

A Plan to Stop German Emigration to Our Shores.

The Vienna, Austria, correspondent of the New York Tribune is authority for saying, that one of the questions discussed by Bismarck and Buet at the conferences at Gastien and Salzburg, was a plan by which German emigration might be turned from America to Austria, and thus help to build up the industrial resources of that decaying empire. The plan does not propose to resort to any prohibitory laws, or to use any coercion for the purpose of securing this result. It contemplates reaching the desired end by holding out tangible inducements in the shape of high wages. The German emigration to this country has been very great for many years. It was interrupted somewhat during the Franco-Prussian war. As a rule, they possess a very fair appreciation of our Republican institutions, and being proverbially industrious and frugal, they may be regarded justly as among the best of our adopted citizens. Much of the growth and prosperity of the country to-day, may be clearly traceable to the energy and thrift of this class of our fellow citizens. While the popularity of our form of government has been one inducement to bring emigration to our shores, the desire to come here has been greatly enhanced by the cheapness of our lands and the superiority of our wages. It is well known that Germany is overstocked with artisans, and hence the wages consideration, especially, has exerted a very potent influence in inducing so large an emigration from Germany to our country. Appreciating this fact, Austria being limited in her supply of artisans, she, taking the initiative, will endeavor to deflect the stream of German emigration into her own borders by means of wages inducements. Wages in Austria are double those in Prussia at the present time, and she now intends to induce families in the North German States to emigrate into her borders, by paying their passage, wholly or in part, giving them pecuniary assistance, if necessary, and by placing at their disposal houses belonging to the government in the principal towns and cities of the empire. Germany will do all she can to encourage the project, by removing all vexatious impediments which may be in the way of emigration. "How far the project will succeed," says this correspondent, "remains to be seen; but it is reasonable to presume that, if German emigrants find they can obtain as much money for their labor in Austria as in the United States, the close vicinity of the former and the ties of family and a common language will prove powerful temptations and draw many of them in that direction. Be this as it may, the Austrian and German Governments expect to produce something like a revolution in the emigration statistics of our country during the year 1872.

Beauty as Court.

Mrs. Senator Williams and Mrs. Senator Corbett are announced by the Jenkins' press as belles of the Capital.

It rejoiceth Oregon women exceedingly to hear this, for these ladies when at home, among their peers, are considered very ordinary mortals. We are proud to learn that average Oregon women are such a social success in Washington as to stand before the public as champions of beauty and intellectuality. Wonder what the world would say if some of our brightest and most beautiful women were to go to Court?—New Northwest.

Mrs. Dunway, for instance—the champion intellectuality and charmingest creature, ah.

In the report of the Civil Service Commission the word "male" nowhere occurs; that is to say, the competitive examinations for clerkships are open to women on precisely the same terms as to men.

Brick Pomeroy on the Democracy.

The Register of last week contained the opinion of the Hon. Geo. H. Parker, an Iowa Democratic leader, in regard to the present condition of the Democratic organization. He thought the party dead, and said the body must be buried, and the stench of its putrid remains removed from the public nostrils. This week we have the comments of Brick Pomeroy on the condition of the party. He says, "if ever a party in this country was on the road to the devil, the Democratic party is the one." Brick is good authority, and if the carcass still breathes, we have no reason to dispute the statement that it is on that road, and quite near his sulphurous majesty at that. Here is the picture of demoralization he presents:

The Democrats of the country are divided into rings, factions, cliques, combinations, hold-backs and go-aheads, till their progress, instead of being straight ahead like a grand army on its triumphant march, is here and there; this way and that; a little to the right; then a little to the left; then to the north or south, in a zig-zag course; then traveling all day in a circle—no one of the party knowing where its final destination is to be.

He says there are armies and armies of Democrats, but no party—"No Democratic party in the United States." After all then, like Parker, of Iowa, he believes the party dead. It is the members of these "rings, factions, cliques," etc., who are "on the road to the devil." We speak in general terms of the party being so and so, sometimes, but Brick means the individual members—those who "depart," and those who play "possum," and those who "once more marshal the Democratic clans, and re-kindle the Democratic watch fires;" for, says Brick, "any man who offers to lead them to the promised land by the way of fat offices, rich pickings, harvests of plunder, official laziness and terrible corruption, they follow this way and that, carelessly, blindly, wondering, blundering." This is Brick's opinion of Democrats throughout the country, armies and armies of human cormorants, unprincipled and reckless, thirsting red hot to fix their greedy maws upon "fat offices, rich pickings," etc. Truly a sad picture is this to contemplate. Well may our country rejoice in the fact that there is no hope of such a conglomeration of diverse, iniquitous elements coming into power. But Brick goes on and tells his readers how this state of immorality has been brought about among his fellow Democrats. Here it is:

For years it has been the aim of demagogues in the Democratic party to educate the people that they, the people, did not know their own wants, and were not capable of self government. These upstarts have all along preached that in them and in their ideas alone can be found salvation for the nation—as a quack doctor advertises that his Buchu, or mixture of sweetened water if taken in doses large enough, will restore shattered constitutions.

These "so called Democratic leaders," says Brick, "scattered here and there, have been giving out such education as will bring their followers to the jail instead of the goal. The people have been taught that the only route to national greatness and party success is the one which leads by plunder, by the door of aristocracy rather than by honesty and the homes of the poor."

These are men who now occupy the political field as reformers—these men in want of fat offices and plunder. These passiveites, these departureites, these watchfireites, these Tammanyites and litigant-billities and swamp-landites assume an air of honesty and virtue, place themselves upon a pedestal of criticism, charge upon the party in power those crimes with which their own record is replete, and of which they have shown no signs of repentance, and ask the people of the country to elevate them to power as a reformatory force! Reformers! Brick says that "not one out of ten of the Democratic leaders of to-day would be willing to step

aside for the benefit of the people." They are too selfish; have too little regard for principle; too fond of plunder and stealings; too aristocratic, if Brick's criticism of the Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, August Belmont, of New York, is correct, and Brick is good authority. He says there is not in all Belmont's veins "one drop of pure Democratic blood; not a wish in his heart in sympathy with the people, except that kind of sympathy a stage-driver has for his horses, which he can drive so many miles in so many minutes, earning so many dollars by the trip." The Democratic party, in fact, says Brick, "to-day, is but a chain of political rings dangling from the watch-fob of a most infamous, corrupt and cowardly aristocracy." Wouldn't such a party, elevated to power, a party which Pomeroy says "is on the road to the devil," bring about a valuable state of reformation; wouldn't it?

Civil Service Reform.

We cannot see how the competitive examination plan, by a board of commissioners, is to relieve the civil service of its corrupting influence. We cannot see how, as a general rule, a more competent and faithful corps of officials is to be secured by its practical workings. If the work of the civil service is corrupting now, will it be any the less so when it is managed by a board of commissioners, or examiners? Have we any human material in this country which is not of the old Adam? Are not the members of this board as liable to be governed in their official action by prejudice, self-interest, impure motives and dishonesty, as Senators, Representatives, Cabinets, or the President? Then as to the examinations: School Commissioners and Superintendents all over the country will substantiate the correctness of the statement, that many of the applicants for certificates to teach, who pass the best oral and written examinations, succeed the most wretchedly in the work of teaching—lack adaptation. Would men in business, in employing their assistants, be satisfied with an examination based upon educational qualifications alone? Will such an examination determine the question of honesty? Will it tell whether the candidate will be faithful, or skillful, or energetic, or polite? An applicant might answer all the questions in philosophy or political economy, and make a very poor revenue collector; he might demonstrate many problems in mathematics, and give poor satisfaction as a post master; he might translate all the Latin and Greek in creation, and not make half as good a janitor at Washington as thousands of good citizens who are unlearned. Aptness, adaptation, good habits are needed as well as learning, and how much better qualified is this board to determine these, than the Representative who is acquainted with the applicant? The board occupies a position of independence, having no particular sympathy with the people, and of course is less competent to determine the wants of the people in the shape of public servants, than is their own Representative. We think the examination plan will prove a failure.

It does not look very well for the Mercury, or any other litigant organ in Oregon, to be finding fault with "railroad monopoly," or any other kind of extortion, while it remains an active partner in the firm of the litigant printing monopoly. While it continues to fatten on the fruits of its tyrannical extortion, the less said about kindred practices in others, the better it will be for consistency sake. A sermon from the devil would command as much respect and influence.

The St. Louis Democrat calls Gen. McClellan the "great subsoler of Virginia."

Young persons have need of a strong rein; they are sometimes hard to be ruled, easy to be drawn aside, and apt to be deceived.

For Democratic Journals in Copy.

The Democratic journals in Oregon and elsewhere have been very industrious in quoting the sayings of Brick Pomeroy about the policy and doings of the Republican party. He has enjoyed their highest confidence and good will. We therefore print the annexed extract from his paper, which we hope they will copy for the edification of their readers:

"In a short time the Democrats of this country—not the Democratic party, for there is none—expect to enter upon a campaign. What kind of a campaign will it be? If the result of any pattern now before the people, it will be simply a raid for plunder, a crusade for power, a fruitless, weak-kneed tramp for stealings. It will be a contest in which the pigmy, Polley, must go down at the first blow before the giant, Principle. The Democrats of the present day are not honoring their principles; they are not living up to the great lights given them by the founders of the party.

RIVALING THE DAVENPORTS.

THE THORPE BROTHERS AND THE CABINET SCENARIO—WAYS THAT ARE DARK AND THICKS THAT ARE VAIN.

The Thorpe Brothers are giving entertainments at the St. James Theater. They claim to possess the power of healing to such a degree that, in the language of the bills, they make "the lame to walk, the deaf to hear, the blind to see and the dumb to speak," without charge. They vie with the mystical Davenport and the fictitious Ah Sin in ways that are dark and tricks that are vain; and, shut in a cabinet, and with manacled hands and cord-bound feet, gather about them a choice company of spirits, who play upon instruments, brush and fling about cudgels, and pound on panels in a degree calculated to amaze the sceptic. The theatre was crowded on Monday evening to its utmost capacity. On the stage a jointed cabinet was placed on trestles, so that one could look under, around and above it. A seat at either end, with a pair of wool and iron stocks in front of each, a small barrel-organ attached to the back wall, a snare drum, banjo, tambourine and violin lying on the floor were its visible contents and appurtenances. Then out stepped Thorpe, a tall, black-bearded, hollow-eyed, good-looking man, with a somewhat saturnine countenance, who, pronouncing a very brief discourse, invited everybody to hold the forefinger of the left hand with the thumb and finger of the right for the space of five minutes, with a view of taking the biological capacity of his audience. Cheers and roars of laughter greeted the proposal; but the attempt was resolutely made by a number, and then as "impressibles" were developed. Thorpe invited all who were afflicted with physical ills to step up and be cured. A half dozen men, women and children answered the call, one of whom, giving his name as John Marphey, livery driver, declared himself cured of a stubborn rheumatism; another, a woman, of pitis in her side; one John Laverger, had a deaf child materially helped; and a man suffering from scabies, being in turn manipulated for their various ailments, the more serious business of the evening commenced. A Committee being called for, the majestic Major W. W. Lealand and Captain F. J. Peck, of the steamer Elva City, were elected and stepped on the stage. Thorpe's brother failing to put in an appearance for some unexplained reason, another person had to be furnished by the audience to take the vacant seat in the cabinet and be locked in the stocks and be tied with the ropes. A Mr. Holt had the hardihood to volunteer, and was duly imprisoned. The Committee declared everything satisfactory, the gas was turned low, and in a minute the tambourine rattled the drum beat, the banjo strummed, and loose sticks were banged against all parts of the box. The tumult subsiding for a moment, the instruments fell to playing the accompaniment of a waltz which was being vigorously ground out of the barrel organ. When the door was flung open, the two prisoners were seen sitting as quiet as mice, with their hands fast locked in the stocks and their feet bound with the cord as before. The audience became uproarious; cheers, jeers, hisses and calls, resounding on every side, and a score of voices shouted criticisms, suggestions and jocular remarks at the Committee and their subjects. After much debate it was determined to change the two persons to the seats opposite those they had occupied respectively, there being a suspicion that Thorpe, bound hand and foot as he was, might somehow reach up and turn the organ crank with his teeth! The change being made, the box was closed again, and the same demonstrations not only went on as before, but upon opening the door it was found that Thorpe's coat had been taken off his back, and was lying on the floor of the cabinet. His hands were fast in the stocks. Thereupon there was another uproar and more suggestions and propositions, and Thorpe being challenged to put on the coat again, a new skeptic was made of his yoke fellow, and the feat was accomplished. This ended the show, and the audience reluctantly departed, no wiser than when they came. The performance differs from that of the Davenport brothers mainly in the manner in which the persons in the box are fastened. It was easy to conceive how the Davenports slipped their hands out of the ropes, but the stocks are something more of a puzzle.—N. Y. Sun.

Clemency is the brightest jewel in a crown.

Childs not severely nor punish hastily.

A STORY THAT WONT DO.

WHAT BECAME OF MORGAN—THE APACHE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN—COCHISE AND HIS FATHER.

The correspondent of the Chicago Tribune claims to have recently interviewed a band of prospectors who were on their way to see the "Golden Mountain" of the Apaches, in the interior of Arizona. Directions for finding this desirable spot had been given them by the Chief Cochise, whom they had the good luck to capture, and who revealed the secret at the price of his release. The further and far more startling revelation of Cochise is thus given:

A party of Apaches, while lying in ambush one day in the latter part of Dec., 1836, in Chihuahua, Mexico, on the Rio Grande, across the river from what is known as the town of El Paso, Texas, watching a traveling cavalcade as it passed a clump of small trees, saw one of the number spring from his horse into the dense chaparral and disappear from the view of the horsemen. The cavalcade fired a few shots at or toward him, and half a dozen of them dismounted and pursued in the direction he took, but to no avail. The escaping man ran directly toward where the Apaches lay in the bushes, and ran into their midst. They seized and bound him, mounted and lashed him on to a horse, and at once took flight. They traveled towards the Apache chief town by a circuitous and concealed route, and reached it after six days' travel.

The prisoner was much alarmed at first, but, finding that his death was not to be immediate, he seemed to put his mind to studying out some plan of escape; but they kept him securely bound till they arrived in camp. Then they decided to keep him till a grand fete day, some months ahead, and then put him through the gauntlet and end his life in a grand carnival. He for some time was as restless as a captive bear, walked up and down his small enclosure, and talked to himself incessantly. But before the day arrived for his taking off—this is the captive's term not the Indians—he had become somewhat resigned to his captivity, had learned something of the Apache language, and gave them something of his history. They got interested in him, and promised him his life in return for his solemn promise that he would never attempt to escape. He married the chief's daughter, and on the death of the chief, became chief himself. The oldest son became chief in his turn, and is the chief who is the subject of our story.

The white chief taught them, while among them, the secrets of the Great Spirit, and these secrets have enabled them to make the Apaches the strongest tribe in the West; to pass through the country of the white man in safety everywhere; to obtain information of their enemies and their movements always, and by passwords and signs to know an enemy or a friend as far as seen. They always have kept, and still keep, one of their educated half-breeds in the camp of the whites, and by the secrets of their great society, he is always able to keep them informed of every movement of any kind, and of every plan for attack on them as soon as that plan is known to the chiefs of the enemy themselves. And when captured, they are almost sure to effect an escape, released by some member of this society among the enemies of the society. The great white chief told them that the society extended all over the world; taught them all the ceremonies connected with it; taught their maldens to make the badges and insignia worn by the initiated, and on certain days—the 24th of June, and some others—they walked in procession, and held a grand dance at night. They believe him to be the son of the Great Spirit. He is buried at the Golden Mountain, and his grave is walled and covered with gold, and is their sacred place of worship. They gather now every year on the 24th of June. This great white chief told them he was "moons" (months) on his journey from his starting point; that he was taken prisoner at Batavia, N. Y., and from there taken to and confined in Fort Niagara, in the latter part of September of the same year in which he came to the Apache country. The reason of his imprisonment was on account of his going to publish a book, divulging the secrets of the great society. He was kept a prisoner at Fort Niagara till September 19th, when he was taken in a close carriage, and driven via Buffalo, N. Y., to Hennepin, Illinois, on the Illinois river, and thence taken in a flatboat to the Mississippi river, down which he floated to New Orleans. There he was placed on a vessel and sailed to the mouth of the Rio Grande river, and proceeding up that river on horseback to El Paso, where the Apaches found him. His captors intended to give him into the hands of some Jesuit priests among the Indians, near where they captured him. His captors passed down through Mexico and escaped. That great white chief was the man supposed to have been murdered by the Masons, William Morgan, and the subject of this story, his son, Cochise.

SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY.

At Newberry, England, a German recently made a wager of \$5,000 that at eight o'clock on a particular evening he would sit down to dinner in a well worn, well-dyed, well-made suit of clothes, the wool of which formed the fleece on a sheep's back at five o'clock the same morning. Two sheep were shorn, the wool was washed, carded, stubbed, roved, spun and woven; the cloth was scoured, fulled, tanted, miled, sheared, dyed and dressed; the garments were made. At a quarter past six he sat down to a dinner at the head of his guests, in a complete damson-colored suit thus winning his wager with one hour and three quarters to spare.

There are over 11,000,000 horses in the United States.

Russia has recently organized fifteen thousand public schools.

Which has the most power to make a home miserable, the passionate, the peevish or the sullen man?

AGRICULTURAL.

TO TAN SHEEPSKINS.

Sheepskins may be prepared for whip-lashes by soaking them in weak lime-water, to remove the wool, and then rubbing them with oil or grease with pressure of a roller thicker in the center than at the ends. They will absorb a large quantity of grease. Finish with chalk or whiting.

Cramp in horses arises from irregular action of the motor nerves. Rubbing the affected part with a wisp of hay would be beneficial; and should friction alone not remove the tendency to cramp, the parts affected should be rubbed occasionally with a solution of camphor and olive oil, in the proportion of one part of camphor to four of oil.

Few farmers realize the benefit of mulching. Although a practice more common among gardeners than farmers, the farm cannot do better in a general way than borrow from the example of the garden, and the nearer approach that one makes to the complete fertility of the other, so much greater will be the profits of the cultivator. Surface manuring is mulching. A mellow soil is a great desideratum, and a mulch produces this. In winter the surface is kept warm by mulching. In summer it is kept cool, and what is more important, sudden variations of temperature are prevented. Grass lands and winter grain especially are benefited after sowing, in a great measure prevented. One great advantage of the pea, black-wheat and clover crops is the mulching effects of their abundant stalks and leaves, and these are so marked that many farmers actually believe and maintain that these crops leave the ground richer than they found it.

FEEDING CHICKENS.

A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker writes: I have been very successful in feeding chickens this year, none of them being troubled with roup or other disease. I am satisfied that in feeding wheat screenings as obtained from the mills, they should always be soaked in water eight or ten hours, or at least washed, before feeding to soften the white caps, swell the shrunken kernels and destroy the poisonous dust. Corn meal should always be mixed with boiling water for chickens. Onions, tops as well as bottoms, should be cut fine and daily fed. They are very stimulating, and superior to many medical preparations recommended for sick chickens. I believe a daily feeding of onions tends greatly to ward off disease. The truth is, too little attention is paid to having dry quarters for fowls generally, though no animal pays better for good care than fowls. Without it, even fair results cannot be expected.

A BREED OF WALKING HORSES.

Train your colt to walk, and keep it walking. Farmers don't want fast trotting horses—as yet—we have need so far of fast walking horses, great need, we may say, for they are far too scarce. Therefore train colts to walk at the rate of four miles an hour, at least. The time will come when a horse that can walk his mile in twelve minutes will take a prize at an agricultural fair, equal in value to the best trotter. A team of such horses could plow two acres of ground, with a furrow a foot wide, in five hours, allowing time for turning round. This is above the quantity plowed on the average now, in a day of ten hours. Horses of such capacity would be worth a large price, and it should be our endeavor to produce them. We have a breed that can transmit trotting capacity to its descendants, and why can we not raise up a breed of walking horses? Some one might make a name and fortune in this.

THE FARMER'S CLUB.

The club is to the farmer, old or young, a school. He is learning all the time how to express his views clearly. The views of his neighbors draw out new thoughts on new subjects; and these thoughts find expression. Lawyers gain strength by long years of study, and then by practice at the bar. The young lawyer making his first speech is as miserable and as awkward as a young farmer making his first public effort. The lawyer's business compels him to swallow embarrassment and annoyance, and goads him on to effort upon effort. The young farmer not feeling the necessity for this, makes no further venture. The lawyer goes on and becomes famous as a good talker and a fine reasoner. The same practice would have made the young farmer as good a talker, and a stronger, more efficient worker in his field of duty. The experiences of a club of well educated farmers, bring this skill and this strength. We advise the organization of townships clubs on the simplest plan. Arrange the meetings to suit the convenience of all parties, and let the attendance be as regular as church going.—American Farm Journal for Nov.

The ideas which grow up within us from suggestion, do us more good than those more directly communicated to our minds.

In the still night the air is filled with sounds for the wakeful ear that is resolved that there is something to be seen.

Grieve if you find you have let pass an opportunity of doing the smallest kindness; it might have been the occasion of doing much good.

Say a kind word to the self-distrustful, if you would help him on his way upward.

No tyrant ever held long sway over a virtuous, law-loving, God-fearing people.

There cannot be a greater treachery than first to raise a confidence, and then betray it.

Whoever hates his brother or sister, is a murderer; for he will be one if he have a chance.

The chance sayings of a child actually teach, though indirectly, because they suggest much.

Better to slip with the foot that with the tongue.

Be slow to promise and quick to perform.

Bitter words of haste or hate have often been repented.