

TO THE VICE PRESIDENTS OF THE O. S. W. S. A.

You are urgently requested to be present and aid at the fourth annual Convention of the Oregon State Woman Suffrage Association...

By ORDER OF EX. COM. OF O. S. W. S. A. Portland, December 25, 1875.

"YOUR DRESS-COAT, YOUR MONEY, AND YOUR VOTE."

Occasionally a woman, whose name would never have been placed in type had she patiently plodded in the path...

It is Mary Murdoch Mason who divides her sex into three classes—the giddy butterflies, the busy bees, and the women's rights.

It would take more weight than is carried by the name of Mary Murdoch Mason, or that of any other woman who selfishly enjoys benefits which she would fain deny her sisters...

As "manly prerogatives" seem mostly to consist in smoking and chewing tobacco, lounging around street corners, and like ennobling occupations...

"Your money" women do not want, but they do want their own and that without having it doled out to them two or four bits at a time...

"Your vote," men and brethren, we do not want, but we do want a vote of our own, and our word for it we will have it, too, and show you that it won't take us all day to deposit a ballot...

"IGNORANCE BALKED HIS PURPOSE." We are happy to say that Dunbar does not aim to lie about us this time when he states that we have written disgusting philippics against Woman Suffrage...

We cannot, of course, expect the opinion of Webster to have much weight when opposed to the learning of this erudite (?) ignoramus.

We are happy to say that Dunbar does not aim to lie about us this time when he states that we have written disgusting philippics against Woman Suffrage...

We cannot, of course, expect the opinion of Webster to have much weight when opposed to the learning of this erudite (?) ignoramus.

We are happy to say that Dunbar does not aim to lie about us this time when he states that we have written disgusting philippics against Woman Suffrage...

We cannot, of course, expect the opinion of Webster to have much weight when opposed to the learning of this erudite (?) ignoramus.

We are happy to say that Dunbar does not aim to lie about us this time when he states that we have written disgusting philippics against Woman Suffrage...

We cannot, of course, expect the opinion of Webster to have much weight when opposed to the learning of this erudite (?) ignoramus.

We are happy to say that Dunbar does not aim to lie about us this time when he states that we have written disgusting philippics against Woman Suffrage...

We cannot, of course, expect the opinion of Webster to have much weight when opposed to the learning of this erudite (?) ignoramus.

We are happy to say that Dunbar does not aim to lie about us this time when he states that we have written disgusting philippics against Woman Suffrage...

AN HOUR WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

One of the first of the many letters that claim attention this week hails from Boston, Mass., and as we glance eagerly along its pages...

As "manly prerogatives" seem mostly to consist in smoking and chewing tobacco, lounging around street corners, and like ennobling occupations...

"Your money" women do not want, but they do want their own and that without having it doled out to them two or four bits at a time...

"Your vote," men and brethren, we do not want, but we do want a vote of our own, and our word for it we will have it, too, and show you that it won't take us all day to deposit a ballot...

"IGNORANCE BALKED HIS PURPOSE." We are happy to say that Dunbar does not aim to lie about us this time when he states that we have written disgusting philippics against Woman Suffrage...

We cannot, of course, expect the opinion of Webster to have much weight when opposed to the learning of this erudite (?) ignoramus.

We are happy to say that Dunbar does not aim to lie about us this time when he states that we have written disgusting philippics against Woman Suffrage...

We cannot, of course, expect the opinion of Webster to have much weight when opposed to the learning of this erudite (?) ignoramus.

We are happy to say that Dunbar does not aim to lie about us this time when he states that we have written disgusting philippics against Woman Suffrage...

We cannot, of course, expect the opinion of Webster to have much weight when opposed to the learning of this erudite (?) ignoramus.

We are happy to say that Dunbar does not aim to lie about us this time when he states that we have written disgusting philippics against Woman Suffrage...

We cannot, of course, expect the opinion of Webster to have much weight when opposed to the learning of this erudite (?) ignoramus.

We are happy to say that Dunbar does not aim to lie about us this time when he states that we have written disgusting philippics against Woman Suffrage...

We cannot, of course, expect the opinion of Webster to have much weight when opposed to the learning of this erudite (?) ignoramus.

We are happy to say that Dunbar does not aim to lie about us this time when he states that we have written disgusting philippics against Woman Suffrage...

We cannot, of course, expect the opinion of Webster to have much weight when opposed to the learning of this erudite (?) ignoramus.

We are happy to say that Dunbar does not aim to lie about us this time when he states that we have written disgusting philippics against Woman Suffrage...

We cannot, of course, expect the opinion of Webster to have much weight when opposed to the learning of this erudite (?) ignoramus.

We are happy to say that Dunbar does not aim to lie about us this time when he states that we have written disgusting philippics against Woman Suffrage...

We cannot, of course, expect the opinion of Webster to have much weight when opposed to the learning of this erudite (?) ignoramus.

We are happy to say that Dunbar does not aim to lie about us this time when he states that we have written disgusting philippics against Woman Suffrage...

We cannot, of course, expect the opinion of Webster to have much weight when opposed to the learning of this erudite (?) ignoramus.

We are happy to say that Dunbar does not aim to lie about us this time when he states that we have written disgusting philippics against Woman Suffrage...

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: After a brief respite from rostrum cares, behold us again upon the wing, our destination Vancouver, our mission peace on earth and good will to men and women.

A two or three hours' ride upon the snug little packet, "Vancouver," that plies daily between the town whose name it bears and the metropolis of the great Northwest, and we landed at the wharf of the former one, and proceeded to the tidy, cozy home of a dear friend of the days of our youth...

There is much complaint of hard times among the people, Portland being so near as to take precedence over Vancouver in business affairs. The citizens are justly proud of their local paper and its enterprising editor, who plants himself squarely upon the platform of human rights and common sense.

Whisky and drunkenness flourish here, as they do at The Dalles, where several Pharisees control the churches, as one does here. Extremes always meet, and whisky bibbers and self-righteous ministers unite in opposing the woman question.

We left Vancouver, after four and a half days' sojourn among its many hospitable and whole-souled friends of human rights, feeling thoroughly strengthened in every good word and work.

For reasons that will hereafter be made apparent, when half-past seven came, we met a fine audience, not in the Methodist Church, but in Brant's Hall.

Miss Almira Knight, sister of Rev. P. S. Knight, of Salem, and a right worthy representative of her noble brother, presided at the meeting, rendered some excellent vocal music with a guitar accompaniment, and introduced us in a neat, well-chosen speech...

"Nearly two years ago the great church of peace on earth and good will to men and women, of which I have ever since its organization in this State been presiding elder, was holding its regular annual association in Portland. There was a certain minister of much local renown who was under censure and suspension in his own church for alleged high crimes and misdemeanors. Believing it to be the duty of all Christians to hold all men (and women) innocent until proven guilty, I, with much difficulty, prevailed upon the members of my church to allow this suspended minister to be invited to our pulpit.

Just as the clock struck ten, two or three buggies were driven up, and a few minutes after we were surprised to hear the tuning of violins. The bell soon struck, and we were admitted into the chapel, where we beheld—not men, as we supposed—but a lady and gentleman and five beautiful children, two girls and three boys, all ready with their instruments to entertain us.

It is impossible for me to give an accurate account of all that was sung. Suffice it to say that singing and songsters alike seemed to us almost divine. Eyes unused to tears were filled as they gazed on the sweet, wee, curly-headed little girl, only three years of age, who kept time to the sweet strains with her tiny triangle and drum, and the pat-pat of her little feet, as she looked with wondering eyes over her strangely-attired audience.

Of the effects of such an entertainment upon us you can judge. All the sermons preached here for the last two years have not aroused as much feeling as did this strange, sweet concert. Not only did they entertain us for an hour and a half with such delightful music as never echoed from the walls of our chapel before, but at the close they visited the cells of the men, the children shaking hands with us, and the father and mother speaking words of kindness that will never be forgotten.

It is well known that the majority of men in prison have neither pleasure in the present nor hope for the future because they feel that when the bolts fly back and they are once more at liberty they will be shunned of all men and women. Chance to earn a living is small, for no one will hire them if they know where they have been, and they go out into the outside world feeling that all whom they meet are enemies.

The audience, composed largely of Brother DeVore's congregation, including his choir, and all the leading citizens of Vancouver, highly enjoyed our plainness of speech, and grew very justly indignant over the pastor's selfishness and lack of Christian stamina.

On the second evening, the lecture was upon "Our Young Folks," and drew another large audience. Miss Almira Knight again favored the public with an excellent solo, and the choir, consisting of a number of young ladies and gentlemen who are fortunate enough to be under the training of Professor Prentice, of Portland, rendered some spirited church music.

It was our intention to continue the meeting over Sunday, but the ball, though comfortable in moderate weather, proved too cold for frosty evenings, and the third lecture, upon the "Bible and Woman," closed the present season.

On the second evening, the lecture was upon "Our Young Folks," and drew another large audience. Miss Almira Knight again favored the public with an excellent solo, and the choir, consisting of a number of young ladies and gentlemen who are fortunate enough to be under the training of Professor Prentice, of Portland, rendered some spirited church music.

It was our intention to continue the meeting over Sunday, but the ball, though comfortable in moderate weather, proved too cold for frosty evenings, and the third lecture, upon the "Bible and Woman," closed the present season.

On the second evening, the lecture was upon "Our Young Folks," and drew another large audience. Miss Almira Knight again favored the public with an excellent solo, and the choir, consisting of a number of young ladies and gentlemen who are fortunate enough to be under the training of Professor Prentice, of Portland, rendered some spirited church music.

It was our intention to continue the meeting over Sunday, but the ball, though comfortable in moderate weather, proved too cold for frosty evenings, and the third lecture, upon the "Bible and Woman," closed the present season.

On the second evening, the lecture was upon "Our Young Folks," and drew another large audience. Miss Almira Knight again favored the public with an excellent solo, and the choir, consisting of a number of young ladies and gentlemen who are fortunate enough to be under the training of Professor Prentice, of Portland, rendered some spirited church music.

It was our intention to continue the meeting over Sunday, but the ball, though comfortable in moderate weather, proved too cold for frosty evenings, and the third lecture, upon the "Bible and Woman," closed the present season.

On the second evening, the lecture was upon "Our Young Folks," and drew another large audience. Miss Almira Knight again favored the public with an excellent solo, and the choir, consisting of a number of young ladies and gentlemen who are fortunate enough to be under the training of Professor Prentice, of Portland, rendered some spirited church music.

It was our intention to continue the meeting over Sunday, but the ball, though comfortable in moderate weather, proved too cold for frosty evenings, and the third lecture, upon the "Bible and Woman," closed the present season.

"YOURSTRULY" VISITS THE OPERA.

It wasn't the easiest thing in the world to do. The governor had taken one of his periodical spells of "contraction," and had positively forbidden the expenditure of a single dime upon the "women folks" for the next month to come.

Mother had long wanted a new-wool merino dress, for her old one was becoming rusty, and she had denied herself other luxuries for months in order to save the money for its purchase, and had just about succeeded in securing the requisite amount, when in came the governor, and with the air of a judge just above to pass a severe sentence upon a culprit, he exclaimed, while thrusting a bill for taxes under her nose: "D'ye see anything o' that?"

"Is it a tax receipt?" asked mother, innocently; though why she shouldn't have known better can only be explained on the hypothesis that she is always waiting and hoping for better times, when she may get out of paying the taxes of a man who thinks she has no right to represent herself.

"A tax receipt, indeed!" cried the governor, loftily, "it's a dun for taxes, woman! Got any money?"

"Mother hesitated, thought of the new merino dress, and sighed. 'Ye'd just as well pungle!' said the governor; and mother, with the air of one well used to obedience, 'pungled.'

"The children are chips of the paternal block, and I can't help it if they don't always do just right," meekly replied Yours Truly's mother, as she tried to reconcile herself to the loss of the long-coveted merino dress.

"How much have you paid this month for cigars and brandy?" saucily asked Yours Truly, as she looked the governor squarely in the face.

"But I've nothing to wear." "Then buy something," suggested practical Dick.

"On two dollars and a half, after the fare's paid?" and Yours Truly eyed the glittering coin quite seriously. Then a sudden thought struck her. She had long enjoyed an unlimited "run" at Lewis & Strauss'; and now she could again "run the governor's face" for wearables, and while about it, could get the brown merino for her mother, too.

The ticket was bought, and a half-dollar to spare. Pity it hadn't been two quarters, to juggle; but a satchel key supplied that deficiency.

Yours Truly couldn't go to a hotel, though, for she hadn't money enough, so she stopped at the home of a good Methodist brother, whose wife and children visit her every summer at the governor's, and shocked them all by declaring her intention to visit the opera.

A new "tie-back" overskirt, trimmed with "yak lace," (the price charged double in the bill, one-half being taken up in brown merino on the sly), was made long and puffy and bunchy, after the modern manner, and a velvet cloak—won't the governor groan when he sees the bill?—was selected to match a jaunty hat rolled away from the forehead among folds of turquoise and velvet, filled in with ostrich feathers and fish geraniums. Catch Yours Truly wearing anything cheap, will you? As long as women spend nothing on cigars and whisky, they have an unquestionable right to their clothes. Then, the gloves and the neck-tie, and the ruching, and—it's nobody's business what else—completed an outfit as charming and elegant as it was expensive and fresh and fashionable.

"Lend me five dollars, and charge it to my father as sundries," modestly requested Yours Truly.

"Ask the proprietor," said he. The proprietor is a handsome and just man, and he knew the governor was good for it, so he smiled and said "certainly," and Yours Truly was in funds.

But she hadn't any beads. The young men of Portland are an impecunious set, and custom demands, if they go with a young lady, that they shall pay the bills, and when they haven't the money, how can they? So the matter ran along till Sunday night. Then a "service of sacred song," was the operative programme, so Yours Truly prevailed upon a boy to accompany her, who was so young he couldn't help knowing she couldn't mean matrimony, his parents consenting because the exercises were to be religious!

Oh, what an opera! The New Market Theater was well filled by the most completely "sold" assembly you ever saw. Mrs. D. Christian people were there, who couldn't see anything "religious" in Italian mummery, trifled and rolled and squealed and squaled and yelled, as it was, in barbarous English accent. Jewish people were there who were "hickled" into suppressed tittering that would break out into down-right laughter when the "religious" negro song of "Old Folks at Home" was rendered in darkie's English—the only words of the "sacred service" that were intelligible to anybody.

Mrs. Marston Morse, who persistently styles herself a "Miss," was elegantly attired around the feet with ruffles and a train, but the dress fitted her so badly that it slipped entirely away from her waist and arms, leaving her body badly exposed to public gaze. Nobody seemed annoyed except Yours Truly. But some people will get used to anything, and on Tuesday night, at this same prima donna's benefit, even Yours Truly forgot that the dress had half slipped off the singer, and she shut her eyes and listened to the soft melody that warbled from her throat till she gradually ceased to feel annoyed because nobody could understand the words.

But what an opera! Four singers, all told, and three of them with cracked voices! And everybody pretended to enjoy it, because not to do so would appear unfashionable!

O, tempora! O, mores! That people everywhere may sometime possess sufficient moral courage to be honest in expressing their private opinions, is the subsiding wish of YOURS TRULY.

FROM ENCAMPMENTS. To A. F. JOHNSON, GRAND COM. C. R. C.—Dear Sir and Brother:—In accordance with your request, asking for information regarding the prosperity of the various Encampments, I would gladly state that Washington Encampment No. 3, C. R. C., located at this place, is doing well, and now consists of about sixty members. It has met with many troubles and reverses during the past, but the crisis seems to be over and a new day is dawning upon us, and I have no doubt that the future of the Order in this locality will be a glorious one, and that many true men and women will be found ready to stand up and fight under the standard for the cause that we have at heart—the great temperance reform.

Our membership is somewhat scattered, some residing in Seattle, others in Tacoma, and still others only a few miles from Olympia; yet these members are always punctual in meeting with us when the opportunity offers, and only regret that they have to be absent at all.

The work of our Encampment has been done in a thorough manner, and the officers vie with each other in acquitting themselves creditably, and so long as this feeling prevails we need have little fear of failure. Hoping to see communications from other Encampments, I remain Companion fraternally in C. C. H., P. P.

J. H. MUNSON. Olympia, W. T., January 17, 1876. To W. H. ROBERTS, GRAND SECY. C. R. C.—Dear Sir and Brother:—While looking over the last issue of the Star, I chanced to notice a request to members of the various Encampments within our jurisdiction to correspond with the Grand Secretary touching the prosperity of the same.

CENTENNIAL GOODS.

We have been favored with a look through the room now used by Hon. A. J. Dufur as a depot for Centennial goods, and must say that we are agreeably surprised at the quantity and quality of the display already upon exhibition. We have little doubt that Oregon will bear away the medal for wheat, oats, native grasses, wild rye, flax, wool, dried fruits, and almost everything which our citizens will take the pains to properly preserve and prepare for exhibition. The advantage that such an opportunity will offer for the extensive advertising of the inherent resources of the great Northwest cannot be over-estimated; certainly this is not to be at all appreciated now. This is to be regretted, as the present golden opportunity will come but once in the life-time of anybody. Mr. Dufur deserves great credit for the assiduity with which he attends to the Centennial business. We have no doubt that the women of Oregon are able to furnish as fine a display as that from any other State; but the question is, will they?

THAT LAST EXPIRING HOWL. "H. N. Marquand," who for a few troublous weeks figured as "editor" of the Coos Bay Record, steps down and out this month, giving place, as he retires under compulsion, to Messrs. Watson & Webster, who will remove the concern to Marshfield, and boil it in concentrated lye till they get it cleaned up, after which the Republicans can boast a decent paper in that county. We could name a score of just such unfortunate canine effects as Marquand, who have barked themselves to death in a vain attempt to destroy the NEW NORTHWEST. And still we live to chronicle another "last expiring howl."

TEMPERANCE WORK. To THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: Since writing you from Rock Hill, in Linn county, I have been laboring for the order in that and Lane counties, and have in that time organized three lodges and visited quite a number of others, which, with one exception, I found to be in good working condition, and exerting a proper influence in the community.

On the 3d inst. I organized a lodge at Sand Ridge, three miles from Rock Hill, with sixteen Rock Hill applicants and sixteen others, making a splendid charter list. On the 7th organized on Camp Creek, with twenty-five members, and on the 10th on the Mohawk, with twenty-four members.

The lodges near here are doing well, and I shall be in this county for some days yet, visiting and instructing them in the unwritten work, and then make my way into Benton.

On the 13th inst. I received a kind invitation from Mrs. F. P. Victor, Corresponding Secretary of the Oregon State Woman Suffrage Association, to be present and address the Association at its next regular session, to be held in Salem, commencing on the 8th of next month. I regret that engagements in the field will prevent my being present and participating in the work of the Association.

That every good work may be abundantly prospered in this Centennial year is the wish of Yours fraternally, W. R. DUNBAR. Creswell, Oregon, January 15, 1876.

To THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: As the organ of the temperance people of Oregon has departed this life, we would be pleased to have the advocates of a twin sister principle publish a few items of interest to the temperance community.

The sweet repose of Camp Creek was stirred a few days ago to a deep interest in temperance by the arrival there of Brother Dunbar, who, ever ready and willing to do battle for this good cause, had braved all the discomforts of a Webfoot winter in its service. He delivered a telling lecture, after which he organized a lodge of Good Templars, which bids fair to do a good work in that isolated but prosperous and happy community. Proceeding to the classic precincts of the "Mohawk," he organized another lodge.

Hon. E. L. Applegate honored this occasion with his presence for a time, but before the organization the sage of the "Mohawk" had business which called him away. We hope, however, at some time not far distant, to have the assistance and counsel of our worthy and talented friend.

Having done what he could for this locality, Brother Dunbar came on to Springfield, to find Springfield lodge in a languishing condition. He went valiantly to work, and after two nights' lecturing left us, strengthened by his noble exhortations and pathetic appeals, and in the future we hope to show our temperance friends a better record of work done in Springfield. We are encouraged to hope thus from the fact that our people seem to be waking from their slumbers in regard to suffrage without regard to sex, and this principle and temperance go hand in hand. Reforms have had their opponents in all ages, and the present is no exception, as is witnessed in the case where the pious minister closed the church door against the editor of the NEW NORTHWEST here on one occasion, and also endeavored to close the same door against the temperance people, but as the consistent part of the church members had a chance to vote on the question in the last case, they did as they would have done in the first—silenced Satan's representative even while he lifted up his pious hand in "holy horror." More anon. G. Springfield, Oregon, January 16, 1876.

The Amity Literary Society at a recent meeting, after an animated discussion, decided that the women of Oregon are entitled to the ballot.