

me while the others were at play. I was congratulating him upon the progress he had made in his studies. When, as if to make a clean breast of it, and let me know just how bad he had been, he made the following confession: "I have always been a bad boy in school, Miss C. I believe the teachers heard of me before they came here. They always acted as though they expected me to do something bad and I never disappointed them. I was the coach which bore the bad deeds of the whole school. If there was any mean sly trick played, why, Albert did it, of course. Oh, how our last teacher whipped me! He was determined to make me cry, and I was bound I wouldn't, and I didn't either," added he as a gleam of triumph shot from his eyes at the recollection.

I endeavored to show him the necessity of doing right—told him by so doing we would promote our own happiness and the happiness of others. That a good name was more to be prized than fine gold. That it was in fact the greatest prize we could secure in this world. That I knew some thought our fellow creatures were rather prone to give us a bad name when we deserved something better. But as far as my observation went we usually got the reputation we deserved. That the verdict of the public was more likely to be just than otherwise. If we did that which was not right good people would despise us for it—but if we showed in our intercourse with men that we wished to do right for right's sake, they would give us all due credit. I wished no better recommendation of a stranger than to hear those who had known him well, pronounce him a good, honest man. That we were the architects of our own characters, and if we built upon the foundation of right, the tongue of slander could not prevail against us. That good people would not believe evil concerning those who were known to be good.

The term closed and I left the town of F—, to commence a school with one scholar. Three years had passed. In the interval I had seen the subject of this narrative but once. The civil war had commenced and the call for volunteers to defend our country's flag had been sent throughout the length and breadth of our land.

My father and sister were one day returning home from a neighboring town, when they came upon two striplings seated by the wayside apparently resting from fatigue. They wore the soldier's garb, and father being a great friend to the boys in blue, accosted them with: "Boys, would you like a ride?" They gratefully accepted his invitation and were soon seated in his carriage. My sister, upon glancing back, discovered that one of their new friends was Albert. She made herself known to him and some pleasant conversation followed.

He was not of the age required by law to act according to his own inclinations. To go as a soldier, he must first gain his parents' consent. He had enlisted, and then going to his parents begged their permission to join the regiment to which he had attached himself. They hesitated, he was so young and their only child. What if he should fall a victim?

They laid all these things before him—telling him of the hardships he must endure, how lonely they would be, of the anxiety they would continually feel concerning him. He answered that many must go, and some must fall, but for his country he wished to risk all the dangers war brought with it. His parents seeing how unhappy a refusal would make him, finally yielded. He was now returning home from camp

to pay his last visit before leaving for the South with his regiment.

He enquired of my sister concerning my welfare. Asked her how I was situated? What kind of a man I had married? &c. And said to her: "I have great reason to respect your sister. She was the first one of my teachers who treated me as though I was a good boy, and I have tried to be a good boy since."

This, then, was the secret of my success. Albert had, by yielding to his fun-loving propensities, acquired a bad name. His teachers had treated him harshly, and, perhaps, at times unjustly. This he had resented, and paid principal and interest in mischief. I had acted as though I had expected him to do what was right, let others do as they would, and by giving him a few admonitions at the right time, had awakened in him an ambition to do right. You may imagine I felt quite happy over the result.

I paid Albert's mother a visit after he went South. With much apparent pride she read me the letters she had received from him. In one was a piece of poetry that would have done credit to an older head. In another, he gave a description of a visit to a mansion once occupied by Washington. In this he wrote: "I can hardly tell you, my

He lingered a few weeks and died. Then a letter came telling of his calm, peaceful death—that his last thoughts were of his friends in his far off home. The ensuing winter his remains were brought home and interred near his native village. Death soon kindly reunited the broken family and now father, mother and son all quietly sleep in the same churchyard.

This short story contains a lesson, or I would not have written it. I happened to understand human nature well enough to know that if I wished to secure that unruly boy's co-operation in keeping good order in school, I must do it through the use of mild measures—but did not hope the plan I took would cause him to so entirely change his course; or arouse in him such an ambition to do right.

It has been my experience that nothing but the carrying out of disinterested friendship, pure and Christ-like, will lead the erring into the path of right. Obedience given through fear will never awaken desires which must elevate and make better. The better nature will remain dormant, while the opposite course, if it can be made successful, brings into play those elements in our natures, which, if perfected in our lives, would almost or quite redeem humanity from its follies and imperfections.



Yours Truly,
Abigail Scott Duniway

mother, the sensations I experienced while traversing those halls. As I remembered it had once been the home of Washington, each nook and corner seemed dear from association. These walls had echoed to his tread. Even where I stood, his feet had pressed. I resolved, while there, to strive to imitate him. All may not be as great as Washington, but all may be as manly, as brave." Noble resolve! No wonder the mother felt proud of the son from whom emanated such thoughts.

Time passed on. The battle of Antietam had been fought, and among the list of dead and wounded, Albert's name was found—mortally wounded it was said. Oh those death lists! Those living on the Pacific coast knew nothing of the dread and anxiety with which we waited for the list of those who had fallen in battle, after the telegraph informed us that regiments had been engaged in which friends were enlisted.

Albert was taken to a hospital near by. I saw the letters sent by his nurse to his parents, in which he tried to reconcile them to their great loss. "I die for my country. Life, at best, is short. I am ready and willing to go. Do not grieve for me. In my last moments I think of you, realizing how sad and lonely you will be. This alone causes me anguish, but God will sustain you."

was visiting in New York, she submitted the rude manuscript of a poem she had written during her journeyings, to the criticism of a number of literary friends, who at once decided that it was worthy of public attention.

The well known publishing house of S. R. Wells & Co., 737 Broadway, undertook the publication of the book "David and Anna Mattson," of which Mrs. Duniway has already received the second edition.

The poem, which is a historic one, is quaint, sad and peculiar, sometimes running for pages in smooth and regular rhymes, and again breaking upon the zigzag edges of resisting rhythm in a way peculiar to itself. The theme enchains the reader's interest from first to last, and he will not willingly lay it down till finished.

Mrs. Duniway enjoys even wider distinction as a lecturer than an author, few ladies having attained such honorable celebrity in so short a time.

Whatever may be said of her hobby of woman's enfranchisement, there is but one testimony in regard to her ability, energy and high moral character.

PORTLAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

Our Coquille City (Coos Co.) correspondent sends the following:

Trade here is exclusively with San Francisco, but I am informed that a small coasting steamer from Portland will trade along the Coast next summer. If so, and she touches here, (in the Coquille river), it will give us two ways to look. Notwithstanding the magnified misrepresentations of the dangerous character of the entrance to this river by parties interested in its disparagement, it is as safe and as easily entered for vessels suited to its depth of water (7 to 8 feet) as any harbor on the Coast. The steamer *Cordelia*, which has run here for several years, is reported lost in the late storm, and if true, leaves us without a vessel, and goods must be shipped via Coos Bay, at greater expense and inconvenience. A vessel trading to this port direct, which could be relied on, would build up considerable trade here, and if Portland can compete with San Francisco, considerable trade can be turned that way.

TIMELY HINTS.

As the season advances, a desire to beautify grounds in both city and country naturally arises. We therefore present in this issue a group of some of the most desirable decorative plants and ornamental grasses. Seeds may be obtained of any of the seedsmen whose cards appear in our columns. These grasses can be cultivated without any trouble, and will add greatly to the beautiful appearance of a flower garden, will be found especially valuable in arranging bouquets, and when properly dried will make up splendidly with "Immortelles" for winter bouquets, retaining their graceful appearance for three or four years. The *Amaranthus*, of which we show the three most desirable varieties, are very showy; their habits are coarse, requiring no care; once the seed in the ground, they will grow like any weed, and in fact most generally hold their own when growing amongst weeds, in the very poorest of soil. One or two plants of each variety, on a nice green lawn, will look very beautiful. The *Abutilon*, otherwise known as *Flowering Maple*, makes a very handsome tree, and after obtaining a fair start, will grow as much as ten feet in a single season. They are perfectly hardy here in Oregon, but it is rather difficult to start them from the seed. There are several varieties differing but very little from each other. The bloom, which is an exact shape and appearance of a bell, hangs in a very graceful manner from the branches, and can be had from a pure white to a very dark brown.

MRS. ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY.

Foremost among the representative women of the age, who are making their mark in the nation's history, stands the subject of this sketch, who was born in Tazewell county, Illinois, October 22, 1834.

Mrs. Duniway, then Miss Scott, removed with her father to Oregon in the summer of 1852, and shortly after became the wife of our townsman, Mr. B. C. Duniway, with whom she has lived happily to this day.

The first nine years of Mrs. Duniway's married life were spent on a farm in the then wild regions of Clackamas county, where she devoted herself assiduously to the usual avocations of a farmer's wife.

After this she engaged successfully in teaching for a term of years, in the towns of Lafayette and Albany. From teaching she passed into trade, and was for several years a successful dealer in millinery and fancy goods. But none of these occupations suited her ambition. Her natural abilities led her into literature, and she from time to time ventured into the world of letters with only partial success, till, in the spring of 1871, when her *New Northwest*, a racy, saucy and independent journal, sprang suddenly into existence in this city, where it has flourished ever since.

A year ago, while Mrs. Duniway