OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

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The Weekly Enterprise.

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By D. C. IRELAND,

OFFICE:—South east corner of FIFTH and MAIN streets, in the building lately known as the Court House, Oregon City, Oregon.

Terms of Subscription.

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Terms of Advertising.

Transient advertisements, one square (12 lines or less) first insertion ...$2 50
For each subsequent insertion..... 1 00
Business Cards one square per annum payable quarterly..... 12 00
One column per annum..... 120 00
One half column " 60 00
One quarter " 40 00
Legal advertising at the established rates.

Multnomah Lodge No. 1, A. F. & A. M.—Holds its regular communications on the first and third Saturdays of each month, at half past six P. M. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of W. M.
Oregon City, Nov. 4th, 1866. n29

Oregon Lodge No. 3, I. O. of O. F.—Meets every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, in the Masonic Hall. Members of the order are invited to attend. By order N. G. [n29

Willamette Lodge No. 45—I. O. G. T. Meets every Saturday evening, at the rooms S.E. corner of Main and Fifth streets, at 7 1-2 o'clock. Visiting members are invited to attend. By order of W. C. T.

W. C. JOHNSON. P. O. M'COWN, *Notary Public.*

JOHNSON & McCOWN,

LAW OFFICE,

OREGON CITY, OREGON.

☞ Will attend to all business entrusted to our care in any of the Courts of the State, collect money, negotiate loans, sell real estate, etc.

☞ Particular attention given to contested land cases. 1y1

D. M. McKENNEY,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

WILL ATTEND PROMPTLY TO ALL business entrusted to his care,

Office—One door north of Bell & Parker's Drug Store, Oregon City, Oregon. [31y

S. HUELAT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Oregon City, Oregon.

Office over Charman & Brother. [8tf

Dr. H. Saffarrans,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

OFFICE—In J. Fleming's Book Store, *Main street, Oregon City.* (52

Dr. F. Barclay, M. R. C. L.,

(Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.)

OFFICE:—At Residence,
Main Street.....(50) ...Oregon City.

J. WELCH,

DENTIST.

Permanently Located at Oregon City, Oregon.

Rooms over Charman & Bro.'s store, Main street. (12:1y

JOHN H. SCHRAM,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

SADDLES, HARNESS, etc., etc.,

Main street, between Third and Fourth, *Oregon City.*

THE attention of parties dasiring anything in my line, is directed to my stock, before making purchases elsewhere. (1y) JOHN H. SCHRAM.

A. H. BELL. E. A. PARKER.

BELL & PARKER.

DRUGGISTS,

AND DEALERS IN

Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Paints, Perfumery, Oils, Varaishes,

And every article kept in a Drug Store. 53:) MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.

L. ZIGLER & SON.,

COOPERS,

Oregon City, Oregon.

THE UNDERSIGNED ARE NOW PREPARED to make all manner of ware in the line of cooperage, from a well-bucket to a hogshead, of both bilge and straight work, on short notice, and at reasonable rates. Call and examine samples of our work, as it is its own recommendation. 35:6m) L. ZIGLER & SON.

JAMES M. MOORE,

Justice of the Peace & City Recorder.

Office—In the Court House and City Council Room, Oregon City.

Will attend to the acknowledgment of deeds, and all other duties appertaining to the office of Justice of the Peace. 2:1y

John Fleming,

DEALER in BOOKS and STATIONERY.

Thankful for the patronage heretofore received, respectfully solicits a continuance of the favors of a generous public.

His store is between Jacobs' and Ackerman's bricks, on the west side of Main street. Oregon City, October 27th, '66. (tf

CLARK GREENMAN,

City Drayman,

OREGON CITY.

All orders for the delivery of merchandise, or packages and freight of whatever description, to any part of the city, will be executed promptly and with care. 16:6m

DRAY FOR SALE CHEAP!

A FIRST RATE HEAVY DRAY, IN good order, will be sold cheap for cash upon application to C. GREENMAN, 31:tf) Oregon City.

JOHN MYERS. 1866. H. C. MYERS.

J. MYERS & BROTHER,

Cheap Cash Store!

Under the Court House, in Oregon City.

Dealers in

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Buena Vista Stone Ware, Groceries, Hardware, etc., etc.,

Which they propose to sell as cheap as any House in Oregon.

Oregon City, October 23, 1866. 2:1y

BILL HEADS PRINTED, At the Enterprise Office.

CLIFF HOUSE.

MAIN STREET,

Nearly Opposite Woolen Factory.

W. L. WHITE, T. W. RHOADES, } .....Proprietors.

Oregon City, Oregon.

We invite the citizens of Oregon City, and the traveling public, to give us a share of their patronage. Meals can be had at all hours, to please the most fastidious. [15

BARLOW HOUSE,

Main Street, one door north of the Woolen Factory,

Oregon City .....Oregon.

Wm. Barlow, Proprietor.

The proprietor, thankful for the continued patronage he has received, would inform the public that he will continue his efforts to please his guests. (52

SHAVING SALOON.

Nearly Opposite the Post Office, Main street,

OREGON CITY.

THE UNDERSIGNED, WHO HAS FOR some time past endeavored to serve the public satisfactorily in the art of Shaving and Hair Dressing, returns his thanks for the patronage he has received, and requests a continuance of the same.
32:tf) H. FRANZ.

PONY SALOON.

Main street, Oregon City, One door north of the Post Office.

JAMES MANN, Propr.

This popular saloon is always supplied with the very best quality of Wines and Liquors, Ale, Porter, Beer and Cider, Cigars and Tobacco. Give me a call.
7:1y] JAMES MANN.

Fashion Billiard Saloon

Main street, between Second and Third, *Oregon City.*

J. C. Mann, Proprietor.

THE above long established and popular Saloon is yet a favorite resort, and as only the choicest brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars are dispensed to customers a share of Republic patronage is solicited.
45y) J. C. MANN.

SHADES SALOON.

West Side Main Street, between Second and Third, Oregon City.

GEORGE A. HAAS - - - - Proprietor.

The proprietor begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that the above named popular saloon is open for their accommodation, with a new and well assorted supply of the finest brands of wines, liquors and cigars. 52

Good Templar's Resort!

One Door South of the Post Office,

OREGON CITY.....OREGON.

THE PROPRIETORS TAKE PLEASURE in stating that they have fitted up the above Resort in good shape, and will keep open every day and evening, (Sundays excepted) from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M., for the public, with Refreshments, etc., on strictly temperance principles. Ice Cream served on Saturday and Sunday evenings. (35:3m

KELLY & FILSBURY, Proprietors.

A. LEVY,

Main Street, at the Telegraph Office, Oregon City .....Oregon.

Dealer in

Kester's Ready-made Clothing, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, Stationery, Cutlery, Willow and Wooden Ware, Yankee Notions,

Fancy and staple Groceries, Candies, Nuts, Toys, etc. (52

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY!

IT IS ONLY NECESSARY TO LET THE public be informed that

JOHN HELM, ARTIST,

Has removed to the Photographic Rooms on Main street, lately occupied by Morrison C. Athey, where he is prepared to execute better work than ever.

For Children's Pictures the best hours are between 2 and 12 o'clock A. M. [23:1y

Imperial Mills,

OREGON CITY.

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR SALE:

FLOUR, MILLINGS, *BRAN AND CHICKEN FEED!*

☞ Parties wanting feed must furnish their sacks. [18:3m

OREGON CITY

Paper Manuf'g Co.

Manufacture, and have constantly on hand, a very Superior Article of Straw Wrapping Paper.

☞ Orders will receive prompt attention. 22:1y] J. D. MILLER, Secretary.

CANEMAH STORE!

JAMES MORFITT & CO.,

WOULD INFORM THE PUBLIC—ESpecially of Canemah, that they have established a Store at that place, where they will keep on hand a well assorted stock of

Merchandise and Groceries,

which will be sold at reasonable rates, for the purpose of establishing permanently such a necessity at Canemah. Try us. 18:y

DAVID SMITH W. H. MARSHALL.

SMITH & MARSHALL,

Black-Smiths and Boiler Makers.

Corner of Main and Third streets,

Oregon City..... Oregon.

Blacksmithing in all its branches. Boiler making and repairing. All work warranted to give satisfaction. (52

William Broughton,

CONTRACTOR and BUILDER, Main street, Oregon City.

Will attend to all work in his line, consisting in part of Carpenter and Joiner work—framing, building, etc. Jobbing promptly attended to. 152

OREGON CITY

BREWERY!

HENRY HUMBEL,

Having purchased the above Brewery, wishes to inform the public that he is now prepared to manufacture a No. 1 quality of

LAGER BEER!

As good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled. Oregon City, December 28th, 1866. 1tf

Sunday School and Gift Books!

FROM THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIEty and Massachusetts Sunday School Society. For sale at Messrs. Hargren & Shindler's, First street, corner of Salmon, Portland, Oregon. G. H. ATKINSON, Sec.'y and Treas. Oregon Tract Soc.'y. S. SHINDLER, Depositary. [35:1y

Mind Your Own Concerns.

Mind your own concerns, my friend,
For they are yours alone;
Don't talk about your neighbor's faults,
But strive to mend your own.
Suppose he does not always lead
A truly perfect life,
What matter if he sometimes frets,
Or quarrels with his wife?
Don't meddle—let him know, my friend,
Your better nature spurns
To act the spy on him or his;
And mind your own concerns.

Yes, mind your own concerns, my friend,
And presently you'll find
That all your time is occupied,
And you've quite enough to mind.
Why need you care if Snooks or Spooks
Should wed with Sallie Jones;
What matter if your neighbor C.
A plump half million owns?
The money is not yours, my friend,
Though golden stores he earns.
So do not envy his wealth;
But mind your own concerns.

Yes, mind your own concerns, my friend,
It is a better plan,
Than always to be spying out
The deeds of brother man.
Remember that all persons have,
Though hidden from the view,
Thoughts that to them of right belong,
And not at all to you.
And also bear in mind, my friend,
A generous nature worms
No secret form a brother's breast;
So mind your own concerns.

On the Trail.

I am a police superintendent in a large iron-making town and for upwards of twenty years have had the care of a populous colliery district. The peculiar avocations of the people supply ample disguise for criminals in hiding. Who would look for a runaway clerk in the black face and coal-stained garments of a collier, or in the guise of a laborer in the iron shed? It may be assumed, therefore, that many a strange incident has come under my notice in the course of so long a service, and some of these I may occasionally present to the public. One in particular I remember well, as practically illustrating a remark made in the *Times* on the conviction of Muller, that crimes of a conspicuous character are generally committed by the class that is least suspected. I was called one evening to quell a disturbance between several colliers and a party of Irishmen. The colliers, it appears, maddened with drink, had assulted the latter, driven them into a dwelling, and would have killed one or more, but for the opportune arrival of the police.

The night afterwards, I received a note from the railway authorities that a coal train had been thrown off the line by some miscreant or other who had placed sleepers along the rails. Knowing that colliers working at a distance invariably return by these trains, and remembering the struggle of the night before, I at once concluded this to be an attempt at Irish revenge, and pursued my investigations accordingly.

A few nights after, another coal train was thrown off the rails, as in the former case, however, without harm to the men; but this second attempt spurred me on, so that certain suspected persons were speedily in custody. But I soon found that these were "not my men." It is useless for me expatiate on the unerring signs by which innocence invariably asserts itself. The Irishmen were violent in their cups, but most certainly incapable of the atrocious act of which they were accused.

Scarcely had a week passed when the whole neighborhood was thrilled with horror. At a distance of twelve miles from the town where I lived there was another town, to which our tradesmen resorted in numbers every Wednesday to market. In the evening, the last train, as usual, bore its numerous passengers to their homes. It was summer time, and merrily they dashed along the rugged bank of a mountain river, winding in among the hills. But soon the picture was changed: turning a curve in full career, the engine left the rails, and cutting deeply into the embankment, rolled on its side, fortunately having continued a sufficient time in progress to break the shock of the carriages. There was an awful cry of lamentation, a wild medley, a hurried scene; men and women seeking to clamber through the opening above the locked doors, too intent on personal safety to think of anything else. Most were bruised and all were frightened. While messengers were dispatched to the nearest station, others searched along the route for the mishap. It was soon found. The scene of the accident was a curve, and the rail nearest to the river had been forcibly removed. The miscreant—for it was seen that a villian's hand had been there—had fortunately been ignorant of mechanics. He had taken up all the rail by the ravine—for I have omitted to mention that there was a steep precipice at this point—and naturally thought that the train, with its load of human life, would have tumbled over. The rail next the river was the safe one, and so the engine simply plowed along towards the scrap of the mountain.

When the details of this lucky escape reached me, I felt that my reputation was at stake. This was evidently So. Three of the diabolical attempts of the same hand. The first inquiry made was: Who drove the train? And one or two questions of a similar character put me in possession of this important fact, that the driver of the train and the driver of the coal-engine trains at the time the tracks were thrown off, was one and the same person. "Now, then, for the driver," said I, and marched to his lodgings. I found him a quiet, inoffensive sort of a young fellow, not a likely man to have a malignant enemy. He was unmarried, and somewhat fresh to his duties on the line, not having been in the position very long. We at once touched on the subject of the accident, but he was quite at sea as to the cause.

"Have you any enemy?" said I, "or any one who entertains any malice against you?"

No; he thought not.

"You are unmarried? I believe."

Yes; he was.

"Courting, perhaps?" I suggested.

He confessed to the soft impeachment.

"Have any objection to tell me who the lady is?" inquired I, for we police officers are sometimes obliged to over-ride delicate scruples. He mentioned the name of a young woman residing at a farm house six miles down the valley, and within half a mile of the scene of the accident. I drew a long breath, but kept my own counsel.

"O, so the damsel lives there, does she? Now, has she any other sweetheart besides yourself?"

He thought there had been one, a carpenter; but, quoth the driver, complacently, "she has no lover now but me."

"Where does this carpenter live?"

"About half a mile from the farm," he answered; and with that I left, fully satisfied that I was on the trail.

The morning after, and at the scene of the accident, I had found a large, thick stake, cut evidently from the adjoining wood. This had been used to pry up the rail from the sleeper. Examining it minutely, I saw that it had been cut recently, and that with a knotched knife.

So, with this idea uppermost, I started on the mission, and after a pleasant drive, reached the little hamlet where the carpenter lived. The district was very mountainous and rugged; and, as I mounted the winding road towards the house, I could see the monotone of the river near which so narrow an escape had taken place. Yonder was the scene. Was the criminal here? The door was soon opened to my knock, and by the carpenter himself, a cool, self-possessed young man, who seemed to read my errand in a moment, yet asked me what I wanted, without the change of a muscle. I entered into his little room, and told him I had a suspicion he could enlighten me on the cause of the railway accident.

No he couldn't; he had heard of it.

Would he allow me to search him?

Certainly; and forthwith various articles were in my hand. On his person I found two pocket knives, each of which would have served to cut the stake. As I paused a moment, and held them in my hand, he heedlessly observed:

"That knife" (pointing to one) "I only put into my pocket this morning, as I generally keep it at home."

I opened the knife; the blade was serrated and looking up from the article to the carpenter, caught his eye. We knew one another's thought in an instant; but he accompanied me tranquilly enough to the town. At the trial, the knife figured in evidence; various corroborating matters satisfied the jury of his guilty; he was found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' transportation.

It turned out afterwards that he loved the farm girl, and was incited by jealousy to the act which so nearly caused so frightful an accident. For all I know, the driver still dwells in single blessedness; for the maid is still a maid, as rosy-cheeked as ever, and, it is said, is waiting for the carpenter's return!

HORRIBLE!—The New York *Leader* in the last issue that has reached us, has the following two line announcement—capitals and all scattered all over its columns, being repeated in a half a dozen different places;

JEFFERSON DAVIS has been almost TWO YEARS a STATE PRISONER!

Thus, while the whole civilized world is amazed at the magnanimity and forbearance of our government in not hanging Davis, the virulent copperheads are going into hysterics of impudent indignation, because the arch-villiain, whose machinations have cost half a million of noble lives, was "almost two years a State prisoner."

The French journals, more imaginative than those of England, see all sorts of phantoms in the transfer of Russian America to the United States. They imagine that when Russia again engages in war against France and England for the Bosphorus, the United States are to furnish Russia with privateers, and that if Russia succeeds, she is to present to the United States the Island of Cyprus, near the coast of Syria.

POINTS OF A COWARD.—You are a coward if afraid to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward when you insult the weak. You are a coward if afraid to do right, if you shrink from defending your opinion, from maintaining that which you know to be just and good; and you are especially a coward if you know certain things of yourself and dare not own them to yourself.

A rural paper, after explaining to its readers that "ballot" means a little ball, goes on to make a disgusting observation that the reason Hawley was beaten in Connecticut was because there was so much English on the balls.

Mr. Pullup, coming home late, finds the walking very slippery, and exclaims: "V-very singular; whenever water freezes it allus freezes with the sl-slippery side up! Singular!"

The Female Lobbyist at Washington.

"Bueno Buro," the lively and gossiping Washington correspondent of the New York *Citizen*, gives the following admirable pen and ink likeness of a celebrated female lobbyist widely known at the Capital of the nation. He says: Perhaps you think that because the National Congress has adjourned, we have nothing of interest to write about here. If so, you are, in the language the Ubet tribes of the Pacific States "sucked in and like-wise deceived," for we have cords upon cords of facts yet unwritten, regarding the ins and outs of that body, and I propose this week to give you another lobby view.

To this city there came from St. Louis a lady whose robust figure was without coarseness, and attracted the gaze of the sternest and most uncompromising of our legislators, by its voluptuous appearance. Her face was strongly marked, yet beautiful, except those who admire women for a lack of intelligent expression, or a doll-like placidity of features. Her chin protruded firmly and was sweetly dimpled, while above it pouted two cherry ripe lips. Her nose was exquisitely turned to the most excruciatingly fine compromise between sensuality and stateswoman-like abnegation of worldliness. Her cheeks, round and plump, were always colored with the fresh pink blush of health, and her cheek bones were just prominent enough to dimple them bewitchingly. Her eyes, surmounted by brows as closely pencilled and delicately arched as any artist could desire, were twinkling and laughing brilliants, sharp and piercing orbits, luscious hazel brown in color, and they spoke volume of seductive pursuasiveness, or repelled with the adamantine imperviousness of an ironclad. She weighed about one hundred and sixty pounds, and dressed in a close-fitting basque, and many were the members to be found basking in the sunlight of her delicious smiles. Black silk was the material of the basque, cordel, flated, flaxseed, rigged and thingumbobbed with a confusing profusion of jet pendants and bugles, which rattled and jingled as, with the statchiness of a queen, she walked through the corridors of the Capitol, commanding the obsequious service of all with whom she came in contact. Her voice was like the warbling of the morning lark, or solemnly plaintive, like the song of the dying swan; and she was an elegant elocutionist, understanding to perfection the gesticulations of an orator, or the overpowering and conscience-soothing little pitty-pats-with-her-delicate-hands-on your coat-collar, of a coaxing, wheedling, befuddling little angel. She was spare in the use of jewelry, and yet wore rings, chains, and diamonds enough to add an air of reckless plenitude to her regal presence. Dost like the ambrotype?

It is not colored; is painted true to life, and it is only necessary to add, that it may be complete, the fact that she was accompanied by an humble, red-whiskered, connubial convenience, known in common parlance as a husband. He was an insidious seeker after new acquaintances, at the same time being careful not to know any one but Judges, Generals, Honorables, and people of the "bon tonish" kind. He made it a rule to clasp with both of his flippers the profound paw of any distinguished person that he might be introduced to, and without farther palaver invited all such to his rooms. "Would be glad to have you meet my wife, sir," he said, and accordingly the flies were dragged into the web. The lady received them courteously and being remarkably well informed, was never at fault in her attempts to enlist their immediate attention, for she always knew something of their previous political or military history, and seldom failed in making an apropos compliment. "I recollect you, sir," she said to all of them, "and ever since you did so and so, I have longed to know you." Who could resist such insidious flattery? The flies buzzed their wings in the web, not in vain tempts to free themselves, but with a burning desire to get more and more entangled in its meshes. Is there any one so blind as not to foresee the result?

Is it necessary that I should add that the influence of the buzzing flies, before they were driven from the web, was pledged to anything that the fair enchantress desired? Know from this that she was a most successful lobbyess.

The Ironclad Relief bill was a bugbear in the Thirty-ninth Congress, including in its provisions appropriations of millions of dollars in payment of claims of contractors who had lost money in building ironclads for the Government. Some of the claims were just, and others were swindles; but the just and unjust were served alike, and the bill was lost, only to be revived, by piecemeal, in the Fortieth Congress. The first successful piece thus revived was the claim of Ryan, Secor & Co., for the erection of the ironclad *Camanche*. It may have been a just claim, and I think it was; but I am not mistaken when I say it was rushed through both houses in double-quick time, and that the propelling power used in pushing it through was the lobbyess above referred to. It amounted to nearly $200,000, and she was well paid for her trouble, if trouble you may call it. Day after day, when it was pending in the House, she sat in the Diplomatic Gallery, and watched it in the various stages of parliamentary progress, and each day some new advocate—sometimes a deserter from the ranks of its opponents—thundred eloquently in its behalf, and immediately when he rose to talk, the cynical occupants of the Reporter's Gallery would whisper mysteriously, "he has been seen by the spider with the black basque." Stern, sober, corrugated, shriveled old men voted for it, spoke for it, and when it passed rushed up stairs to the corridor in the rear of the galleries, there to receive the thanks of the spider, and I spied her thanking them, her face beaming with smiles, her delicately gloved hand patting them approvingly on their shoulders, some of which not long since bore the epaulettes of high rank in the army. In the Senate she watched it in the same manner, smiling approvingly as one after another of the bald-headed, gray headed, old-headed Senators spoke or voted for it.

It was a grand sight, and only goes to show what we men can do when the women vote. I long for that millenium when I shall sit in the galleries, and wink and blink, and nod and smile at somebody else's wife, as she votes for a bill that I may be "lobying through." My wife, you know, will coax other people's wives into my web, and I'll secure their influence for my bill. Then I'll "divy" with my wife, and she'll "go for another job," and we'll wax strong in the pocket-book. It's good paying business, this lobbying, and no lobby is so successful as one comprised of the sex excluded from the privilege of voting. So you see that in view of my general "get up," I can't help but wish that the women of America may soon be enfranchised, and that I may be disenfranchised, so that I can establish myself in my proper sphere as a "pretty lobby member."

"IST."—The aptness of Americans in coining words is frequently illustrated. The late war gave rise to many phrases which will hereafter form a part of the American vocabulary of expressive terms. The latest invention seems to be the application of "ist" to words of different ending. Thus, "billiardist" is now in common use; as applied to musicians the new fashions will give us "singists," "playists," and "performists." We We shall have "actists," "tragedists," and "comedists," in the drama; while "pianists" and "sculptists" will furnish the art world with the scintillations of their genius. Terpsichoreau performers will become "dancists;" those who imbibe will be called "drinkists," and those who harangue, "speakists;" while Barnum will become a "showist" and Horace Greeley a "bondist."

THAT SLEEPY MAN.—The fight of Horace Greeley and the Union League Club reminds the *Journal of Commerce* of a story that used to be told of Daniel Webster and George Wood. Mr. Webster having been retained in a suit at law, and coming to court, asked his client, "Who is the opposing counsel?" The client, pointing to Mr. Wood, who sat in his favorite attitude, well remembered by all who knew him, replied, "I don't know his name—it's that sleepy man yonder." "You need not wake him up," said Mr. Webster.

A man in Indiana has sued for a divorce from his wife on the ground that she is an incorrigible thief. He might have permitted her to steal away.

Cyrus H. McCormick, of Chicago, has made his reapers pay. The income returns show that last year he reaped a harvest of $199,750.

Ritualism in England.

Recently in the House of Lords Earl Shafsbury brought up his bill to prohibit Anglican clergymen from wearing garments of a certain color and cut in church. England, his Lordship said, had come into a terrible crisis. Protestantism was in danger, for there were already two thousand churches where candles were lighted upon the altar. So many lights showed that dark days were coming. Ritualism threatened to shake the existence of the Empire. Men of great zeal, learning and ability were engaged in this work of destroying the church and nation, and as he was in favor of civil and religious liberty, he introduced this bill to forbid the people using unauthorized costumes and ceremonies. He had been among the farmers of Dorset and found them very much excited on the subject. They used very strong expressions, which, with proper deference to the bench of bishops, he would not like to repeat. Ritualism was exciting dissenters against the church, and even the Wesleyans, who were generally friendly, now threatened to destroy her as a branch of Popery. A noble Lord mildly suggested that vestments were older than the doctrines complained of, and were used in the Protestant Church of Sweden. The Bishop of London doubted if the evil could be put down by law. They must get control of the Universities. The mischief was in the young men, with whom Ritualism was very popular. The Bishop of Oxford said there was a general desire in the church, and even among dissenters, for religious services ot a more stimulating character; but the English people will not bear the semblance of persecution. The Church of England was not a compromising, but a comprehensive church, holding all extremes of doctrine. Finally, on motion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the question was postponed two months. Meantime Earl Derby's commission will enter upon its duties, and in two years embody the whole matter in a blue book—a sort of egg from which may be hatched a bill. But the folly of thinking that in free England, in this latter third of the nineteenth century, religion can be regulated by law, is incomprehensible.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.—Once two ministers of the gospel were conversing upon extemporaneous preaching:

"Well," said the old divine, waxing warm, "you are ruining yourself by writing your sermons and reading them off. Your congregation cannot become interested in your preaching; and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you could get hold of an old sermon, you would be completely confused."

The young divine used all his eloquence, but in vain, to convince the old gentleman that the written sermon expressed his own thoughts and feelings, and if called upon he could preach extemporaneously.

"As we are of the same faith," said the young minister, "suppose you try me next Sabbath morning. On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible, and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stood up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and see who will make the best of it."

The idea seemed to delight the old gentleman, and it was immediately agreed upon. The following Sabbath, on mounting the pulpit, his senior brother handed him a slip of paper, on which was written: "And the ass opened his mouth and spake;" from which he preached a glorious sermon, charming the attention of his delighted hearers, and charming his old friend with his eloquence.

In the afternoon, the young brother, who was sitting below the pulpit, handed his slip. After rising and opening the Bible, the old man looked sadly around—"Am I not thine ass?" Pausing a few minutes, he ran his fingers through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose like blast of a trumpet, and read aloud—"Am I not thine ass?" Another pause, in which a deadly silence reigned. After reading the third time—"am I not thine ass?" he looked over the pulpit at his friend, and in a doleful voice, said, "I think I am, brother!"

So.—In the Detroit Temperance League, recently, the Rev. Dr. Duffield stigmatized Theodore Tilton as a notorious wine-bibbler.

Luxemburg.

The city of Luxemburg is built on a very high rock, and has three townships within its boundaries, situated at the bottom of this rock. The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg is surrounded by France, Belgium and Prussia. The frontier of France is only six miles, of Belgium nine miles, and of Prussia twelve miles from the city.

The inhabitants are a very sober, industrious people, speaking a sort of *patois* (not French and not German.) The better class speak French. There is not a particle of German in them; their education, inclination, tastes, manner of living, and spirit are French.

The town proper of Luxemburg has about 12,000 inhabitants. The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg was given in 1815, at the Congress of Vienna to the King of the Netherlands, as a compensation for the Duchy of Nassau, and he takes the title of Grand Duke of Luxemburg. As King of the Netherlands he is a perfect stranger in matters concerning the administration of Luxemburg. Luxemburg has its own House of Representatives, its own Secretary of State, and is governed by themselves. The members are elected by the people. The fortress of Luxemburg was built by the great French engineer Vauban, and belongs to the former German Confederacy, and has been garrisoned since 1815 by the Prussians alone. (Stipulation made between the Grand Duke and the King of Prussia at the Congress of Paris in 1815.)

The inhabitants never did like the Prussians, and in society they are only tolerated. The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg is very healthy, and very rich in minerals and agriculture. A portion of it was given to the King of Belgium in 1839 (Congress of London), and is known now as the Belgian province of Luxemburg. We have in the States of Iowa and Wisconsin complete settlements of Luxemburgeans.

AN INVETERATE BAD HABIT.—In a school in Springfield, Mass., the lady teacher had occasion to punish one of the little boys for using profane language. There being a knot-hole in the floor, she conceived the idea to make him think he had got to stand near by with a pair of tongs and watch until he caught a rat that should come up from below. Stationing him, she gave him strict injunctions to remain until he accomplished the feat, calculating, of course, after he had stood there a couple of hours, to send him to his seat. Judge of her surprise, when two minutes after he fastened the tongs to a genuine fellow of the rat kind, with enormous whiskers and tail, and holding him up exclaimed, "By G—d I've caught him."

THE OCEANS.—The Pacific ocean covers a surface of 88,000,000 square miles, the Atlantic 25,000,000 the Southern ocean 30,000,000, and the Indian 17,000,000. The surface of the sea is compared to that of land, is 160 to 49, or four to one. The depth of the sea is supposed to be equal to the highest mountains—four miles. Where the sea is of a blue color, it is deep—where green, it is shallow. The temperature in equal latitudes is from four to eight degrees less in the Southern hemisphere supposed to rise from the extended surface of the water, and from the sun passing through the Southern signs, seven and three, eight days less than the Northern.

COMING DOWN.—In our boyhood days three sermons a day, or two sermons and a two hour exhortation at the very least, were considered none too heavy a burden to be borne, but times are changing. The South Church in Springfield, Mass., has adopted the one-sermon-a-day plan of service, and will have this summer, if not longer, preaching in the morning and Sunday School in the afternoon. It is intended to give the Sunday School greater prominence, and if possible induce the larger part of the congregation to attend it.

EJECTED.—It is said that Clayes, McCoomb, and Seabough, have been ejected from the *Alta* in consequence of being mixed up with McCarthy of the *Flag* in a combination for securing the State Printership for the latter, with an understanding for a division of the spoils.

TOURNAMENT.—A National Base Ball Tournament is to be held in Detroit in August.