to comb out the long brown braids of Emily's head; to rob Arthur of the story book, over which he would have squandered the "midnight oil;" and to breathe a kiss and a blessing over the pillow of each other sister, as she tucked the warm blankets tenderly about them.

We do not know how often of late she had stolen down again, from these sisterly duties, after our senses were locked in sleep; or if our eyes and ears had ever been open to the fact, we could never have suspected the *minister* to be guilty of such a plot against our peace! The name was associated, in our minds, with all that was superhuman. The gray-haired pastor who had gone to his grave six months previous, had sat as frequently on that same oaken arm-chair, and talked with us. We had loved him as a friend, and had almost worshipped him as the embodiment of all attainable goodness. And when Mr. Neville came among us, with his high, pale forehead, and soul-kindled eye, we had thought his face also "the face of an angel"—too glorious for the print of mortal passion! Especially, after in answer to an urgent call from the people among whom he was laboring, he had frankly told them that his purpose was not to remain among them, or anywhere on his native shore; that he only waited the guidance of Providence to a home in a foreign clime. After this much-bewailed disclosure of his plans, we placed our favorite preacher on a higher pinnacle of saintship!

But sister Ellen was to be married—and married to Mr. Neville. And then—"Oh, sister, you are not going away to India?" burst from our lips, with a fresh gush of sobs.

I was the first to look up into Ellen's troubled face. It was heaving with emotions that ruffled its calmness, as the tide-waves ruffle the sea. Her lips were firmly compressed; her eyes were fixed on some distant dream, glassed with two tears, that stood still in their chalices, forbidden to fall. I almost trembled as I caught her glance.

"Sister! Agnes—Emily!" she exclaimed, in a husky whisper. "Hush! be calm! *Don't* break my heart! Do I love home less than—"

The effort was too much; the words died on her lips. We lifted her to bed, frightened into forgetfulness of her own grief. We soothed her until she, too, wept freely and passionately, and, in weeping, grew strong for the sacrifice to which she had pledged her heart.

We never spoke another word of remonstrance to her tender heart, though often, in the few months that flitted by us together, we used to choke with sobbing, in some speech that hinted of the coming separation, and hurry from her presence to cry alone.

Our mother had told us the tidings with white lips that quivered tenderly and sadly. No love is so uniformly unselfish as a mother's, surely; for though she leaned on Ellen as the strong staff of her declining years, she sorrowed not as we did, that she was going. She, too, was happy in the thought that her child had found that "pearl of price" in a cold and evil world—a true, noble, loving heart to guide and protect her.

Father sat silently in the chimney corner, reading in the family Bible. *He* was looking farther than any of us—to the perils that would environ his dearest daughter, and the privations that might come upon her young life, in that unhealthy, uncivilized corner of the globe, whither she was going. Both our parents had dedicated their children to God; and they would not cast even a shadow on the path of self-sacrifice and duty their darling had chosen.

To come down to the unromantic little details of wedding preparations: how we stitched and trimmed, packed and prepared—stoned raisins with tears in our eyes, and seasoned the wedding cake with sighs. But there is little use in thinking over these things. Ellen was first and foremost in all, as she had always been in every emergency, great or small. Nothing could be made without her. Even the bride's cake was taken from the oven by her own fair hands, because no one—servant, sister, or even mother—was willing to run the risk of burning Sister Ellen's bride's cake; and *she* knew *just* how to bake it.

We were not left alone in our labors; for Ellen had been loved by more than the home-roof sheltered. Old and young, poor and rich, united in bringing their gifts, regrets, and blessings to the chosen companion of the pastor they were soon to lose. There is something in the idea of missionary life that touches the sympathy of every heart which mammon has not too long seared. To see one, with sympathies and refinements like our own, rend the strong ties that bind to country and home, comfort and civilization, for the good of the lost and degraded heathen, brings too strongly into relief, by contrast, the selfishness of most human lives led among the gayeties and luxuries of time.

The day, the hour came. The ship was to sail from B—— on the ensuing week; and it must take away an idol.

She stood up in the village church, that all who loved her, and longed for another sight of her sweet face, might look upon her, and speak the simple words that should link hearts for eternity. We sisters stood all around her, but not too near; for our hearts were overflowing, and we could not wear the happy faces that should grace a train of bridesmaids. She had cheered us through the day with sunshine from her own heart, and even while we were arraying her in her simple white muslin, like a lamb for sacrifice, she had charmed our thoughts into cheerfulness. It seemed like some dream of fairy land, and she the embodiment of grace and loveliness, acting the part of some Queen Titania for a little while. The dream changed to a far different reality, when, at the door of her mother's room, she put her hand into that of Henry Neville, and lifted her eyes with a look that said: "Where thou goest will I go," even from all beside!

Tears fell fast in that assembly; though the good old matrons tried to smile as they passed around the bride, to bless her and bid her good-by. A little girl in a patched but clean frock, pushed forward, with a bouquet of violets and strawberry blossoms in her hand.

"Here, Miss Nelly—please, Miss Nelly," she cried, half-laughing, half-sobbing, "I picked them on purpose for you!"

Ellen stooped and kissed the little, eager face. The child burst into tears, and caught the folds of her dress, as though she would have buried her face there. But a strong-armed woman, mindful of the bride's attire, snatched the child away.

"And for what would ye be whimpering in that style, as if you had any right to Miss Ellen?"

"She was always good to me, and she's my Sunday-school teacher," plead the little girl, in a subdued undertone.

Agnes drew her to her side and silently comforted her.

"Step aside—Father Herrick is here!" said one, just then.

The crowd about the bridal pair opened, to admit a white-haired, half-blind old man, who came leaning on the arm of his rosy granddaughter. Father Herrick was a superannuated deacon, whose good words and works had won for him a place in every heart of that assembly.

"They told me she was going," he murmured, to himself; "they say 'tis her wedding. I want to see my little girl again—bless her."

Ellen sprang forward, and laid both her white, trembling hands in the large hands of the good old man. He drew her near his failing eyes; and looked searchingly into her young, soul-lit countenance.

"I can just see you, darling; and they tell me I shall never see you again! Well, well, if we go in God's way we shall all get to Heaven, and it's all light *there.*" He raised his hand over her head, and added, solemnly: "The blessing of blessings be upon thee, my child. Amen!"

"Amen!" echoed the voice of Henry Neville.

And Ellen looked up with the look of an angel.

So she went from us! Oh! the last moment of that parting has burnt itself into my being forever! *Could* the human heart endure the agony of parting like that, *realized* to be indeed the last—lighted by no ray of hope for eternity? Would not reason reel under the pressure?

It was hard to bear; but I have no words to tell of its bitterness. She went to her missionary life, and we learned at last to live without her, though it was many a month before the little ones could forget to call on "Sister Ellen" in any impulse of joy, grief, or childish want. Then the start and the sigh, "Oh, dear, she's gone—sister is gone!" And fresh tears would flow.

Gone, but not lost, for that First Marriage in the family opened to us a fountain of happiness, pure as the spring of self-sacrifice could make it. Our household darling has linked us to a world of needy and perishing spirits—a world that asks for the energy and the aid of those who go from us, and those who remain in the dear country of their birth. God bless her and her charge! Dear Sister Ellen! there may be many another breach in the family—we may all be scattered to the four winds of Heaven—but no change can come over us like that which marked the FIRST MARRIAGE.

HOW IT AFFECTS THE FAMILY CIRCLE.—"Papa, do you think Beech——" "Hush, Johnnie." "But, papa, don't you think Beech——" "Didn't you hear me tell you to stop your noise, sir? I won't have you talking about these things. Go in and get your face washed." And Johnny, with tears in his eyes, wants to know why papa won't tell him whether beech-nuts are ripe.

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Notice.

FROM AND AFTER THURSday, May 1st, the steamer

E. N. COOKE

Will leave Oregon City as follows: On Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 8:30 A. M., and on Wednesday and Saturday at 10 A. M., connecting with steamer DAYTON through to Portland. Returning, will Leave

Portland for Oregon City at 4 P. M.

Passengers for LAFAYETTE and all intermediate places will take the CARS at 8:15 A. M., connecting at Canemah with steamer Dayton, on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

Through Tickets sold at the office of the O. & C. R. R. Co. at Reduced Rates.

All freight by this line delivered to consignees Free of Drayage.

Freight received until 5 P. M.

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Cash advances made on every description of Oregon produce. 3 25tf

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Established, 1859.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND ACCOUNTS kept subject to check on draft.

INTEREST allowed on TIME DEPOSITS or TRUST FUNDS, in sums of ONE DOLLAR AND UPWARDS from date of deposit.

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SMALL-POX REMEDY.

SMALL-POX!

DR. BORZEAU'S

SMALL-POX CURE AND PREVENTIVE,

Now prepared and kept on hand at my office,

Cor. First and Main Streets,

—IS A—

SURE CURE OR PREVENTIVE

For that disease.

SAMUEL CORWIN, Proprietor.

The history of this medicine cannot better be explained than by inserting the following letter:

San Francisco, July 2, 1872.

My Dear Old Friend, Samuel Corwin:—I have no doubt but you will be much surprised on receiving this letter, but, perhaps, not more so, or more gratified, than I was to hear from you. The manner in which I heard from you, and learned of your whereabouts, is this: I happened to be looking over an Oregon paper and noticed your name, as representative elect, from Tillamook county. The thrill of pleasure which I experienced on reading is indescribable. The many acts of kindness which I received at your hands long years ago had never been forgotten, notwithstanding our correspondence has been broken for seventeen years. Well, Sam, I won't attempt to give you more than the outlines of what has transpired with me since we last corresponded. So many incidents of the past, in which you and I were connected, crowd upon my mind that I cannot think or write of myself. Does your mind ever revert to the past, when we first met—how you took me in as a partner, when those who should have been my best friends threw off on me—how we got snowed in and had to live on potatoes straight for six weeks—how good that grizzly meat tasted—what a disgraceful retreat we made from our poor innocent Jack, when we thought we were besieged by a grizzly? Well, Sam, those events of 1852 frequently furnish subject matter for my thoughts, and, as I am writing to you, crowd upon my mind, but I will dismiss them for the present to give place to that which will, perhaps, be of greater interest to you.

I pocketed eleven thousand dollars out of the "Deep Claim" you gave me in Mariposa, and started for home in June, 1855. I invested four thousand dollars in real estate in this city, and left it in care of McLane, our old cabin mate. My property here has yielded me a handsome income, and quadrupled in value. I went into business in New York city, in which I was very successful—sold out two years ago, since which time I have been traveling in European countries. You know I used to have a weakness for traveling—well, it has been gratified to my heart's content. While in France I was taken with the small-pox. The lady of the inn told me that I was fortunate to take the disease at that place, as there was an old small-pox doctor near by who never failed to cure, no matter how bad the disease; and sure enough, I began to recover within four hours after commencing to take the medicine, and in twenty-four hours I felt quite well. I was so much elated with the magical effects of the medicine that I was determined, if possible, to obtain the formula, in which I succeeded, by paying handsomely and promising not to divulge it in France.

I see from Oregon papers that you have the disease among you. The enclosed package contains the formula and sufficient material for family use. I have cured all the cases that I have come in contact with, and find it an infallible cure and preventive. When you answer this I will forward sufficient of the material to make you a fortune, as I have ample, and feel not reserved I reciprocate past favors.

I will close for the present and await anxiously your answer. Direct to San Francisco, as I will remain here about two months.

Yours, etc., ISAAC RICHARDSON.

The following testimonials are from reliable persons:

Portland, Sept. 1, 1873.

Statement:—My son Henry, now six years of age, had a severe attack of the malignant form of scarlet fever about four years ago. My family physician, Dr. Hamlin, of Marysville, California, told me that the child had better have died, as he would be afflicted all his life with sores of a scrofulous nature, which he considered incurable. The condition of the child up to last April seemed to confirm the Doctor's opinion, as he never was free from those eruptions saves. A number of our best physicians had endeavored in vain to give the child relief. At the time I commenced giving him Dr. Borzeau's Small-pox Remedy the child was unable to open his eyes, his face was a complete mass of inflammation and corruption running from both ears. He took two bottles of the above-named medicine as per directions. In twelve hours from commencing to take the medicine, a favorable change was noticeable, and in less than six weeks all traces of the old affliction had disappeared. JNO. M. FRONK.

The following named persons are referred to as having a knowledge of the above statement: Dr. J. A. Blanchard, oculist, who treated the child for sore eyes, Dr. Gittner, Dr. E. G. Freeland, J. Murray, contractor, Geo. W. Hillman, Isaac Sherman, and many others of Portland, Oregon. JOHN M. FRONK.

Albany, Oregon, June 1, 1873.

Mr. Corwin—Dear Sir:—I used two bottles of your small-pox remedy, for scarlet fever. Both of my children had it, and all the medicine they used was your small-pox remedy. Their recovery was speedy and complete.

CHARLES NOLAN.

Portland, Oregon, Sept. 13, 1873.

My clerk, W. Cavness, was taken sick with measles, last March. I administered Dr. Borzeau's small-pox remedy according to accompanying directions, and in all my experience with that disease I never needed a more complete and speedy recovery.

E. G. FREELAND,
Druggist, 122 First street, Portland.

Portland, Oregon, Sept. 16, 1873.

For the benefit of my friends and the public, I state the following facts: On the 7th day of September, I felt quite unwell, having headache, pains in my back and joints, with occasional chills; a fever set in and about the 9th a scarlet rash was plain to be seen on my skin. I had become satisfied that I had the symptoms of small-pox, and commenced taking Corwin's preparation for the cure of that disease, and it proved a success in my case, as no further developments appeared. I took but 13 doses, and have since felt all right. I have no hesitancy in recommending it to my friends who may feel any symptoms of small-pox.

JAMES F. GALLIGHER,
Boot maker, 130 First street, Portland.

Portland, Oregon, Sept. 15, 1873.

I have taken one bottle of Dr. Borzeau's Small-pox Remedy as a preventative, and although frequently exposed to the disease at the time, I escaped all symptoms.

JAMES M. MAYBERY,
Contractor and Builder, Portland, Or.

I have taken Corwin's Small-pox Remedy, and being exposed to the disease at the same time, escaped all symptoms, which is the only proof that it is a preventative.

L. BESSER,
City Councilman, 3d Ward, Portland, Or.

I have been using Corwin's Small-pox Remedy, and though exposed to the disease, have no symptoms. I believe it to be a preventative as well as a cure. A. McEWAN,
Portland, Or.

I being exposed to the small-pox, contracted the disease. I used for it Corwin's preparation and no other medicine except alteratives. The postules never matured. I left no marks. My illness was not at all severe. My children, five in number, were all taken with the disease, and treated by one of our best physicians, employed by the city. One, a girl of four years, died, and the balance were badly marked. I used about two bottles of the medicine.

EMILY McMAHON.

Portland, Oregon, August 29, 1873.

I was taken with small-pox about the 25th of July. I had purchased a bottle of Dr. Borzeau's Small-pox Remedy some time previous, and commenced taking it as soon as I was satisfied I had the disease, which was on the second day of my illness. My sickness was mild, except severe vomiting, which took place before I commenced using the medicine. The vomiting is what convinced me in the first place that I had the small-pox. I took one bottle—I think about thirty doses. In three days I was able to go to work. I have have no doubt but that the Remedy saved me from being marked, and perhaps from death.

FRED. C. THATCHER,
Stone Mason and Gard