

In this case the only practicable route is by the western edge of the ridge. This is wearisome in the extreme, and in some places dangerous. By this route, however, is the ice-cave, the dazzling beauty of which is better adapted to the Arabian Nights than to a modern periodical. It is like an enormous kaleidoscope, or like some ancient cathedral, by whose stained windows the sunlight is transferred into innumerable broken rainbows. The freezing wind which almost always blows on the summit of the mountain forbids any long stay. We hastily scribble our names on a bit of paper and deposit it amid a number of more pretentious memorials in a tin box, left on a mass of boulders at what is regarded as the summit of the mountain. A few long slides, a few wild tumbles in the stiffening snow, and we are at our camping place. We have laid our hands on the sacred summit and returned alive.

We look back at our standing place of but a few hours before. The great dome is cold and silent. What to it is the presence of a few scrambling mortals? For ages to come it will welcome the snows of winter and the suns of summer, just as it did for the ages before man was. To it the changes that man has wrought are only episodes of crea-

tion, which, like the rise and fall of the rivers, the upheaval of the land, and the bursting of the volcanoes, have their time to be and not to be.

THE WOODCOCK.

The Woodcock is a somewhat singular looking bird. Its bill is very long, and its eyes are very large, and are placed far back on the sides of its head. It feeds principally upon earth worms—the same kind which are usually used as bait in fishing—and it gets these worms by pushing its long bill into the ground where the worms live; and as it does this in the night-time we see the reason of its large and remarkable eyes. The nest of this bird is loosely built of dry leaves and grass, and generally placed at the foot of some

low bush, or by the side of an old log, in the most secluded part of the woods. It is very abundant in the summer time in the Northern, Eastern and Middle States, but it is much more seldom seen than some other birds, for it is not often found in the open fields, nor is it ever seen upon trees, but it lingers in the corn-fields under cover of the growing corn, and in places covered with bushes, and along the borders of ponds and streams, among the tall, coarse grasses and weeds which grow there.

TRIFLING WITH THE LAW.

Triflers with the course of justice are becoming too numerous in Oregon for the advancement of the public weal. A crime has been scarcely committed and the perpetrator tried and sentenced to the penitentiary or scaf-

out any attempt on their part to check him in his shameless career and compel him to adopt some useful avocation. At last, he is caught in his course of crime, convicted and sent to the State's prison. The parents immediately become aroused to the enormity of the offense and the disgrace attached thereto. Their duty is now plainly developed. The influence of friends is requested, and prominent men are invited to intercede with the Executive in behalf of their foolish boy. They promise to care for him in future and take him to the country, away from temptation and moral death. Every effort is now made, the disgrace is at their very door, yet if a tenth part of the same exertion was made years ago, or before the commission of the offense, the parents would not be now suffering in sack-cloth for the misdeeds of their wayward offspring.

A grave responsibility rests with the public in such cases. There is too much trifling with the law, which, if permitted to take its course, would make less criminals and fewer sorrow-stricken fathers and mothers. We do not disclaim against the just and moderate exercise of clemency, but when tendered so easily and gratuitously as in Oregon, the law-breaking element only smile at punishment and contin-



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fold, before some friend, relative, or canting sympathizer, is circulating a petition to the governor for pardon or commutation of sentence. The flimsiest pretexts and most sophisticated arguments are brought to bear upon disinterested parties to obtain their signatures. Promises of reformation on the part of the culprit come thick and fast, yet are rarely kept, should the convict be successful in his application for clemency. Law has become a burlesque and justice a farce. Crime is too easily condoned, and criminals escape with merely the shadow of punishment, in the many cases of which the community is well aware. A young man reared in our midst is permitted by his parents to join the company of thieves and vagabonds, with-

ue in their evil ways. In the interest of justice and morality, we demand a strict adherence to the letter and spirit of the law. Make criminals understand that when convicted and sentenced there is no appeal from the decree, that they must suffer for their offenses, and our word for it, there will be less scoffing and trifling with justice.

THE San Francisco *Commercial Herald*, says: "Oregon seems to be all astir; her merchants are coming in scores by every steamer, and they are in pursuit of goods, wares and merchandise, and they are for the most part in good credit, and buy liberally and pay promptly. Oregon, too, is sending us large supplies of grain, flour and produce generally, and she and Washington Territory contributes largely to our general prosperity and general growth."