

MISREPRESENTED IN CONGRESS.

It is bad enough to be misrepresented, but it is infinitely worse to be misrepresented. The women of Oregon cannot be too grateful to Mr. Mitchell for his championship of their interests during the time he has occupied a seat in the Senate chamber of the United States, and the women of California owe a like debt of gratitude to Senator Sargent. While James K. Kelly was Senator, he offered as much opposition to woman's political advancement as a putty man could oppose to anything, and, unfortunately, the vote of a noodle, in or out of Congress, counts one, only supposing that the noodle is of the masculine gender. Senator Grover follows closely to Kelly's wake, and votes adversely to the interests of that class of citizens who are taxed without representation and governed without consent, because, forsooth, they are women. Hon. Richard Williams, though not an open advocate of woman's enfranchisement, votes right upon the question. One result, and not the least deplored, of the defeat of Mr. Hines will be, that the women of Oregon will be worse than misrepresented, misrepresented in the Lower House by the election of his late opponent. Too far advanced in fossilization to keep pace with the requirements of civilization, John Whitteker will be one of those who will listen while earnest and intelligent women citizens of the United States urge the removal of their political disabilities, supporting their demands by the unanswerable logic of their forefathers when asking the priceless boon of individual freedom, and turning a deaf ear to that which he cannot refute—possibly a dull ear to that which he cannot understand—he will raise himself with a start and respond "nay" when the question is put to vote. This is our prediction, and, unlike predictions in general, we hope it will not be fulfilled, in which case our readers will see what a handsome apology we know how to make to our Congressmen elect for misjudging that he would misrepresent us.

COMMENCEMENT AT FOREST GROVE.

The commencement exercises, always a feature in the college year, were of more than usual interest at Forest Grove last week. Resplendent in gorgeous flowers and brightest evergreen, the Congressional Church, with its spireless spire pointing heavenward, surrounded by the dark foliage of stately oaks, seemed fitting place for the triumphal close of the years of quiet, studious school life of the half-century of graduates who with commencement day bade *Adieu*. After a wistful farewell, "The Growth of the Constitution" was ably discoursed upon before the college societies by Hon. M. C. George on Monday evening. On Tuesday evening Hon. Raleigh Stebbins addressed the Associate Alumni, his subject being the "Hoodlum." His remarks were carefully prepared and well received, though when he attributed the prevalence of these street Arabs to "unattractive homes and lack of social culture," many mothers who have striven earnestly and prayerfully to do their duty in this regard, yet have had the bitter grief of seeing their boys swell the ranks of this society-disturbing class, feel the injustice of such maternal arraignment. On Wednesday came the essays and addresses of the graduates. The following subjects received the attention of the class: "Political Progress," Milton W. Smith; "Plant Life," Mary A. Cresswell; "Obligation," Elvia H. Fears; "Belief and Doubt," Mary F. Lyman; "Life," D. C. Laton; "Talk," Mary S. Easton; "Labor Reform," Samuel R. Stott; "Ideas," Horace S. Lyman; "Silent Influences," Laura M. Huxter; "Gifts," and "Valedictory," R. Ellen Scott. At the close of these exercises President Marsh conferred the degrees. This interesting ceremony was followed by the singing of the following class song, written by Horace S. Lyman, and set to appropriate music by Miss Scott:

The shores are lined, the rocks are crowned,  
Along the sparkling bay,  
By many friends who've come to see  
The new boat launch away.  
CHORUS—Across the sea, across the sea,  
The winds of action blow;  
Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,  
The wings of morning glow.  
Upon the waves, in open glaze,  
The boats are set to view;  
Their sails are trim, their masts are white,  
All shining, bright and new.  
CHORUS—  
But how at length they glide along,  
Down to the landing tide;  
They touch the flood, they feel the wave,  
And far away they glide.  
CHORUS—  
To-day we launch, to-day we glide,  
Down from the college ways;  
We feel the life, we catch the winds,  
That lead us to new days.  
CHORUS—Across the sea, across the sea,  
The stars like comets shine;  
Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,  
Aid the shores divine.  
The winds blow strong, the waves gleam white,  
The tide bears us away;  
We work to do, we seek to see,  
We must no longer stay.  
CHORUS—  
And so, farewell to all we leave  
Welcome to all before!  
We owe our strength to all that's left,  
And tread in foot for more.  
CHORUS—  
An Alumni dinner in the afternoon and a reunion in the evening closed the commencement exercises, and the class of 1878 start, each on his or her way, to work out the great life problem, each, as we hope, with such a measure of success as will merit at the final summing up the welcome plaudit: "Well done."

"ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE."

Some three years ago we published in these columns, under the above caption, the following bit of authenticated information as a matter of news. We now reproduce it to accommodate the offender, who is making the air hideous with his frantic endeavors to induce us to notice him. We copy verbatim from the issue of June 11, 1875:

"Many of our Oregon and Washington readers will remember one 'Professor' W. H. Chaney, a peripatetic lecturer upon astrology, who visited the Northwest some three years ago, and who consulted the planets and wrote 'activities.' This 'Professor' has been three times married. His first wife fell an early grave; the second, a respectable lady artist of New York, was deserted by our astrologer years ago, when his 'stars' sent him across the continent after a mythical gold mine. His third marriage was with Miss Flora Wellman, an estimable lady of more than average ability, who resided for some time in Seattle, and who astonished and grieved her many friends in that city by her strange profligacy. Shortly before their marriage the couple removed to San Francisco, where they have been living for a year just, eking out a precarious existence, engaged in writing 'activities,' and she, though unused to mental tasks, in drugging at the wash-tub and caring for other people's children for hire. Naturally proud, sensitive, and refined, she possessed of much culture, this her little woman clung desperately to her husband, and kept her domestic troubles to herself. Lately, however, finding herself in delicate health, she informed her husband of the fact, and asked to be relieved for a few months from the care of the children for whom she was officiating as nurse girl. He denied her request, and ordered her to pack up and leave the house, because she indignantly refused to destroy her unborn babe.

"I have no money, and nowhere to go," said the poor object of a bad man's protecting gentleness.

"Neither have I any money to give you," he replied.

"A friend offered her \$25, but she flung it from her, saying, with a burst of anguish, 'It will be of no use to me without my husband's love!'"

The inhuman husband informed the poor wife that he had sold the furniture which she had helped to buy, and it was useless for her to think of remaining there any longer. He then abruptly left her, and the forsaken, homeless, penniless victim, in her desperation, attempted suicide, first with laudanum, and afterward with a pistol. Failing in both efforts, she was removed, in a half insane condition, to the house of a friend, where she still remains. Having become calm, and somewhat resigned to her fate, it is thought she will not again attempt suicide.

The above is condensed from a long account in the San Francisco Chronicle, and is given as the lady's own story, gathered from her most intimate friends. After we had published the above, the unfortunate author of all the mischief and misery wrote us, in shameless detail, a mass of stuff for which he demanded publication, part in detail, part in palliation of his own conduct, and part in infamous accusation of his wife, to which we replied by letter that he should have the use of our columns for self-defense if he would write an article fit to print. This he did not do, and we have from that day to this ignored him, as we shall in the future, for the same reason that the lion, when attacked by the polecat, found it best to pass quietly by on the other side.

We are in possession of a "homopoe" of ourself cast by this astrologer when he first came to Oregon, and once before acknowledged in these columns, in which these words occur: "You will always have bitter enemies among the friends among the better classes—I mean the good and honest, whether rich or poor—and you should never look for them elsewhere. It is not possible for your enemies to crush you beyond the resurrecting arm of Mars."

Benjamin F. Potts has been re-nominated Governor of Montana.

AN HOUR WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

A correspondent who is heard in another column makes just and logical deductions upon the authority of the press of the State, by which he reaches the conclusion that the great mass of Oregon men are fit for prisons. Prudence counsels us to keep silent on this subject. We have often been accused of saying naughty things about our brethren, but the above is worse than "fables yet have feigned or malice conceived" concerning our utterances, and the partisan press of the State, controlled exclusively by men, furnishes the evidence from which the deduction is made. We leave it to the consciences of the men themselves to decide which is right, the evidence furnished by men's newspapers, or the verdict based upon the evidence and rendered by our brother correspondent. We will, however, take issue with the last named when he says "the people" close these candidates. When men learn that no moral, physiological or governmental law allows them justly to exclude the women of a state when taking into account her "people," they will not, as we hope, see so many incongruities as now appear in political affairs.

A correspondent from the green hills of Polk county writes: "I wish Mrs. Dunway would arrange matters so as to come here soon. I do want to hear a woman who can talk sense to women—and men, too, for that matter—make a speech. I have been afflicted with a partiality for women ever since I got acquainted with my mother, a partiality which my acquaintance with my wife has not diminished, and that, perhaps, causes me to like any one who can say something in a sensible way for their good. Come up and make us a rousing speech, and tell us what men are good for, anyway." We can assure our chivalrous correspondent that Mrs. Dunway will be glad when strength permits and opportunity offers, to come up and make that speech. Diligent and careful research may enable her to answer satisfactorily the concluding words of the letter quoted, and thus render herself a benefactor, not only of men, but of the race. One thing we have heard her frequently and gratefully acknowledge men "good for," is in aiding and encouraging the work for woman's advancement by patronizing and paying for the New Northwest, and she will doubtless be able to enlarge upon the subject of fiction.

A correspondent whose political opinions we criticised some time since, furnishes her ideas on war in good, solid prose, which we print in another column. Rhyme, misallied poetry, which but suffices to render ridiculous that which it would exalt, is our pet aversion. A mediocre, or even a person of extraordinary ability, who is unused to placing his ideas upon paper, should never allow himself to be betrayed into the fatality of writing in verse. What in prose is quite passable, and appeals to the common sense and judgment of the reader, is, when poetized, and if expressed in halting measures and imperfect rhyme, provokes only ridicule. So we find our own and welcome for a prose article, when, had its sense been obscured and its meaning perverted by strained attempt of its author to write himself "poet," we could only have cast it into the waste basket, unnoted, unless by criticism, which the author would perhaps justly pronounce ungenerous.

A friend who has given much thought to the greenback question, deploras the fact that lack of currency will probably force him to discontinue the New Northwest, and says: "Without a fair supply of money for the business of the country, literature must die away. Forty-seven millions of people that have been used to circulate from one to two billions of money cry out when confined to five or six millions. It is like putting away all our labor-saving inventions and going back to the sickle, the cradle, the scythe, the canal boat, the Canastota wagon and the old pot auger. But I submit, and will go quietly to pasture if the rest of mankind do. For all I can do, capital will bid labor in chains, toward which the surest step is to curtail money that newspapers cannot circulate among the masses." This friend has struck many a valiant blow to prevent the state of things he prognosticates, and we opine that his efforts will return to him in due time, bearing their legitimate fruit—greenbacks. As to financial stress compelling him to discontinue his long patronage of this journal, we will say for his consolation that, as he is credited with two years' advance payment, we do not feel present uneasiness, and can only hope that some hundreds of our subscribers will be afflicted with gloomy financial forebodings long enough to entice them to follow his example in this matter.

A short note signed "A Defeated Candidate," tells us that "Our Ticket" was not successful. The nomination of Mrs. Joe, has been published in the Oregonian. Mrs. Gates was born and brought up in Yamhill county, and died on the 28th of May, in the 25th year of her age. She was, during many years of her girlhood, a teacher, and was well beloved by all with whom she associated. A happy married life of three years, a tiny babe upon her bosom, its entrance before her into the bright beyond, leaving for her the "beautiful graves ajar," a thoughtful bestowal of keepsakes to loved ones, as the sands of her brief life ebbed fastly to their finish," farewells lingeringly spoken, hands folded silently, casket crowned with wreaths of immortelles, a grave, and her work is done. A halo of virtues and graces clusters about her memory.

Willamette University sends out twenty-three graduates this week. Sixteen from the literary, and seven from the medical department. Of the former, seven are young ladies; among the latter appears the name of Miss Julia Johnson, of Dallas.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: The chronicle of the New Northwest, having ceased during the past month because of the cessation of the peregrinations themselves, thereby giving you a respite from the task of reading, as well as ourself a respite from the task of writing, have patience now, and behold us aboard the east-side train, bound Salemward, our destination the city of politics and the Grangers' picnic.

A month has vastly changed the verdure along the line of travel. The dogwood blossom no longer blinks its great round eyes at us from the hillside, and the pendulous, pea-green maple blossoms have given way to the wealth of feathery, pea-like seed pods that always follow in their wake. The fern and hazel and hickory are in their glory. Rocks that erewhile gazed at you in shameless audacity are draped in downy robes of emerald hue, surrounded by tresses of forest white. Farm-houses rise up from amid a wild abandon of variegated loveliness, flanked here and there by vegetable gardens, near which crimson laden cherry trees stand as sentinels, their feet adorned by mammoth clumps of scarlet strawberries. Dainty apple peep in friendly clusters from their parent stems. Pears, equally diminutive, hang pendent from their maternal twigs. By the million tons is ready for the mower. Wheat covering countless acres already lifts aloft its myriads of forming heads. And the cattle and horses are glad, and the children are happy, and the song of the wild bird is heard in the land. Verily, the deities of the land of Wehfoot have a goodly heritage. No drought, no floods, no extremely cold or sultry weather, no famine, little sickness, less war, and no pestilence. It is little wonder that they think no home is like their own.

It is almost night when we reach Salem, where we find mine host and lady of the Chemeketa Hotel engaged in renovating the great building from basement to attic, making the best possible use of the meager materials at hand to refurbish the few dozen rooms that we most need it. But Mr. and Mrs. Matheys make the best of everything, and fully sustain the reputation of the house.

Politics, both, bubble, and seethe in Salem. Candidates for the United States Senate are as thick as strawberries in May. The number of men who are willing to sacrifice themselves for their country's good is a matter of stillment wonder. But we went on Friday to the Grangers' picnic, and for the nonce forgot everything in relation to politics—except the all-important and humiliating fact that one-half of the people are taxed without representation and governed without consent. The picnic was held on the State Fair grounds, and it was estimated that there were at least four thousand persons present. The day was delightfully pleasant. The speech of Judge Boise was exceedingly well received, as were all the other exercises, not the least enjoyable of which was singing by Mr. Minto, who is really getting younger again. Then, that dinner. Ah, younger, if you want the best of everything this goodly land affords, just let Flora, Ceres, and Pomona come to the front as cooks. They may have babes in their arms, and they may be horny-handed, for they toil like Trojans, these supported divinites, but they have good and honest hearts and clear, well-balanced heads, and they can feed you like kings and talk woman question like oracles. Small need for us to talk this last among the women now-a-days; for there are always sentinels upon the outer walls, ready to proclaim the gospel of freedom in their own glad way, while we look on complacently, and straggle stare at us and wonder that we are not only not cursed with horns and hoofs, but are as handsome and good-natured as themselves. Verily, the heaven of human rights is working, and woman will be free.

Saturday, and homeward bound. At New Era, on our return, we encounter the Portland Unitarian pioneers, and our train halts and takes them aboard. They pronounce New Era the place for picnics, whereas we are glad, for our whole-souled suffrage friends, the Castos, live there, and those who visit the place for a day only will sniff the very air of freedom.

But adieu. Next week you may hear from us from Walla Walla. A. J. D. June 8, 1878.

IN MEMORIAM.

A touching tribute to the memory of Elbert E. wife of P. P. Gates, and daughter of J. H. and N. Olds, of St. Joe, has been published in the Oregonian. Mrs. Gates was born and brought up in Yamhill county, and died on the 28th of May, in the 25th year of her age. She was, during many years of her girlhood, a teacher, and was well beloved by all with whom she associated. A happy married life of three years, a tiny babe upon her bosom, its entrance before her into the bright beyond, leaving for her the "beautiful graves ajar," a thoughtful bestowal of keepsakes to loved ones, as the sands of her brief life ebbed fastly to their finish," farewells lingeringly spoken, hands folded silently, casket crowned with wreaths of immortelles, a grave, and her work is done. A halo of virtues and graces clusters about her memory.

UNJUSTIFIABLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: The political campaign just closed was characterized by most shameful slandering of nearly all the candidates for office. Our newspapers and circulars will find their way to distant sections of the United States, and to most of the continental sections of Europe, and parts of Asia. Persons in those countries will set a very low estimate upon our prominent men—those who were nominated by county and State conventions here—the true Democracy of our country—local delegates were chosen, and hence all the candidates derived their nominations, which came from State and county conventions in Oregon. If all these candidates are such base men, their nominations must have come from equally corrupt voters; and hence it follows that the great mass of the Oregon men are fit subjects for prisons. Shame, shame, on all publishers here of such vile slanders of our very best citizens. All of the candidates for offices are men of fair character and standing in their several towns and county districts. To say that they all have been perfection would be false. I deeply regret that slanders of so base a character have been so unparagonably promulgated against our fellow-citizens, whose chief crime seemed at last to be political aspiration. It is said that when rogues fall on honest persons near the truth concerning the rogues. But few of the men in either of the political parties as officers in Oregon were in nomination. Most of the candidates were men from amongst the people who promised reform and fidelity in office if elected. It is manifest that there have been grievous frauds and speculations in the State, and in some of the counties, by the incumbents in those offices. The two main political parties bring forth documentary evidence to prove that the other party was a little more extravagant, dishonest, and reckless while in office than the accusers. As they are all honorable men, as Mark Anthony would say, we must credit their showing of figures as true, and say that for at least fifteen years the tax-payers of Oregon have been grievously swindled and oppressively taxed.

Thus, taking all statements in the account, the public men here, past and present, are awful fellows! But we will compare them with prominent men in like positions in other States, and the comparison will be in our favor. Perhaps, however, now that the election is over, the fighters will calm down and cease their slanders.

"A consummation devoutly to be wished."  
VOX POPULI.  
Howell Prairie, June 6, 1878.

ONE WOMAN'S OPINION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: The inconsistency and cruelty of war is never more apparent than when a peaceful man is raging. What, indeed, is war, but wholesale butchery of large bodies of men, not one in one hundred of whom know the cause of the quarrel, or are in the least affected by the issue. National honor, we are told, must be maintained, but what honor can there be in murdering a thousand human beings because leaders hold different opinions? Yet men seek to make this butchery honorable, and give it their sanction and applause. The man who has most skillfully planned military operations that have resulted in the loss of scores of human lives is the one most greatly honored by his country. It is dishonorable to kill a human being for mere difference of opinion, but highly commendable to kill or lay plans to kill thousands for mere difference of opinion of those in authority. As long as the people sing praises to conquerors and tyrants, so long will these flourish; neither have people a right to complain of oppression that they foster by their ignorant adulation. Let respect and honor be rendered to humanity and virtue; let shame and dishonor be meted out to vice and oppression, and the moral, social, and intellectual world will assume a different aspect.

"Yet in the madoning mace of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,"  
The world's workers have the consolation of seeing that knowledge is steadily advancing, and where but a few short years ago only mighty minds and few spoke out against war and its kindred evils, hundreds now denounce them. Brute force has been the ruling element of the past, and red-handed war is its closest ally.

But the golden age of reason is advancing and gradually dissolving the iron bands that prejudice has for ages been forging and force strengthening. War is inconsistent, as it is brutal, and war times out of ten the difficulties which cause it could be easily and amably settled by an appeal to reason. All thinking beings have a right to opinions of their own, and neither fire nor sword has ever yet been able to eradicate those that are honestly formed and grounded on principle. Such means may subdue or hush them into silence, but this is surely an ignoble triumph, and one unworthy of the name. E. Canby, May 20, 1878.

We think the Bee over estimates the influence of the Pacific Christian Advocate in ascribing to it and its editor the defeat of Hon. H. K. Hines for Congress. Sympathy for the general imbecility of its utterances is about the only feeling that paper awakens. The cause of this defeat is found in prejudices of a large class of voters; prejudices that cannot be overcome, simply because those who are ruled by them belong to the pig-headed brigade, and cannot be reasoned with.

General Butler has taken the contract of making out a case of impeachment against Hayes, and he is against the Judiciary committee making any recommendation either way upon the subject, leaving the case to stand as it is.

RECENT EVENTS.

About half the mills in Fall River, Massachusetts, have stopped this week. The opinion prevails in Manchester that the cotton strike will end next week.

William Cullen Bryant is lying in a comatose state, unable to take nourishment, and sleeping most of the time.

Colgate & Co.'s soap factory at Jersey City burned on the morning of the 6th, involving a loss of \$500,000, and throwing 300 men out of work.

A heavy storm of wind, hail, and rain lately occurred in Georgia. Corn, cotton, fences, and out-houses were blown down, and three children killed.

Strikers have stopped nearly every manufactory in Quebec, compelling willing workmen to knock off, and committing numerous outrages.

The Senate appropriation for a canal around the Cascades of the Columbia has been increased from \$75,000 to \$200,000 by a vote of thirty to twenty.

The House has, by a vote of 137 yeas to 103 nays, reduced the tax on tobacco to sixteen cents, and fixed the tax on cigars at five cents per thousand.

The Senate committee has reported favorably on a bill appropriating \$50,000 for the construction of a first-class light-house on Tillamook Head, Oregon.

The Colorado Central Railroad will probably be extended toward the Black Hills as far as Fort Laramie this season. This will be an extension of eighty-seven miles.

A colliery explosion occurred on the 7th, at Haystack, England. From 200 to 250 men were in the pit at the time, the larger proportion of whom were suffocated.

The grand lodge of Freemasons of the State of New York adopted the following: "Resolved, That we refuse to recognize as a Freemason any person initiated, passed, or raised in a body where the existence of a Supreme Being is denied or ignored."

Widow Maggie Van Cott, Methodist revivalist, left Omaha on the 10th for San Francisco, where she will begin a series of revivals at Howard-street M. E. Church next Saturday. She preaches morning and evening to immense congregations in that city on Sunday, and raised \$1,500 to pay the church debt.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Russians are making a retrograde movement at various points. Physicians attending the Emperor are anxious to have him removed from Berlin.

The sale of Nobeling's photographs in their exposure in the shop windows, has been prohibited. The Emperor of Germany celebrated the forty-ninth anniversary of his marriage on the 11th.

Emperor William is recovering from the wounds received at the hands of the would-be assassin, Nobeling. It is thought the congress will complete its labors after a fortnight's sitting. Prince Bismarck presides.

The Servians continue with energy their military preparations while making efforts to obtain admission to the congress. Between twenty and thirty persons have been arrested in various towns for expressing regret at the failure of Nobeling to kill the Emperor.

One hundred thousand refugees who fled to the Rhodope Mountains to escape the Russians and Bulgarians, send pressing demands to Constantinople for aid. At a cabinet council, the Crown Prince presiding, the suggestion found favor that European representatives in the Berlin congress consider the dangers threatening society from socialism.

Advices from Constantinople represent Bulgarians throughout Roumelia perpetrating horrible atrocities on Muslims. General Totleben has ordered vigorous measures of repression against the outlaws. Three Bulgarians taken red handed were summarily executed.

VIEWS OF A POLITICAL ALIEN.

Some of the bitterness which an alien in her native country is made to feel by the injustice which one-half of the people, upon occasion submit to is expressed in the following letter from the mountains districts of Lane county.—[Ed.]

A rumor reached me to-day—I presume it is but a rumor—that the assessor was taking down the names of boys over eighteen years of age, for convenience, in case their services were necessary to quell the coming war troubles. Now, my oldest son is about eighteen, but his name they need not take, for I can assure them they shall not take him. It is not my country, and so long as the friendly mountains are contiguous I will not furnish sons to fight its battles. It has robbed me of property, of the legal right to my children, of all else that liberty holds dear. Let those who hatch its broils and make its wars furnish targets for its enemy's bullets in their own persons. I would that every woman in the land would so declare herself. Let those who make the quarrels be the only ones to fight. Ah, you say, woman cannot enforce such a decree; her breath would be but an idle wind that would blow her sons no good and her only evil. Perhaps; but where, then, is woman's vaunted influence? If neither its silent workings nor its indignant protests can save her sons from war's bloody horrors, it is evident that such influence exists but in name. As I intimated above, I look at the friendly mountains around my home, and trusting them as I trust not animate things, I say, no son of mine, while he breaks bread at his mother's table, shall be forced to bear arms for a country in which, though a native, this mother is an alien. And I for one am amply able to keep my word. I. Dexter, May 22, 1878.

Farmers' Read and Consider.

The season of year suggests again, as it always does, the multitudinous cares that devolve upon wives of farmers, and we cannot let the occasion pass without referring to it. The fact well known that a large proportion of the women patients in our hospitals for the insane are brought thither from farm-houses, is enough to cause farm-women—and we had nearly said our own—to take alarm and provide that sorely needed element, help for their wives during the heats of harvest. A writer in the Corvallis Gazette sums the matter up with so much pitch, point and homeliness, that we quote her words and commend them to the careful perusal of our readers, both men and women:

"On our farms and in our villages the most, best and most important elements of motherhood are sacrificed to the hydrocephalic monster, country. The first step to be taken is to raise the wives and husbands of the mothers and wives of our farmers to the actual condition of things. No matter how distasteful the task, they must be summoned to our hospitals for the insane, where so large a proportion of the inmates are the poor victims of over-work, brought thither from farm-houses. From there they have their thoughts in the village burial grounds all over our land, where 'rest' at last the weary mothers who in life never enjoyed even the legitimate rest of the Sabbath, since the last dinner of the week must be prepared for the minister or the inevitable company of young folks—young folks who would be just as well and just as happy if sent to the orchard to pick their own fruit as though 'mother' had despatched a boy to make the pudding and pies. I wish I shared to ready submit to print the pitiful stories I have seen told by our farmers' wives, and the complaints, but in intense exhaustion, to the new floor slaughering could be spared the life of countless, show science, to which they had submitted. I wish I could take you to the grave of as lovely a young woman as ever lived in our midst—one whose maternal piety were such that a fever of luxury and ease had swayed her acceptance and yet who, because of the strong, pure love she bore him, decided to go West, as the bride of a young farmer. Not quite a year passed and she was brought some dead, with her head bare in her arms. 'Such a mysterious Providence,' exclaimed many, while those who heard the story of the work she faithfully performed for the 'charred husks' during that stilling summer heat, three weeks previous to the time when her husband expected the birth of their first-born, those who heard that story almost credited the Providence of the husband, that young husband really loved his wife. His original fault was not in wishing to love, but in failing to study physiology or express common sense, or he had said to the little, weary wife, 'My husband expected quite a feast, as you say, so though scarce and pie grew. The harvesters had their cake and pay, and the young husband had a dead wife. Suppose this man had said in a manly way, 'My wife is not able to prepare a feast, and I cannot procure help for her. Gentlemen, I was confident that you would prefer, as I prefer, a substantial meal, the fruits served simply, with cream and sugar.' Or, in case the date did not do that, suppose that he had sat up nights with the little wife and helped her and beat the cake and rolled the pie crust himself? Would not a wise Providence have granted him a different 'disposition,' and the harvesters been equally well served?"

NEWS ITEMS.

Hayling has begun in Southern Oregon. The mines in Southern Oregon are doing well. The State polled about 33,000 votes at the late election.

The textile factory at Albany will soon begin operations. Work will soon be resumed in the Oregon Iron Works.

Scarlet fever prevails to some extent in portions of Lane county. Mrs. Victor is canvassing for her latest work in Clatsop county.

The wool crop of Umatilla county will yield this year \$200,000. Hon. Edward Evans will create at Olympia the new district of Washington.

R. B. Strains, Esq., will deliver the oration at Roseburg on the Fourth of July. U. J. Cary has been appointed postmaster at Seattle in place of Thomas W. Beach, resigned.

Clackamas county elected the entire Republican ticket, and shows a gain of one hundred votes. Indians in Grant county are suffering from diptheria. Let us hope it will extend to the Banocks.

Clatsop county threw a thousand votes at the late election. A large gain over any previous election. Miss Florence Macy, of Jackson county, has ridden in the past eight weeks eight hundred miles on horseback.

A majority of 117 voters of Yamhill county have pledged to Sheriff Dale their desire that he give official place to J. M. Kelly.

Two thousand five hundred head of sheep, on their way to the ranch grass of John Day's River, passed through Douglas county last week.

Charles Briggs, while at work in a flouring mill at Clatsop county, recently was caught by a band, whirled round and almost instantly killed.

The Willamette Baptist Association will hold its annual session at Salem, commencing Thursday, June 20th, and continuing over the Sunday following.

Joe, Leach was recently arrested near Salem, charged with the seduction of a young lady of Brownsville, and returned to the latter place in custody of the sheriff for examination.

A destructive fire occurred at Forest Grove on Thursday night of last week, resulting in the burning of the J. P. Willis store and building, \$6,000; J. G. Ross, tinner, \$1,500; W. D. Hoxter, drug store, \$15,000; Dr. Bowley, drug store, \$5,000. Hoxter had an insurance of \$7,000 on goods and building. The rest was uninsured.

Coming to Oregon.

The afflicted will be glad to learn that a corps of surgeons from the National Surgical Institute, fitted out with a complete assortment of apparatus for the treatment of every human deformity, will again visit Portland, Oregon, at the St. Charles Hotel, from June 25th to July 1st, inclusive, 1878. This institution, originally founded at Indianapolis, Indiana, has extended its business throughout the United States, and has attained a reputation for the successful treatment of spinal curvature, hip and knee joint diseases, club feet, paralysis, piers, and flaccidities, before unknown to our profession. References of the highest order can be given.