The New Northwest.

THURSDAY....NOVEMBER 21, 1878.

LIVING ON GRUDGED DOLE.

Mary Kyle Dallas never said a truer thing than the following: "There are many women who now fold their hands in dependence and receive dole from grudging male relatives, who are quite capable of making their own fortunes, and who, if left to the guidance of their own instincts, would have done so long ago." But these women, instead of having received the encouragement due all laudable efforts, when they have felt the necessity, and been imbued with a strong desire to work out their own financial destiny, have received glances of astonishment, smiles of derision, or words of downright disapproval from friends of whom, because of their very timidity and need of encouragement, they have asked advice. Discouraged from the rebuffs, they have shrunk back affrighted into the old groove and received, with increased humility, the next grudged dole, upon which they were to "keep base life afoot" for another quarter. First, lack of preparation, and then lack of encouragement to make the most of their abilities in whatever direction their tastes lead them, has made the majority of women the helpless mendicants they are; paupers before whom every man who can jingle two half-dollars in his pocket looks upon with a feeling of superiority, however really inferior in mind or morals he may be.

This we know sounds harshly, but truth is plain, only falsehood and its oily-tongued supporter, sophistry, glosses over and attempts to make palatable uncomfortable facts. Women, you may as well settle this question to-day as at any time in the future. If you wish to stand or expect to be able to stand side by side with man as his equal, you must be able to earn, if necessary, your own living. When earning it as housekeeper, as joint partner in all the transactions of the matrimonial firm, have it made plain that your rights to accruing profits are equal there. If you are unmarried and desire to remain so rather than make a marriage of convenience, and have neither trade or profession, choose one, qualify yourself to discharge its duties honestly and successfully and enter upon it, charging men's prices for labor performed. Let it never be said of you, "We employed her because we could not afford to pay a man." It will be hard at first, and perhaps for years. You may have to wear cotton gloves and cheap shoes and last winter's hat "done over," but if you are possessed of true womanly independence, the knowledge that these things are your own, fairly and with dignity and self-respect earned, will make them seem of royal magnificence when compared to the finer apparel of a timid and cringing friend, bought with the "grudged dole of some male relative." The world-wide derision that attaches to the name of "old maid," comes more from the dependent condition that the words suggest than any other. "Old maids" when pecuniarily independent escape the sneers that render bitter the lot of the timid, impecunious spinster, who through all the years of her womanhood has shuffled round in scrimped raiment, a servant without salary in the home of a sister or niece, dependent upon the "dole" issued by the head of the house for a biennial replenishment of her dilapidated wardrobe.

Alice Carey, Phebe Carey, Catherine Sedgwick, Catherine Beecher, Maria Mitchell are no more mentioned with derision as "old maids" than Washington Irving and John Greenleaf Whittier are so mentioned as "old bachelors." The plain reason is that the women mentioned commanded equal respect as individuals with men, it being no more necessary for the one to marry or eat the bread of dependence, than for the other. It is not the helpless women of the world who command its respect. They may receive its pity, more likely they will receive its contempt. Their wiles and blandishments may secure for them golden favors, not at all grudgingly bestowed while youth and beauty lasts, but justice and equality—never.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

The fiat of respectability and propriety has gone forth, and per consequence, we presume the State Circuit court-room this week was crowded with ladies during the trial of Johnson, Brown and Swards. The local editor of the *Oregonian* issued the following permit on Saturday: "We see no impropriety, in ladies who choose to do so, attending this trial." The liberty of woman is assured, and we are correspondingly happy, though we do shudder as we look backward and contemplate the probable condition of things had this generous freak failed to overtake our cotemporary. A reversal of this decision would be most disastrous.

The *ad interim* of the *Enterprise* calls pathetically, in advance, for "Mrs. Duniway to let him alone, and not call him a young man only fit to be spanked." We herewith, on behalf of Mrs. Duniway, advise him to procure a mild nerveline, and swallowing it, possess his brief authority with placid mind. Mrs. Duniway has learned not to waste ammunition on small game, unless that game grows so exceedingly offensive that its extirpation becomes necessary. In that case pleadings will be of no avail; the offender must get out of range of the NEW NORTHWEST'S well-trained columbiad, which is always in position to sweep the field, or send broadsides into the camp of error.

Lady Caroline Norton left $5,000 by her will to "the good cause of Woman Suffrage," and Mrs. George Oakes, another English woman, has lately contributed $2,500 to the same cause.

CROPS IN OREGON.

From all quarters come the reports that the industrious husbandmen of the State have well employed the fall season, of alternate rain and sunshine, in plowing and sowing broad fields of grain. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," is in a literal sense true in Oregon, where the careful plowman never stands upon the borders of his luxuriant grainfields, doubting "lest his hopeful sheaves prove chaff."

As cheap labor clears, and successive tides of immigration till and plant our fertile valleys and hillsides, the productions of the State constantly increase. Each year throws a much larger amount of the golden cereal into the lap of commerce, and still there are thousands of acres of land waiting for the ax and plow to compel them to yield their tribute toward the great aggregate that stamps Oregon as a wheat-growing state.

"How did your wheat turn out?" we asked a California farmer, who had last year sown one hundred acres, from the proceeds of which he expected to make a large payment upon his little home.

"It did not pay for the cutting," was the reply. "Some of it yielded but four and a half bushels to the acre. The fields were sodden with the unusually heavy rains of the winter, and baked to an impenetrable crust by May. I can make no payment on my home this year."

"How did your wheat turn out?" we asked an Oregon farmer, one who runs a gang plow in Yamhill.

"Twenty-five to thirty bushels to the acre," he replied. "Not so good a crop as usual because there were no early summer rains. But I have made the last payment on my place and am satisfied."

The acreage harvested next summer, throughout the State, will be greatly in excess of that of any former year, and no chance of failure at harvest is thought of. In looking over and comparing the prospects of our farmers with those in other localities, we are more than ever convinced that at no distant day they will be the agricultural princes of the nation.

A FLAGRANT CRIME.

C. F. Mayhew was recently fined $50 and costs of suit at Oregon City, for selling liquor to minors. A man who will flagrantly violate a law made for the protection of children against the deadly curse that is raging with the fury and fatality of a pestilence among men, should be visited with a penalty as much heavier than that imposed upon a thief, as his crime is greater. A man's coat is stolen, and the criminal who violated the law goes to the penitentiary; the same man's boy is besotted, and the criminal escapes with a paltry fine. The morals of youth, the anguish of parents, the outrage society suffers in this is held cheap—so cheap. To place a money value upon such a dastardly violation of so necessary and humane a law as the one forbidding the sale of liquor to minors, is to rate juvenile disgrace and depravity and parental anguish and humiliation at a stipulated price. If any malefactor should be put to work for the benefit of the commonwealth his act outrages, it is the one who undermines the sacred foundations of family peace, crushes maternal pride and obliterates paternal hope by so flagrant an act. Of such a man, we might fitly say in the language of Pollock,

> "He was the devil's pioneer who cut
> The fences down of virtue, sapped her walls
> And opened a smooth and easy way to death."

WE CONFESS.

We come to confessional. We quite admired the comprehensive brevity of Governor Thayer's proclamation for Thanksgiving, and would have gone on in this blind admiration of a public document that says what is necessary and stops not for rhetorical flourish and pharisaical platitude, had not the *Catholic Sentinel* lifted up its warning voice, saying: "Tom Paine might have written just such a proclamation as this, and the people would not have been surprised; but for a Christian governor to issue such a document, excites our wonder." In defense of ourself in the error above confessed, however, we will say that any person might write a proclamation in the usual style who has an ordinarily retentive memory—just as high-sounding in sentiment and meaningless in fact. It did not occur to us that it was lack of ability to follow in the track made by the first governor of Plymouth, but ability to make a plain statement, and courage to divest it of needless cant that sent out the first Thanksgiving proclamation of Governor Thayer. One should certainly be absolved from a sin caused by an involuntary admiration of so rare a thing as originality.

FROM THE EAST.

We noticed some days ago an announcement in an Ellenville, New York, journal that Miss Sarah Tuthill, an accomplished elocutionist of that State, would soon depart for Portland, Oregon. The name of the lady appeared in the last passenger list of the "Great Republic," so we presume she is now here. The paper named thus comments upon her elocutionary powers: "Miss Tuthill has no mannerisms, no mouthings, no posings for effect. She has studied her pieces, got their meaning, and gives on the platform her honest conception of their teachings in a straightforward way." Whether she comes professionally or as a future resident of Oregon we do not know, but in either event we feel sure she will find appreciative friends.

One consolation, if men are the exclusive law-makers of the world, they are, comparatively, exclusive lawbreakers. There is not in the prisons of the country, one woman to every one hundred men.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

We hardly expected when last week's hurried missive was dispatched from The Dalles on the Monday previous to its publication, that the next would hail from Umatilla, as we had intended to be further on in our journey at the present writing. But a truce to prefaces. They often spoil a book and much oftener ruin an epistolary effort, at least as far as the reader's further perusal is concerned.

Arrangements were made for our departure for Walla Walla on the evening of the 11th, when an agreeable diversion crossed our path in the shape of an invitation to a wedding. It it well known that weddings are our *forte*. We've been a missionary long enough to appreciate the value of every table delicacy, as well as to adapt ourselves to everything else, whether comfortable or otherwise, which may come in our way while traveling. But a wedding day is a specially happy one for somebody, so we always attend when possible, if fortunate enough to be bidden. The high contracting parties were Mr. John Fulton, son of Col. James Fulton, of The Dalles, formerly of Yamhill, and Miss Brittania Gilmore, daughter of Judge Gilmore, of Klickitat county, W. T., also an old-time resident of Yamhill, and member of the late State Constitutional Convention at Walla Walla.

Tuesday morning dawned with propitious skies and pellucid atmosphere. Col. Fulton, accompanied by the officiating clergyman, Rev. J. W. Elder, also of The Dalles, called at the Umatilla House, and we literally embarked in his family carriage, for we were soon after aboard the ferryboat, and pulling for the Washington Territory shore. While on the Oregon side, we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hawley, late of Salem, who is removing from under the humid skies of Webfoot to the sandy uplands of the Klickitat. But that wasn't what we started out to write about, so, with jolly good will and thorough good wishes for our old Oregon neighbor, we change the address of his paper from Salem to Goldendale, and join the bridegroom elect and his younger brother who have just overtaken us, and proceed from Rockland to the Gilmore farm, two miles from the Columbia, and in view of a vast expanse of variegated landscape suggestive of the Happy Valley. Here grapes on the vines abound in November, and cattle subsist on the bunch grass of a thousand hills throughout the entire year. Here the lands drop fatness and the solitary birds are glad.

Judge Gilmore, with his good wife and happy family, consisting of children and grandchildren in old-fashioned numbers, greeted the bridal party, and soon the bride and groom, accompanied by a brother of the former and a sister of the latter, appeared upon the scene in regulation attire and with faces beaming with happiness. The usual ceremony and congratulations were followed, as a matter of course, by the feast of good things before hinted at. Then we had an uninterrupted flow of wit, wisdom and laughter, and song, and sense, and nonsense and sentiment, which everybody enjoyed to the uttermost. The old people grew young again, and the young appreciated their privileges fully. The glorious autumn day was perfect. Scarcely a ripple was in the air. You could see clearly across the hills and dales in a radius of at least a hundred miles. From the bluffs back of the house, whither we wandered alone before nightfall to hold communion with a single grave that keeps mute vigil over the eternal solitude, we counted scores of newly-erected cottages on the adjacent and distant hillsides. Newly plowed fields greeted the eye in all directions, and soon the earth seemed alive with pastoral music.

> "Goiing, goiang, goiingle—lingle;
> The cows were coming home."

We harkened awhile, and a distant rumble, and then a roar, like the confusion of a morning in Broadway, greeted our ears. What was it? Again we looked and listened; and behold, over there among the seeming fastnesses of the misty hills, between which and ourself we know a mighty river goes tearing through the rocks, although hidden from our gaze by its intervening bluffs, we see the rising smoke and steam that herald the progress of the iron-horse whose train awakens the roaring echoes that have startled us. We shut our eyes, and for a moment are a girl again. Twenty-six years have rolled their changing seasons over backwards, and we are again a wanderer beside the suffering oxen, which in obedience to the cruel lash, are hauling their loads of immigrants across an almost trackless continent toward the setting sun. But it will not do for us to linger here.

> "Night has closed her sable curtain,
> And pinned it with a star."

The folks at the farm-house will be missing the dreamer, and we must retrace our steps.

Morning brought weeping skies. The somber night had wafted forward the murky fogs of the lowlands, and distributed them over the sandy hights, and everywhere the gentle rains came down and greeted the thirsty sands with its nourishing tears of gladness. For several hours we were all rain-bound. And then the weeping skies wiped their weeping eyes, and only sobbed at intervals, and we took passage with the bride and groom in their buggy that was just large enough for two, and departed amid the tearful good-bye's of the parents, and showers of jests and horse-shoes from the young people.

We concluded to stop for an hour at the Rockland ranche, which has recently changed hands, Messrs. Foster & Rowland being the new proprietors. Here we had dinner and a pleasant visit, and Mr. and Mrs. Fulton, their young hearts full of blissful expectations, for the fulfillment of which they have our holiest wishes, left us for their home in the John Day Valley, which was ready for their reception, and which the bride was pardonably anxious to behold.

After we had "done" Rockland, which didn't take very long, barring the good dinner at Mrs. Foster's, we embarked in a skiff for the Oregon side, a Chinaman, who will soon be a Christian if he keeps on learning at the present rate of progress, refusing to allow us to share a gunny-sack as a protection to the seat he occupied, because he wanted it himself, for the seat was *wette*. We respected the superior rights of our political equal; but a gentleman who was not afraid of Woman Suffrage kindly loaned us a rubber coat for the occasion, so we reached The Dalles in good order and good spirits.

Here we took the evening train for Celilo, our brain busy with the scenes of the long ago, which these sights and sounds and solitudes forever awaken. The "Annie Faxon" was off duty and the "Almota" is not large enough to accommodate the crowds of travelers who throng her cabins; but the water is low, and everybody is thankful for the smaller boat. Captain W. P. Gray, a younger brother of Captain J. H. D. Gray, of Astoria, and son of Wm. Gray, the historian, assisted by his trusty mate, guards the many lives in his keeping, with a vigilance that is worthy of all praise. At three P. M., on Thursday, a party of ladies were invited to the pilot-house, where we were joined by several gentlemen, and while we were in comparative safe waters, we had music and anecdotes and songs and laughter, the Captain being the jolliest of the crowd. We sang everything we could all think of, from "Old Dan Tucker," to "Jesus my All." We rehashed old incidents and sandwiched them between the songs, and scarcely thought of danger. But Captain Gray was on the look out, and at the right moment took the helm. We were in sight of Umatilla now, and it was almost nightfall.

"Hell's gate," or the "Devil's gap," or whatever sacred name they call it, abounds in rocks, some hidden, others visible, but all ugly customers upon which some captain has at sometime snagged a boat. There is "Tenino" rock, "Felton" rock, "Baughman" rock, "Eddy" rock, "Stump's" rock, "Coe's" rock and one they call "Split" rock, though we move to amend by calling it "Splitfoot."

How they steer clear of these rocks is to us a mystery. Sometimes the waves break over a certain point like angry surf, again long reef-like lines of maddened water boil and surge on either side of a tract that seems not half wide enough to admit the passage of venturesome steamers. Then, for quite a distance the deceitful rocks cover their treacherous faces with a shimering sheet of water "like wrinkled skins on scalded milk." The captain works past and breathes hard. The perspiration pours from his face and his eyes glisten with intense interest. A mistake of six inches in the turn of the wheel might swamp the boat. No time for joking now. The captain and mate "take time" and consult the compass. They scan every familiar point along the shore line. Darkness is settling down upon the water. No time is to be lost. But yonder, in the distance, gleams the bright red lights of two Umatilla wharf boats. The danger is over now, and we leave the wheel and go down to supper, and the hungry, impatient crowd in the cabins have not dreamed of the skill and vigilance to which they owe their present safety. In a little while we are alongside the wharf boat, and soon after we are snugly housed in dear Mrs. Wilson's well-kept hotel, where we are lulled to sleep by the falling rain that rattles on the tin roof above us, and reminds us of the old song that says,

> "'Tis a joy to press the pillow
> Of a cottage chamber bed,
> And to listen to the patter
> Of the soft rain overhead."

Morning, and the air is as clear as a bell. The wild waters across the Columbia are equaled only by the illimitable timberless wilds behind the wind-worn village. The good people are safely over their Indian scare. Business has resumed its old channels, and the citizens have almost forgotten their former peril. To-night we are to try to lecture, though nobody but a woman would be foolish enough to undertake it while suffering from a persistent cold and chronic sore throat.

A. J. D.

Umatilla, November 14, 1878.

MARIA MITCHELL.

A lady, recounting recollections of a visit to Vassar College, speaks thus of Miss Maria Mitchell, professor of astronomy in that institution: "I had the privilege of meeting and conversing (in the laboratory) with that distinguished scientific lady, Maria Mitchell. She is perhaps less than medium in size, wears gray curls around her temples, and has a clear, undimmed, dark eye. She is now about sixty years of age, and—what is very unusual in a life of either mental or manual labor—has never had a day of sickness. I was shown through some of the rooms where were stationed the astronomical instruments. The great telescope in the dome! With what feelings it inspires one when beholding it; that powerful instrument for enlightening the inhabitants of this world in regard to the myriads of other worlds. How clear and comprehensive must be the eye of her who gazes through it into the heavens, and with nice and profound calculation draws out great scientific truths!"

The *Youth's Companion* has enjoyed an enviable reputation in its peculiar field of journalism for half a century. It is conducted with such marked ability that a city contemporary thinks its opinions upon the Mormon question quite brilliant enough to pass off as its own. A plagiarist should poach upon obscure journals if he does not desire to *Bee* discovered.

OUR JURY SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

It appears to me that all must see the need of a radical change in the present law defining the qualifications of jurors in our courts. Owing to the rapid and almost universal dissemination of correct information among the people of this country upon all important subjects, it has become next to impossible to find a person qualified by law to serve as a juror on a case of general notoriety, who is not disqualified in fact. So palpable has this fact become, that it is a common remark that ordinarily the twelve individuals who are accepted to try any prominent case would suffer by comparison with a like number of men chosen promiscuously from the community. To illustrate:

Mr. A is called and sworn, and the attorney explains the accusation against the defendant, and propounds the usual questions as to citizenship, domicile, etc., and then proceeds:

"Have you heard anything about the case?"

"I read something of it in the papers at the time."

"Did you believe from what you read that a crime had been committed?"

"If the statement I saw was true, I certainly believed a crime had been committed."

"Well, did you believe what you read in the papers?"

"I had no reason to disbelieve it."

"Well, from what you read of the case, did you form or express an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of this defendant, if he is proven to be the party charged in the paper with the commission of the crime?"

"I certainly did."

"Do you entertain that opinion still?"

"I do."

Mr. A is challenged for cause read, and the court, as a sworn administrator of the law, orders him to stand aside, and Mr. B is called and interrogated in the same manner; but he saw no account of the matter in the papers—takes nor reads none—had formed or expressed no opinion upon a matter that had perhaps occupied the columns of the newspapers for weeks, and been discussed on every corner and by almost everybody for months past, and he is accepted under the law to pass upon an important interest, perhaps the life of a fellow-being. "Comment is unnecessary." B.

Portland, November 18, 1878.

OREGON--HER NAME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

I was not a little interested in an explanation I recently saw in a California paper, of the origin of the names of that State and this, her boreal sister. Both were new to me, and although given as conjectures merely, struck me as being more plausible than any I had previously noticed. That writer thinks the word California is a conjuncted Spanish word, made up of *caliente*—warm—and *fornele*—a *furnace*: California meaning, hot as a furnace.

The word Oregon he thinks is also of Spanish origin. Early Spanish navigators, as he supposes, noticed that the natives of this Northwest coast had the habit of inducing an abnormal length of ear by appending heavy ornaments of bone and shell thereto, and taking the cue from these ears they called the country *La tierra de los Orejons; oreja* being the Spanish for ear, and the termination *on* representing exaggeration in size. Hence, Oregon means big ear.

Now, Mrs. Editor, while this appears to my mind more probable than that this State owes her name to a not conspicuous *weed*—the *Origanum*—as the school books adopted by our State authorities teach, I doubt the correctness of either. My opinion is, that the name is of French origin. And while I am aware of the objections that may be raised to this theory, I will venture to give some of the reasons that support that belief.

As is well known, Captain Gray called "the river of the west" Columbia, and by that name it has been known on the maps, and generally by the people of the United States; but by the early British explorers and traders it was known as the *Oregon*. *Orage* in French is storm, *Oragan*, stormy; and is it not probable that the French Canadians, which people were almost exclusively employed by early traders, trappers and explorers as watermen from the high winds that prevail during almost the entire year at certain points on the river, called it *La Reviere Oregan*, or the "stormy river," and that the country watered by it subsequently took the name?

A. F. J.

Portland, November 18, 1878.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Inundations are feared from the rapid rise of the Seine.

Measures have been taken to increase the Russian army in time of war by 632 batallions.

Violent storms have prevailed throughout Central Italy, causing damage unparalleled.

The river Save has overflowed its banks, involving serious loss of life and immense destruction of military stores.

One hundred and two societies, twenty-six newspapers, and eighty-eight books have been prohibited since the promulgation of the anti-socialist law in Germany.

An attempt was made to assassinate Humbert, King of Italy, in Naples, a few days since, while riding in a carriage with the Queen. The King received but a slight scratch; the assassin was arrested.

Norwich, England, is inundated by a freshet in the river Wensom. Two of the most densely populated streets are several feet under water. Four or five miles of streets are flooded, and between 3,000 and 4,000 dwellings are rendered uninhabitable. City authorities are maintaining the homeless poor.

RECENT EVENTS.

More Southern frauds are continually unearthed.

A county has been found in South Carolina without one Republican vote.

Lane, prohibition candidate for governor of Pennsylvania, received 3,653 votes.

A fire occurred at Atlantic City, N. J., on the 15th, in which the loss was quite severe.

The President, it is said, will devote a large part of his message to the Southern questions.

A fire at Bradford, Pa., on the night of the 15th, destroyed about fifty buildings. Loss, $150,000.

Governor Fremont, of Arizona, is of the opinion that the control of the Indians there should be transferred to the military.

A few cases of yellow fever still linger in the Southern cities—mostly old ones. There is thought to be no danger to returning refugees.

Preparations of royal magnificence are being made in Canada for the reception of the new Govenor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, and his princess wife.

The meetings of the American Woman Suffrage Convention at Indianapolis were largely attended, and made interesting by prominent speakers, men and women.

A telegram from Charlestown, West Virginia, has been received stating that nine hundred indictments have been found against illicit distillers and other violators of revenue laws.

Quartermaster H. W. Janes, U. S. A., who recently became insane at Fort Shaw, Montana, passed through Omaha on the 17th bound for the national insane asylum at Washington.

Ingersoll, editor of a paper at Owasso, Mich., published a scurrilous article recently, for which he received a coat of tar and feathers from a number of prominent women of the place. The latter were arrested.

The New Haven Board of Education have decided, by a vote of seven to one, to continue the old plan of religious exercises in the public schools. The liturgy proposed by a committee of clergymen is thereby disposed of.

The revenue marine bureau of the treasury department, shows by annual report that one hundred and ninety-two vessels wrecked or in distress, with an aggregate of seven hundred and twenty-six persons on board, have been assisted by revenue cutters. The estimated value of the property saved is $1,700,000, and one hundred and forty-two persons were actually saved from drowning.

"Blood is Thicker than Water."

Under this head, the Memphis *Appeal* pays grateful tribute to the brotherly sympathies extended by the North to the plague-stricken cities of the South during the dreadful months now happily past, whose very breath was pestilence, and whose daily record was *death, death*. "The angel in the human heart," forgetful of all past differences, or rising grandly above them, bearing with it relief and sympathy, impelled men and women to leave the cool quiet of their Northern homes, counting all personal suffering and danger and privation light, so they could but minister to the wants of those whom the fetid breath of Southern cities was destroying by scores and by hundreds. That these ministrations have been gratefully accepted as generously given, the voice of thankfulness from many a warm Southern heart has proven. We quote from the journal above referred to, the following:

> The same men who led the armies of the North, the same journalists who inspired these armies, and the same religious teachers, and the same noble, heroic women who originated and sustained, amid the heat of battle and the excitement of sometimes popular commotions, the grandest beneficence ever conceived of for the relief of soldiers in the field, have been foremost in the heaven-sent work of our relief in weeks that are the dreariest in our calendar. Unwearied in their tasks, as did Joseph with his brethren, they have filled our sacks to overflowing, many, many times, and yet they are not done. From far Oregon and Montana to Vermont; from villages, town and cities of all the busy Northern States; from the miners' camp, the newsboys' home; from the banker and the farmer, the professor and the mechanic; from all classes of that section of our country where American ingenuity has found its largest field of conquest, and whose industries challenge the world in vain for a comparison; from this seat of a great industrial population, unmatched by any other on the earth, the gifts of an intelligent help and a touching sympathy have come, saving many thousands of our stricken ones from death, and lighting our dreary path with the light of an enduring brotherly love. "Blood is thicker than water." Of the same race, speaking the same tongue, the heirs of the same liberties and citizens of the same glorious country, no memories of sectional divisions, of political animosities or of civil war have been allowed to stay the steady flow of the bounteous stream that has brought us, with all else, the assurance that we are one people in fact as well as in name, and that beyond the froth and fuss of politics and the deceits and dangers of demagogues, the popular heart is safe, yielding only of its fullness when challenged in the cause of humanity and brothers' lives are at stake.

A man in New York City, on the night of the 18th, during a quarrel with his wife, threw a lighted lamp at her. The fluid scattered over her clothing, ignited in an instant, burning the miserable woman so horribly that she died in a few hours. That protector will probably languish in Sing Sing for a few months for "misdemeanor," as his victim is incapacitated from work whereby to pay his fine.

Margaret Livingstone, daughter of Henry B. and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, was married at the residence of her parents at Tenafly, New Jersey, on the 2d of October, to Frank Eugene Lawrence, of Council Bluffs, Iowa.

CARICATURES OF WOMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

A writer on this subject says: "In all the old civilizations, men have first degraded women, then laugh at them." He says also, "There is nothing older than the sentiment of the Hebrews, when they thanked God for his goodness in not making them women." And after quoting a pretty sonnet from a Chinese poet, in praise of a beautiful maiden, adds, "It is thus women are apt to be extolled by the men who despise them." The literature of all the ancient civilizations abound in contemptuous references to women, and caricaturists of all ages have found their weaknesses, foibles and frivolities, rich subjects for their satiric pencils.

Take up any periodical of the day, read the sketches, the articles of fiction, the reviews, the criticisms, anything on the subject of woman, and nine-tenths of the authors ridicule her, and even their eulogies are insulting. In fact, we only need note the universal flattery bestowed upon women to form our conclusions of the popular estimate of her abilities.

It is a great tax to the patience of sensible women who are endowed with a dignified and proper estimate of their own abilities to note the fact that many women simper and acquiesce in this ignoble estimate of woman. These are they who are wont to give a shrug of their shoulders and a horrified elevation of the eyebrows when the subject of Woman Suffrage is mentioned. Their only argument is "how dreadful!" their only expression of admiration "so lovely for anything," and their only reproof for the vices of man "O, you naughty creature." Faugh! We're sick; send Bridget with her brawny arms and practical common sense this way, that we may see that all who wear petticoats are not "caricatures on women." A.

Portland, November 18, 1878.

A Woman's Appeal for Women.

The Baptist *Beacon*, a monthly journal issued at Salem in the interests of the denomination its name indicates, publishes an interesting paper, prepared and read before the late Baptist Convention at Oregon City, by Mrs. S. McCown. The subject, "Woman's Foreign Mission Work," is one that has engaged the earnest thought of Christian women for years, and is ably treated by Mrs. McCown. We make the following extract, as showing how a true woman can plead for those of her sex, who wear the yoke of bondage and endure the oppression of heathen lands:

> Christianity, as it brings us nearer the perfect state in which man was created, elevates woman proportionally. The more perfect Christian one becomes, the more he will regard the law of Christ, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," even to woman. But the heathen woman feels the full force of the curse in all its bitterness—often that pronounced upon man also: In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread. She is the *property* of her husband, the slave of his every caprice and whim—perhaps a petted slave—may even be loved, after a fashion, but she is never an *equal*. And till the religion of Christ elevates her into a human being, with a mind and soul, she must keep her degraded position. The customs and prejudices of China—and in no country is prejudice more strong—forbids woman mingling in general society; she must associate with her own sex. So if the Chinese woman is reached by the gospel, the Christian woman must carry it to her. With the wives and mothers of that great nation, Christians, how long a time will it take to make Christianity universal? Each will communicate what she has learned to her husband, to her sons, her daughters and her friends.
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> For the past eighty years there have been women who have gone to heathen lands, sharing the toil and privations with their husbands, that they might be instrumental in bringing them to a knowledge of the Lord. But it is only within a few years that there has been an organization to send women missionaries to heathen women. I do not think it desirable that men should be excluded from this organization, for God, who placed them on earth to work together, knew that each would do better by having the support and sympathy of the other. It is no more good for woman to be alone than it is for man. There are many societies to send the gospel to heathen men; there is only one to send it to heathen women. So this one should devote all its funds to the support of lady missionaries and Bible readers.

NEWS ITEMS.

STATE AND TERRITORIAL.

The Oregon City flouring mills are running day and night.

But one man in Island county, W. T., voted against the new constitution.

A grist mill was completed at Eagle Creek last week at a cost of about $5,000.

Brent's majority as delegate to Congress from Washington Territory, is about 1,500.

The daily shipment of wheat from Walla Walla by rail has for some time past been 120 tons.

Two hogs were killed at Tenino last week which weighed 935 pounds. They were Chester Whites, and were eighteen months old.

At a revival meeting held at Deer Creek, Douglas county, eighty-seven persons were converted, out of one hundred and twenty-one in attendance.

Upon opening the case containing the plate glass for the Odd Fellows' temple, now being built in Albany, the three largest was found to be broken. The loss is about $500.

The salaries of the postmasters of Olympia, Seattle and Walla Walla have each been increased lately. The postmaster at the first place gets $1,700; at the second, $1,900, and at the last $2,100 per year.

Dr. Watts will deliver a course of temperance lectures in Albany. The first of the series will be given on Thanksgiving evening. If the charts he exhibits will not make the moderate drinker forsake his cups, then is all effort useless.

Two young girls were rescued last week, by their relatives, from an opium smoking den in Albany. Two disreputable characters were arrested on the charge of having enticed the girls to the place for the worst purposes. The evidence, however, failed to substantiate the charge.

☞ 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.