

their hiding places to accomplish this task; no enchanter's wand has bid these structures rise; no fabled Hercules, with giant arm, has come to the aid of our pioneers. But all that is rich and beautiful around us, contributing to our sustenance and happiness, is the result of LABOR. And what has not labor accomplished? Dignified by the hand of the Infinite, it spread abroad the firmament, lit up the darkness of the space illimitable with greater and lesser lights, sent worlds on worlds careering in their orbits; fashioned hill and valley; bird and beast; humblest shrub and tiniest animalcule, and then created man in the image of his Maker. "He spake and it was done. He commanded and it stood fast!" From that hour it has been man's destiny to live, to labor and to die. The world has furnished no resting place for the drone. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," was the language of the cause, and for ages upon ages man has toiled beneath it.

But labor has had its triumphs. Wherever human foot has trod, wherever the waves of the ocean have been divided by oaken keel, wherever tower and spire have pierced the clouds, wherever the glittering ore has been delved a thousand fathoms beneath the green earth; wherever broken column and arch, statue and vase are found—wherever palace and chapel, pagoda and pyramid, wall and moat; wherever the steamship wings its way over unsounded, soundless seas; wherever the iron horse courses his fiery advance o'er thundering track, or awakens the slumbering echoes with his snort and scream; wherever the curling smoke on plains or forest, on mountain side or deep in the valley shades, indicates a human habitation; wherever the earth yields up her bounties for the comfort or sustenance of man, there are its written triumphs indelibly stamped and glorified realities. The sting of the curse has been plucked out; the antidote of perseverance applied, and the pleasure extracted from its pain.

Thank Heaven, too, a new and brighter era is unfolding to our people. The shackles of force are broken and the fetters of ignorance and superstition and prejudice are falling off. The world of mind is triumphing over matter. The very elements that once carried terror to awe-stricken man, are now tame in our hands, and serve us at our will. In the days of the Patriarchs the women ground corn. In the days of the wisest king, the "Ox of Solomon tread out the corn." Now it is accomplished by steam and as rapid as thought. In our boyhood the mail and passenger coach was drawn by slow-coach, jog-trot horse-flesh; now the engineer handles the throttle-valve and drives the iron monster by the concentrated powers of most wondrous elements. Our fathers navigated the rivers by the might of muscle; now the boiling fluid from their own fair bosom drives the ponderous ark against the torrent, as if all the heathen gods composed the crew and sat grinning at the wheels. But few of us that do not remember the "spurred and booted" mail boy with clarion slung by his side, and his budget of news. Now, the harnessed lightning does the work and leaves the "express rider" to "drive the plow ahoy." We have our itinerant "eight-horse separators" threshing in the field, and close behind them comes the "itinerant" steam engine to do the same work. Soon this steam engine will be plowing as never steam plowed before. Already steam reduces manure to a fluid and sends it over the

field through movable conduits. It cuts, grinds, cooks food and feeds stock. All is changed and much will change. We shall see no future Burns "following his plow upon the mountain side." The peasant poet of Scotland henceforth rides an iron horse and disturbs the quiet of golden fields with the harsh sounds of a steam whistle. Judean Boaz drives an "Improved Harvester," talks learned of "center draft," easy "convertibility," "inside cut" and "well laid levels."

And as for the peaceful shepherds and gay reapers in many a fair and quiet Andalusian vale

"Where peace hangs tinkling in the shepherd's bell,
And singing with the reapers."

They oil the machinery now, or feed the threshers, or stand mute with astonishment, while the "Patent" wool-clipper relieves the Southdown, the Cotswold or the Merino of his warm winter fleece.

"Old times are changed, old manners gone—
A stranger fills the shearer's throne."

The sickle has no poetry in its curve, no grace in its motion; even the young and blushing houri of the farm has stopped her spinning wheel, and now fingers the pearly keys of a "Steinway Grand" in some brilliant aria or operatic gem.

Intellect devises and directs. We were raised in the music of the spinning jenny and that loom of blessed memory,

and higher position that is upon us. The mind is now the engine. We must know the laws that God has impressed upon matter. Our minds must be schooled in the sciences, or we can not keep up with the car of progress, but must "go under." We must get out of that small tread-wheel cycle in which our fathers were wont "to grunt and sweat under a weary life."

But a few more years will pass before our "short and simple annals" shall be compiled by the future historian. But a few more years will elope before our progress shall be dwelt upon by students with that same degree of curiosity with which we have traced out the course of more ancient people. But a few more years before our descendants will wonder and laugh at the dullards of the Nineteenth Century, who lost so many opportunities and made such little advancement. We feel this every day in the children we meet, at school, at home or on the street. Already they begin to show contempt for the beaten paths that we, their progenitors, tread. Already they are breaking the shackles of inactivity that have held us captives long. At ten and twelve years of age they show more proficiency in learning than we did at sixteen and eighteen. They are improving upon our improvements, just as we have upon those who have gone before. The Darwinian theory, therefore, in this light does not seem so highly improbable after all. Call them "Young America," call them forward prodigies, precocious chaps, or what you will, it matters not. They are the vanguard of a grand army of improvement, who, with the advantage

Faust; to have marveled at the genius of Watt, and the philosophy of Franklin; to have lived in the days of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle; to have helped Diogenes in his "search for an honest man;" to have prated of acquaintance with men of virtue and glory and fame—philosophers, reformers, inventors, statesmen, generals. This would have been flattering. But who would forego witnessing the accomplished splendor of their glory? Who, if he could predestine his life, would not rather set in that near and swift advancing future—that even-tide of excellence which seems so close at hand, when terrestrial things shall have reached perfection and "earth hold jubilee a thousand years?"

That insatiable spirit of man that impels to action—that ever struggling desire for a better and happier sphere tells us that we have not fulfilled our highest destiny—that a better and a higher order of being is wanted, and is in store for us, if we be true to ourselves. The riper and better geniuses sigh for a higher and better development of our civilization—for the practical better day hoped for in the teachings of our religion. We wish for the reign of mental, moral and social worth, and must have it. We feel that force, chicanery and fraud should no longer govern civil society, or shape our destiny or that of the State. It is time we strike boldly for a reformation. Let productive industry take the reins of empire.

Not long since we were passing over one of our railroads in company with an intelligent gentleman from one of the "Down East States;" he was admiring our charmingly wild and picturesque scenery, and in ecstasies about our farms and the soil—the evidences of splendid advantage on every hand; and yet, he seemed impatient to see what Yankee labor and Yankee taste could do for them; but he was almost non-believing when told of the coal and copper and gold that underlie almost this entire State. He had thought Oregon only capable of producing some silver, a few "scrubby" cattle, and a limited number of common-place staples. He had, indeed, never heard of this grand wealthy State only as the "Webfoot State," and by that title was prepared to believe that what few white residents there were wore long hair and cow-hide boots, and had become impressed with the idea that Abraham Lincoln had been made emperor, or that the Electoral College had determined to place Henry Clay in the chair of the Chief Executive, by way of settlement of the disagreeable controversy arising from the Presidential muddle. He never learned that Oregon has not only mineral wealth, agricultural advantages second to none, commercial and manufacturing considerations,

ranking high as such, and why? Because our people are not convinced of the power of printer's ink; because they allow these slanders and these overshadowing injuries to go uncorrected, unretorted; because they elect too many coffee-house politicians to the Legislature—third-rate county court house lawyers, who know nothing and do nothing outside of the street-corner school of politics. Because we elevate too many of those politicians bent on legislating themselves rich by bank charter and other corporations and special privileges, and not enough of the more practical, honest, common sense men. Of late we have heard the opinions of this class on "New Departures" and on "Third Party," on this, that or the other strictly political question, as the word signifies at the present time. But who has heard a word about an effort to aid and elevate the laboring and producing thousands by the light of science?

We have State and National institutions to make the arts of war a profession! and that, too, in a boasted Christian age, in the light, the brightest of the afternoon of the nineteenth century; but where is the State School of Science in which to improve and advance productive labor, and make the useful arts of peace positive science? We must up and into this work of inaugurating a better order of things at once. We will hear the wail and howl of the frothy clique and of the "old fogy," who always holds back. Let such rave—"tis all they know—all they can do. That was a severe, lyet just and truthful, remark of the wag: "We want a number of first-class funerals before our country can be developed."



A VIEW NEAR DAYTON, W. T.

The children of to-day are lulled by the symphony of the matchless sewing machine—the "iron-needle-woman" of the age, which yoked with steam, "stitches, hems and gathers," whilst "mamma" eagerly turns the fashion plates or follows the fortunes of some mad-cap "Alonzo the Brave, and his fair Imogene." Steam has turned the axman and sawyer out of the lumber yard, and it does more than half the work of carpenters. It makes our barrel staves and shingles. In iron manufacture it is hard to say what it does not do, save that it has not disturbed the "cross-road smithy." Steam now runs ahead of the "boys" to the fire, and works the "machine." "Mose" has betaken himself to rural latitudes for a "summer siesta." In the city it is the doughtray and the bakery, taking in flour at the back door by the dray load and delivering the bread baked, weighed and counted in the sales room. It cooks, washes dishes scours ware, washes, irons. Soon it will churn and rock the cradle. The traveling steam saw mill is sending the man of the broad-ax and whip-saw homeward to the "Garden of Eden," to the society of "Betsy and the little ones." Lo! that same untiring steam is there already sawing his stove wood.

It is the intellect that has harnessed the elements and is working arms and muscles of iron. It is the mental man dispensing with his animality. We must be up with, and equal to this new

of our actions and all commendable precedents, will achieve conquests more brilliant than present pen can picture. Inaugurating new systems, adopting new policies, seizing our unemployed opportunities, gathering up the treasures we have never appreciated, fashioning and contriving, manufacturing joy from what we consider pain, turning what we deem as disadvantages into most propitious advantages, avoiding the lethargy that their "rude forefathers" grew sleek and fat in, making our country and their country a land which will glow in realization with all the gorgeous imaginations that the romancer employs in the dazzling creation of an Eastern tale. What a happy condition will be theirs! What regality of existence! An English writer living some half a century ago, says: "There is, I think, a kind of inexpressible pleasure in being contemporary with great men—to witness their dawn and enjoy their rising. Posterity can only echo the plaudits that attend their brightening, and in contemplating their noon, but not the wonder of those who traced them from their horizon." In some respects, this would be a privileged condition; to have lived in the days of the kings of Israel, to have wondered at the sapience of Solomon, and heard the music of the "Royal Psalmist;" to have been a contemporary with sightless Homer and listened to his matchless rhymes of Troy; to have enjoyed the maiden popularity of England's "Myriad-minded bard;" to have beheld the ecstasy of hapless Galileo when he discovered the earth's rotation; to have rejoiced at the wondrous invention of Guttenberg and