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PROF. CONDON'S LECTURES.

FOREST GROVE, Mar. 29, 1875.

The lecture on the Antiquity of Man contained information of importance to every one. The Professor produced facts from various sources which raise strong probabilities that the commonly received chronology is incorrect. Argument that it is too short was based upon records afforded by: 1. Ruins, Monuments, and Human Remains. 2. Changing Languages. 3. Profane History. 4. Hebrew Scriptures. One monumental inscription standing alone would prove nothing, but taken with others of like import, raises a probability of truth. It was stated that records found in Babylon, and these are supported by good evidence, carry the history of Astronomical observations among civilized people, to within 114 years of our assigned date for the flood. Could civilization have progressed sufficiently for this in so short a time? Implements rudely or perfectly finished in stone, bronze, and iron, found in Switzerland; human remains from Gaudaloupe, Holland and other localities; and still other data gathered from geological rocks, all point to the probability above mentioned. And the line of argument is yet further strengthened by the palpable facts of to-day, to-wit: the deposits of sediment made annually by our present rivers. When a river empties into a sheltered place, as the Danube does into the Black sea, its sediment is observed to increase the land about, on an average, 50 feet per year. Observations on many rivers agree approximately with these figures. Taking this rate for the estimates we calculate that 15,000 years have elapsed since Ur of the Chaldees, which is 150 miles from the sea, was a seaport, as record has it. Geology, like the Bible, fixes no dates. Our belief, whether upon upon religion or no, will be uninjured by the truths which Geology brings to the surface.

Second Lecture, March 31.

The Prof. remarked that we probably remembered what he had said about earthy materials, Soda, Lime, or Potash, being washed from mountains and carried by rivers into lakes or the sea. The Dead Sea and Salt Lake having no outlets these substances are in excess and hence no animal life can exist in the waters. Lake Tchad, Sea of Aral, the borax lake in California, alike are free from life. But God has provided a way for the ocean to be freed from a surplus of these impurities as effectually as tornadoes rid the atmosphere of noxious gases. "Lime Makers of the Ocean"—our subject for to-day—are the instruments chosen. Forms abundant there are of Corbonates, Phosphates and Sulphates of Lime, which being washed are assimilated or precipitated and cyrstalized on the sea bed, or form several gradations of stone from the mud. Assimilation is carried on, first, by the "Corallene"—a sea weed. It is not fossil, yet while the plant grows, is stone in part. This imperishable Carbonate of Lime exhibits great beauty. As the Ocean becomes impregnated the weed spreads lime over and around its roots. The real coral, Polyp, is frequently called Sea Anemone; looks like a daisy. Has tentacles. Is a voracious eater and has been found to have absorbed in its skeleton shells of small crabs. "Organ Pipe," "Brain," "Mushroom," are names given to various forms of coral. It enjoys sunshine, and being left out of water by the tide. Is an industrious animal; is called "fossil corn-cob" from its shape; grows three feet high. The limestone of much of our continent is formed from skeletons of Crinoid corals. But still more important are the Infusoria whose work sustains a ratio to that of Polyps of 1,000: 1. So minute are the Protozoa that their shells are imperceptible to the naked eye; are frequently taken for fragments of chalk. Yet New York State is built on just such deposits. Also Ohio, Arkansas and Kansas. Mollusks or Shell fish have lime in bulk and with the agencies mentioned are storing up limestone for future ages.

THE LOST CABIN.

A Story of the Oregon Gold-mines.

BY SAM SIMPSON.

I had the blues. For already I had become satisfied that the young metropolis of the North-west, which Hope, with the typical vermillion finger, had pointed out to me as the city among ten thousand where crowded cases and flowing fees would overwhelm the ambitious disciple of Blackstone, had really more "law" than it could conveniently carry with any prospect of municipal progress. Had every inhabitant of the place given himself up entirely to the spirit of acrimonious and implacable litigation, the felicitous equipoise of demand and supply would not yet have been restored; on the contrary, a gaunt forest of legal limbs would have remained idle and unappropriated—waving bleakly in the winter of inevitable decay. A "heart of a oak," supposing it to have been in the law business, could not, under the circumstances, have been joyously imponderable, and it was no wonder that my own, being of very common timber, weighed heavily on this April night, and dragged me down into fathomless depths of despondency. What was I to do when the few hundred dollars brought with me had wasted utterly away? This interrogatory rose upon me again and again with a sphinx-like emphasis that was appalling. While amusing myself with reveries of this cheerful nature, some one rapped at my office-door, and, in response to my "Come in," not uttered in the gentlest of tones, a tall young man of dark complexion and habited in a suit of heavy brown cloth, entered. I recognized him after the usual salutations had passed, as a person who had, for several weeks been sojourning at my hotel, C—— House. Taking the chair I proffered, he seated himself near the stove, and bending upon me from under a pair of heavy, black eyebrows, a glance glittering and keen with scrutiny, said, "It's a nasty night for April?"

"It is, indeed," I replied stooping to replenish the stove; "and you seem to have the benefit of it."

"Yes; I had some difficulty in finding your office—and that reminds me that I did not come here to discuss the weather, but to talk business."

He bent his head for a moment, as if to reflect, and I fixed myself in an attitude of respectful attention, my first fee being the idea which was uppermost in my mind.

"Are you satisfied with this?" and, as he spoke, he waved his hand satirically toward the single Falstaffian column of law-books, largely recruited from the Patent Office Department, on a shelf against the wall opposite.

I smiled, and without waiting for further answer, he proceeded:

"If you succeed at all in the practice of the law in Portland, it will be after years of patience, persistent labor, and a life of hideous economy and privation. I believe that you realiz this yourself, and for that reason I have come here to-night to share with you a valuabe secret, and to solicit your assistance in a project which, if successfully prosecuted, will enrich us both."

A suspicion of double-barreled burglary flashed across me, and I suppose he must have seen something of the kind in my face, for he resumed immediately, with an impatient gesture, "Nay, it is honorable; and all I ask of you in return for the confidence I am about to repose in you, is a pledge of secrecy in the event that you do not join me in the project to which I have alluded."

Having received every assurance of good faith on my part, he drew his chair closer to mine, and then looking toward the door suggested that I had better look it. I got up to attend to that, and when I resumed my seat beside him, he had lighted a cigar, and was evidently going to be comfortable. He held the cigar-case toward me, and asked:

"Did you ever hear the story of The Lost Cabin?"

I never had.

"No? I will tell it to you now. In the spring of 185-, while the southern border of Oregon was ringing with the battles of that memorable war between the heroic settlers of the Territory and the Shasta and Rogue River Indians, two brothers by the name of Wilson—James and Henry—arrived at Jacksonville, and, getting together a small party of hardy and experienced miners, set out, fully armed, to prospect for gold along the river and among the broken ranges of mountains southward of that then prosperous mining town. The party had been out for several weeks, meeting with but little success, and had just lost one of their number in a skirmish with the Indians, when a council was called, and all but the Wilson brothers concurred in the opinion that it was best to return to Jacksonville, and wait for the conclusion of the war.

"The Wilsons were of a haughty obstinate spirit, thorough in mountain craft, and brave to recklessness. With them daring was a habit and danger a luxury, and they held out against arguments and entreaties of their more prudent comrades, until it was agreed, finally, that they should have the greater part of the provisions, ammunition, etc., and continue in their search, while the others would retrace their steps by the shortest and safest route.

"On the morning of parting, James Wilson rode in his stirrups, and, swinging his rifle aloft with an arm splendidly muscular, exclaimed: 'Good-by, boys! and good luck to you, but we can't go back. There is gold somewhere yonder behind that smoky line of mountains, and we are going to dig it out, though all the Redskins of the wilderness stand guard over it! We'll come back rich as kings, boys! or leave our bones to bleach there: its a glorious battle field!'

"This high speech fired the hearts of the retreating party for a moment, and some of them turned, as though they too, would fain peril their lives for that without which life is more bitter than death; but the momentary flash of heroism went down, and shaking their heads in denial, they rode away shouting back rude words of cheer.

"They never met again. The main division reached Jacksonville after many days of wearisome and perilous travel, and waited in vain through the lengthening months for some tidings of the Wilsons. Their story is sealed to all, save me. I owe my own knowledge of their further progress and final fate to the fact that we were cousins and confidential friends. With this word of explanation, I will give you so much of the history of the brothers as came to me in the letters of James written at San Francisco, in the year 1859. I have them here"—and as he talked, he drew forth a packet of perhaps a dozen letters, much worn, creased, and soiled, and held them in his hand—"but have no need to recur to them, as I have read them many times.

"Well, from the point of separation the Wilsons continued in a south-easterly direction. They at first traveled with every precaution against surprise, but finally relaxed their vigilance; as they were seemingly beyond the range of the hostile tribes.

"At last they reached a green and narrow valley, walled in by precipitous mountains, around which meandered, over and among bowlders of richly-colored rock and across beds of smooth and shining pebbles, the limpid waters of a snow-fed stream. Here they determined to rest and recruit themselves and their jaded animals, while they leisurely and thoroughly prospected for gold the region immediately about them.

"Desiring to remain in the valley for some time, they concluded to put up a rude log-cabin, which would protect their camp equipage and pierced with loop-holes, fort-fashion, would serve as a defense in case of an Indian attack.

"On the morning after their arrival, Henry began to cut timber, out of which to construct the temporary home and fortress; while James went forth, gun in hand to replenish their impoverished larder. About ten o'clock he killed a deer, which he shouldered and started for camp. He reached the little stream perspiring and thirsty, for the day was warm, and threw his limp burden down upon a pebbly bar while he stopped to get a drink.

"No sooner had his lips touched the water than his eye was arrested by the sparkle of certain small objects scattered among the gravel of the bottom. A miner is ever upon the alert; and so, plunging his hand into the pellucid waters, he drew forth a handful of the gravel for examination.

"It was Gold!

"Yes, there it was, in coarse yellow grains and lumps—richer than a dream. He dropped suddenly to examine the bar on which he stood; it, too, was gorged with the glittering metal, and he rose with a whoop of joy that made the woods echo, and brought Henry running to the spot—for he had heard it and recognized his brother's voice on the other side of the little valley. You can imagine their ecstasy. They had known poverty all their lives, and there before them was wealth—sudden, splendid, exhaustless. But I must not linger. Working together, they finished the cabin that day, and the next, began to gather the gold. The labor was not great, and within two week's time they had heaped together a marvelous quantity of it, and began to contemplate a return.

"Life was now precious, and after thinking it over and weighing the chances for and against the practicability of getting back unmolested, they were convinced that it was best to remain where they were until the volunteer forces under General Lane, which they knew were on the way, had reached the hostile country and relieved the hard paths of mountain travel from the wily foe that lurked upon every step. Having made an excavation in the centre of their cabin-floor they lined it carefully with rock, and in the vault thus formed, deposited their treasure, tied up in bags of dried and undressed deer skin. This was done in case an attack from the Indians should compel them to flee, when of course, it would be impossible to carry the heavy meal.

"But no attack was made, and after the lapse of several weeks, they arose one morning and agreed that it was time to be upon the homeward trail. The sheeny forest-leaves waved in the soft winds of morning, and the fresh air was musical with songs of birds, as, fully armed, they strode forth spiritedly to bring in their horses, which had grown fat and vigorous upon the bountiful pasture.

"The cabin stood near the stream, in the edge of the wood, and when they had approached to within forty yards of it, suddenly a score of rifles crashed upon them from the bank, followed by the terrible war-cry of the Shastas.

"Henry, who it happened was in front of James, leading two of the horses, sank with a deadly groan, his horses rearing and falling at the same time. The Indians burst from their cover and sprang forward with all the echoes of pandemonium. James emptied his rifle with fatal aim among them, and drew his revolver. The Indians knew the kind of music they had to face, and having neglected to reload, dashed back to the cover of the bank. The resolute miner saw his salvation in this movement, and hastily tossing a noose-halter over the head of the only horse that remained uninjured, leaped upon his back, and was out of immediate danger in an instant careering down the valley with the scattering shots of the enemy singing over his head. The war-party being afoot, he was not followed, and finally reached the frontier settlements, after a journey of incredible hardship.

"As the Indian war continued without abatement, he took passage for San Francisco, in order to obtain medical advice in regard to his health which exposure and privation had badly broken. Then it was that he began the correspondence with me. I was in Chicago at the time.

"Unexpectedly receiving news of his death, in the fall of 1859, I hastened to San Francisco, and received from the hands of the landlord a little bundle of papers, among which I found this. Read it; no explanation is required."

He handed me a folded sheet of paper on which a letter had been begun, in a cramped, ungainly, but still legible hand. Here it is:

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 26, 1859.

Dear cousin:—I had hoped to see you here before this, but the end has come sooner than I expected. I dreamed of that cabin, in the wilds of Oregon, last night, and saw poor Harry fall again before the cowardly shots of those skulking Shastas; and I think it is nearly over. I must write what I intended to have spoken and endeavor to give you such directions as will enable you to find the cabin, for you must find it, Theodore, and enjoy its hidden gold. The first part of your course is plain enough: start from Jacksonville and keep the California road for——

Here the hand of death stayed the revealing pen, and there remained only a black and shapeless ink-blot, as a fit emblem of the mystery that wrapped the whereabouts of the lost cabin. I turned from the paper and looked at Harper—for such was the name by which he had introduced himself to me.

"That is all I know about it," said he, "and here is my proposition: let us jointly purchase an outfit and spend the summer in the mountains of southern Oregon. With the clue we have, I verily believe that we shall find the cabin."

"I am with you;" and I gave him a steadfast grip.

Harper flushed with pleasure at the prompt and hearty acquiescence, and we sat talking over the details of our expedition until the gray eye of dawn looked in, and, with a cold and unsympathizing stare admonished us that our sitting had been unnaturally protracted.

Concluded next week.

THE TERRITORIES.

The Walla Walla markets are supplied with beef at 4 to 5 cents per lb on foot.

An Idaho paper says: This is the first season for 8 or 9 years that the white sage in the vicinity of Snake river has been covered with snow. The loss of working cattle was consequently heavier than usual. The beef and stock cattle have done comparatively well on this side of the valley.

A gentleman who has made a careful computation, informs the *Statesman* that the loss of cattle in the Walla Walla valley since the commencement of the cold weather foots up 10,000 head. We deem these figures large, but our informant is confident that they are not in excess to the actual loss.

The Walla Walla *Union* learns from Mr. McDonald, from Kittitass, that the miners on the Swauk resumed work a few days before he left. The quartz discoveries are assuming a more important feature. Mr. Schafer's ledge, discovered last fall, is full of promise. An assay has been had of the ore, and that yielded $500 to the ton—that he carried off a quantity in his blankets, and that in a common mortar he pounded out $70 from this lot. Mr. Cooper has had an assay of ore from his ledge, and is pronounced tin, and that it yielded 300 pounds to the ton. The former ledge is situated on the headwaters of the Pishastin, and the latter this side of the same divide.