OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

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The Weekly Enterprise.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

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.

One copy, one year in advance.....$3 00
" " " " if delayed..... 4 00

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

Book and Job Printing!

THE ENTERPRISE OFFICE

Is supplied with every requisite for doing a superior style of work, and is constantly accumulating new and beautiful styles of material, and is prepared for every variety of

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTING!

AT SATISFACTORY PRICES.

☞ The Public are invited to call and examine both our specimens and facilities for doing work.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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

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

OFFICE:—At Residence,
Main Street.....(5tf).....Oregon City.

Dr. CHARLES BLACH,
Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur.

OFFICE—Corner of Washington and Front streets, Parrish's Block, Portland, Oregon.

RESIDENCE—Washington street, between Fourth and Fifth streets. [42:1y

A. C. GIBBS. C. W. PARRISH.
Notary Public and Com. of Deeds.
GIBBS & PARRISH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

OFFICE—On Alder street, in Carter's New Brick Block. n3

O. P. MASON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
102 Front st., Portland, Oregon.

WILL ATTEND TO BUSINESS IN ANY Court in the State or Washington Territory. Including business under the Bankrupt Law. 37:1y

W. C. JOHNSON. F. O. MCCOWN.
Notary Public.
JOHNSON & McCOWN,
LAWYERS,
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. 1:y1

R. F. RUSSELL. F. DALTON.
RUSSELL & DALTON,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, and Real Estate Agents.

Will practice in the Courts of the second, third and fourth Judicial Districts, and in the Supreme Court of Oregon.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims at all points in the above named districts.

Office in Parrish's brick building, Albany, Oregon. (38:

J. R. MITCHELL. J. N. DOLPH. A. SMITH.
Mitchell, Dolph & Smith,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, and Proctors in Admiralty.

☞ Office over the old Post Office, Front street, Portland, Oregon. (1y)

BENTON KILLIN,
LAWYER,
Oregon City, Oregon.

Office in Charman's Brick Block, up stairs. (50:tf)

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. [3:1y

J. B. UPTON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,
Oregon City, Oregon.

☞ Office over the store of Pope & Co., Main street. [46:tf

C. A. DOLPH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,

☞ Office 106 Front street, Portland, Oregon. (46:6m

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

J. WELCH,
DENTIST.
Permanently Located at Oregon City, Oregon.

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

JAS. L. DALY. W. S. STEVENS.
Notary Public.
DALY & STEVENS,
REAL ESTATE BROKERS, COLLECTORS AND GENERAL AGENTS,

OFFICE—1st floor Vaughn's Brick, corner of Morrison and Front sts, Portland, Oregon.

☞ Particular attention given to the adjustment of accounts. Legal and other documents transcribed at short notice.

CHARLES S. WHITMAN,
Attorney at Law;

OFFICE—Corner of Fifth and D streets.

Washington City, D. C.

☞ Special attention given to the adjustment and issuing of patents for private land claims, Pre-emption and Homestead settle ments. Prosecution of business before the Land Office. [49:6m

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

Notice to the Public.

I HAVE this day closed the Barlow House in favor of the Cliff House. Hope my old customers will give their liberal patronage to the above well kept house. They will find Messrs. White & Rhoades always on hand to make guests comfortable.

WM. BARLOW.

Oregon City, August 1, 1867.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE.
(Late LINCOLN HOUSE)
No. 84 Front street, Portland Oregon.
L. P. W. QUIMBY, PROPRIETOR,
(Late of Western Hotel.)

This house is the most commodious in the State, newly furnished, and it will be the endeavor of the proprietor to make his guests comfortable. The Baggage Wagon will always be found at the landing on the arrival of steamships and river boats, carrying baggage to the house free of charge. [17.1y

OREGON HOUSE,
Main Street .....Oregon City.
JACOB BOEHM, Proprietor.
ESTABLISHED 1857.

REDUCTION IN PRICES!

The undersigned wishes to give notice that from Saturday, October 7th, 1867, prices at the above house will be as follows:

Board and Lodging per week..... $5 00
Board without Lodging..... 4 00
Board and Lodging per day..... 1 00

JACOB BOEHM.

Oregon City, Oct. 3d, 1867. [50:tf

OSWEGO HOUSE!
OSWEGO, OREGON.
JOHN SCHADE.....Proprietor,

IS now prepared to receive and entertain all who may favor him with their patronage. The House is New and the Rooms are Newly and Neatly Furnished. The Table will be supplied with all the delicacies of the season. The House is situated near the steamer landing. The proprietor will at all times endeavor to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call, and would respectfully solicit the patronage of the Traveling Public. 41:tf.

Board per week.....$5 00
Board and Lodging..... 6 00
Single Meals..... 50

W. F. HIGHFIELD,
Established since 1849, at the old stand,
MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.

An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' weight Clocks, all of which are warranted to be as represented.

Repairings done on short notice, and thankful for past favors. (37

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. (32:y

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

A. H. BELL. E. A. PARKER.
BELL & PARKER.
DRUGGISTS,
AND DEALERS IN
Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Paints, Perfumery, Oils, Varnishes,
And every article kept in a Drug Store.
33.) MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.

NOTICE TO ALL
WHO WANT
First Class Fine or Coarse
Boots and Shoes!

Made or Repaired. Especial care and attention paid to orders for fine work, such as Ladies' and Misses Fine Gaiters, Gents' Fine French Calf Boots, etc.

☞ Orders solicited from abroad will be executed with neatness and dispatch.

TERWILLIGER & SMITH,
40:tf Green st., Oswego, Oregon.

E. G. RANDALL,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

Sheet Music, and Musical Merchandise of all kinds. Sole Agent in Oregon for

Mason & Hamlin's
CELEBRATED CABINET ORGAN!
— AND —
Steinway & Son's
GOLD MEDAL PIANO FORTES!

First street, next door to the Post Office Portland, Oregon. (4.tf

C. P. FERRY,
(Late Ferry & Foster,)
HARDWARE,
No. 108 Front street, Portland.

Agent North British and Mercantile Insurance Company.
And Manhattan Life Insurance Co

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, STOCKS Bonds, and Real Estate bought and sold on Commission. [3:1y

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

A. J. MONROE. W. A. K. MELLEN.
MARBLE WORK.
MONROE & MELLEN,
Dealers in California, Vermont, and Italian Marbles, Obelisks, Monuments, Head and Foot stones,
SALEM .....OREGON.
Mantles and Furniture Marble furnished to order. [30:tf

LUCIFER MATCHES.

There's a legend, maybe you've seen it some day,
That comes like the sunshine from far in the East,
With a hint in the matrimonial way,
Showing how it comes, there's "the Devil to pay,
And no pitch hot," as the sinners say,
How the toothache springs from the marriage feast.

Marriage, of course, is a blessed thing,
Especially so to beginners;
Then angels wave each dazzling wing,
And love is the only tune they sing,
While heaven is seen through the wedding-ring—
But "Where do they bury the sinners?"
Asks little smarty, while lurking round,
And spelling the epitaphs he found,
Where saints seemed thicker under ground,
Than we commonly find them over;
Where? oh, where? and echo repeats
The question, but never an answer meets
The inquirer, that I could discover.

The lover, suing for heart and hand,
As his darling's charms are fondly scanned,
Life seems a romance lofty and grand—
'Tis a blissful state that I know of,
But wedded,—sometimes all that's reversed.
Love's early fondness, for folly is cursed,
And of all sad fates, "ill married is worst"
That poor mortals can suffer the woe of.

But married and happy—Jerusalem! bliss
Don't half express the delight of this,
Any more than it does for two she's to kiss,
When of course the flavor is missing;
But married and happy, two fond souls thrilling,
Each the other with rapture filling,
And both obedient to love's dear willing—
There's power and glory in kissing.

Alas—and alack—I must hurry back,
But if you hanker to try a smack,
The first sweet Web-foot girl you meet,
In country lane, or city street,
Pitch in, and for her love entreat;
If she says "Nay," don't turn away,
Their "No's" mean "Yes," some other day,
A woman wins by her own defeat.

But my legend has'nt come as yet,
I'll try again, if I don't forget.

HARRY HOPBLESS.

Mrs. Jordan's Lesson.

BY F. H. SLAUFFER.

Mrs. Martin sat in the office at the terminus of one of the street railroads. A car was expected to move out in a few minutes. It was a clear frosty morning in December, and bitter cold. But she did not mind the cold just then, bound up as she was, and the fire burning briskly in the office.

A door opening into a drinking saloon was ajar. Two men were at the bar leaning lazily against it, each with a glass in his hand. One of them was a young man of her acquaintance, Clay Jordan by name. He was a worthless, dissipated young fellow. He had broken over the barriers of religious training and companionship, fearing not the threats of his father, turning a deaf ear to the entreaties of his mother, and often bringing the blush of shame to the cheek of his sweet tempered, lovely sister. His eyes were bleared, his face bloated, his clothes shabby. His hair had dropped over his forehead, his beard was tangled, and his hands shook nervously.

"Oh, Clay Jordan!" said Mrs. Martin to herself with a sigh. "A mere wreck in life, tossing about upon the billows of sensuality and passion; no pride, no shame, no manliness. How strange it is that some young men will thus throw themselves away, sacrificing all the social and educational advantages of the past and all the brilliant prospects in the future."

"Say, Clay, how did you make the raise?" asked young Jordan's companion. "Yesterday you was dead broke."

"So I was, Musser. I got hold of the old woman's watch and chain, and up the spout it went. It's at Razier's in Ninth street."

Clay Jordan called for more liquor; the car was starting out, and Mrs. Martin took a seat in it. Though not familiar with the slang of the brothel, she correctly surmised that to put a thing up the spout, meant disposing of it at the pawnbroker's.

When Mrs. Martin reached her home, she went up to her room, to lay aside her bonnet and furs.

"Ma," said her little daughter, opening the door, "a woman is waiting for you in the kitchen. She came about an hour ago. She is in search of a place.

"I will be down directly," said Mrs. Martin.

She found the applicant to be a young woman, tidily dressed, with ruddy cheeks, clear eyes, and honest looking face.

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"Rachel Pierce," answered the girl.

"Have you any recomendations?"

"No ma'am."

"Where were you last?"

"With Mrs. Jordan."

"Why did you leave there?"

"I was dismissed."

"What for?"

"I was charged with theft."

The blood for a moment colored the cheek of the young girl, and her eyes moistened.

"You are very candid," said Mrs. Martin.

"I was always taught to be."

"And after such a confession, you expect me to hire you?"

"I did not make any confession. I did not steal anything."

"There must have been some ground for the charge."

"None beyond the fact that the article was missed. I did not take it, nor do I know who did."

"What was missed?"

"Mrs. Jordan's watch and chain."

"And you do not know where it is?"

"I do not; indeed I do not. Pray. Mrs. Martin give me a place, if but for a while. Please do. This is the fifth place that I have applied at today, each time telling my story as I have told it to you, and each time quietly dismissed."

The young girl bravely crushed the struggling sobs and tears.

"Are you badly in want of a place;" asked Mrs. Martin.

"I am. My reputation is to be re-established, my character to be restored. Time will do that. Then we are in distress—mother is an invalid, and the winter is here. It is as much as brother and I can do to support her."

"Your air, your appearance, your language, betray that you have seen better circumstances."

"I have, indeed. Reverses will come—and sometimes in spite of watchfulness, economy and integrity of purpose. I might have taught school, or turned governess; but too many seek those avenues. I hired out as a domestic; such help is constantly needed. I had no pride to be wounded, no false ideas of conventionalism to be shocked. I took up my new ideas as a woman should have taken them up; I do not feel that I have in any manner disgraced myself or my family. I do not wish to be anything more than you engage me for—a hired girl, with a stout heart, strong arms, and a will to work at a stipulated price per week."

"You may stay Rachel," said Mrs. Martin, kindly. "I am pleased to say that I am in possession of facts that will thoroughly vindicate your character."

A bright light flooded the young girl's eyes. She brought her hands quickly together.—

"What are they? How did you learn them?" she asked.

"Mrs. Jordan's watch was stolen by her worthless son, and pawned. I overheard him tell as much to a companion, not more than two hours ago. This evening I shall write to Mrs. Jordan about the matter."

Three weeks afterwards Mrs. Martin called on Mrs. Jordan. They were old friends. The latter wore her watch and chain.

"You have found your watch, I see," said Mrs. Martin.

"Did you know that it had been lost? I recovered it the next day."

"Who had stolen it?"

"Oh, I had mislaid it."

"Mrs. Jordan!" said Mrs. Martin, reprovingly.

Mrs. Jordan colored.

"How much do you know about the matter?" she asked.

"I know all about it," said Mrs. Martin. "It was I who sent you the unsigned note, informing you where the property was."

"You make me blush for the shame of my son, Mrs. Martin. To shield him, I departed from the truth, when I said I had mislaid the watch."

"I have something else to say in connection with the matter, Mrs. Jordan. You will not take offence?"

"We are old friends. You have spoken plainly to me before."

"But not vainglorious—not in the spirit of self-righteousness. You charged Rachel Pierce with the theft of the watch?"

"I did."

"And dismissed her?"

"I did."

"After you found out—almost the next day—that she was innocent, what steps did you take to vindicate her character—to smooth her wounded spirit—to remedy the wrong you had done her?"

Mrs. Jordan bowed her head. Her cheeks tinged with mortification.

"To my shame be it said, I did nothing, I have grievously wronged the poor girl."

"Indeed you have. A warm-hearted, honest, sensitive girl, she was thrown into the channel in which she moved, by a current that may some time carry our own children thitherward. Peremptorily dismissed, without recommendation, her character seemingly disgraced, she repeatedly applied for a situation, and was repeatedly refused. Driven to despair, crushed by the necessity of circumstances, fair in face, and fine in form, what was to save her from dashing headlong into the paths of wretchedness and shame? Perhaps the strength of integrity within her own soul; perhaps the religious training of her youth; perhaps nothing but the direct interposition of the providence of God."

Mrs. Martin paused. Her friend was sincere.

"At eleven o'clock last night," resumed Mrs. Martin, "after the adjournment of the lecture, I passed a drinking saloon. Some men rudely thrust a girl out of it upon the pavement. The light from the window streamed upon her. She was staggering drunk. A horrid imprecation burst from her crimson lips. She was a mere wreck of a once superb loveliness—now devoid of virtue, shame—every redeeming trait. It made me shudder."

Mrs. Jordan got up from her chair, in her excitement. There was an expression of horror on her face. Her hands worked nervously.

"Was that Rachel Pierce?" she asked huskily.

"No; it was not."

"Thank God!" cried Mrs. Jordan sinking back in her chair.

"It might have been her."

"Oh do, not mention it, Mrs. Martin! Oh, how I have wronged the poor girl! How shameful and negligent has been my conduct! I will hunt her up at once."

"She is safe," said Mrs. Martin.

"Where?"

"With me. She has been with me since the day she left you—that you sent her away. Had not I been aware of the true facts connected with the theft of the watch, I too, perhaps, would have sent her away. That knowledge may have proved her salvation. I have found her to be a most excellent girl."

"That she was, and is, Mrs. Martin. I have learned a bitter lesson. I shall make Rachel Pierce the fullest amends that I can."

On the Sabbath following this interview Rachel Pierce called on her mother. She was a pale intellectual woman, confined to the house, and much of the time to her bed, by a diseased spine. But she bore her disease patiently, never complaining and generally in good spirits.

"A gentleman called yesterday, Rachel," said her mother. "A dark, stern featured man. It was a Mr. Jordan, quite likely the one at whose house you lived a while. He will take Charlie in his store next week, at very good wages. He also said that we must remove to one of his houses—one more comfortable than this one, and nearer to the store. We are to live rent free."

MORGANATIC MARRIAGES.—Everybody has heard the term "morganatic marriages," and many suppose that marriages of this kind are a species of concubinage, in which the kings and princes of Europe are fond of indulging. This is not the case, however. A morganatic marriage is just as binding upon the parties as any other, and precludes any other marriage. The term is derived from the German Morgengrabe, which means a dowry. It signifies a matrimonial contract in which one of the parties is greatly superior in rank to the other. If it be the bride who is of inferior rank, she agrees that she and family shall be entitled neither to the rank nor the estate of her husband, and that the dowry which is settled upon her at the time of the marriage shall be accepted by her in lieu of other privileges. If the man be the inferior, he gives his assent to similar conditions. In the bridal ceremony the party of superior rank gives the left hand instead of the right, to the other—whence these marriages are sometimes styled "left-handed."

Some of the ladies of Venango have organized a female base-ball club. The married members are said to be good "catchers," and are instructing the unmarried. The married are also good at the bat, having practiced "batting" at the cradle when its inmates raised "base-bawls." They admit no spectators, and are good on the "short stops" and "home runs" when travellers pass their grounds. On "fowls" they are superb. What next.

Break steers while young, if you would have them gentle, and you can do many small jobs with them that would otherwise require a team.

Col. Forney's Letters.

Journalism in Europe is a hundred years behind journalism in America. The chief London newspapers, though claiming a higher editorial tone—which is only true in the fact that their leaders savor more of the essay style—have little of the freshness of the great dailies in the United States. In one respect only may we take them as examples—their almost complete impersonality. You never hear of a respectable London editor assailing his rivals by name. It is the honest boast of the *Times* that its principal writers are as entirely hidden from view as the Chinese kings, a characteristic more or less observed by its cotemporaries. The principle is correct. The readers of a leading journal should no more be annoyed by the recriminations of the men "who make it up," than the readers of a book should be afflicted by the griefs or eccentricities of the author, or the audience in a theatre made to endure a recital of the quarrels behind the scenes. A good newspaper, like a good book, is a sufficient monument to the projector, and a source of incessant pleasure to those who congenially assist him; and if it is really published to subserve the common weal, and to disseminate a wholesome influence upon the world at large, that should be a sufficient substitute for hollow notoriety. In Paris, when a press is utterly in chains as our former slaves, and where no man can safely print his honest thoughts on vital questions, the government order compelling every writer to sign his name to his productions, restrains independent thought, and invites the basest servility—for how can a fearless reformer give his convictions to his fellow men when he knows that every word is to be weighed in the balance of a despotic hypercriticism, and every offence punished by the severest penalty that can be inflicted by irresponsible authority? I sat some evenings ago in Paris, with the venerable Emile Girardin, the veteran editor of *La Libertie*, and it did not take long for me to see how his proud spirit chafed under the galling restriction. He spoke of the perfect freedom of the press in the United States with all a Frenchman's enthusiasm, and when I told him that there was absolutely no limit, now that the rebellion was overthrown; that the recent *chattle* and the recent *rebel* wrote and printed exactly what they pleased—that *public opinion* always punished the profligate and corrupt writer by ceasing to encourage him, he exclaimed: "That is, indeed, a genuine, as it must be a lasting democracy!"

I notice of late that his trenchant and terrible pen seems to be clothed with a new inspiration, and much I fear that as the Mexican expedition continues to canker and agitate the public mind, his powerful protest against the Emperor's policy may again place him under the imperial ban. Imagine a host of impassioned spirits like Girardin held down under such a law, while they see the workings of untrammelled opinion in America, and you have at once a key to the ever-present perils of France. In Prussia there is even less present liberty of the press. King William's rule in Frankfort, Hanover, and other subjugated provinces, is exceptionless against any criticism of his conduct; and when I sought to find a book in German, in that city, that would give me some idea of the popular side of the question, (of course there was none in English,) I sought in vain. In Switzerland everybody speaks, and writes, and publishes what he chooses. Berne, Zurich, Geneva, Basle, are the centres of learning and of liberty. You can get what you want in the book stores, and publications excluded in Paris, and sent out of Prussia, are here openly exposed for sale. Just before leaving Geneva I saw a pamphlet against Napoleon's Mexican experiment, which would certainly send the author to prison if he avowed his name to the Prefect of Police in Paris. The effect is very significant. The universities of Switzerland are crowded with students, and the most eminent scholars naturally prefer a country where they can reflect, and impart, and proclaim their ideas with none to molest or make them afraid.

The Windsor county, Vermont, farmers, at their recent club meeting, were all agreed that thousands of tons of hay were injured, rendered almost as worthless as straw, by being out too late, and they proved their position by incontrovertible facts. All agreed also to commence haying earlier than usual hereafter.

MORAL EDUCATION.

The subject of moral education is one of so much importance that it is a wonder it meets with so little practical attention from parents. The greater portion of evil extant is implanted in youth. Boys or girls who behave well until of age seldom become abandoned characters afterward. They may, it is true, form evil habits, but they by that time have generally acquired, if nothing better, at least a pride of position and a degree of control which restrains them from becoming entirely abandoned. From whence then does crime come? The answer is plain—from bad associations. One bad boy or girl in a school will make a dozen more. Yet how many parents there are who, knowing that their boys or girls associate with boasting, lying or disorderly children, tolerate it, rather than take the pains to provide them with better associations. In fact, when these dangerous friends belong to a "higher class" in society, how few care to see them break off improper intimacies? There is a fascination in "good society" which seems to make weak-minded and small-ambitious people reckless as to risks. Parents cannot take too much pains or incur too great expense to provide proper associates for children. Among the most dangerous friends for a certain class of boys are those who have more money than themselves, who have free access to more expensive amusements and luxuries, and who thus awaken the envy of the less favored. Discontent breeds more dishonesty than deprivation. The shrewd, small-minded, vulgar boy who sneers at everything, is a common and dangerous type. The lying boy is a pest—the confirmed liar who does not "go to the bad" is an exception. A very undesirable character is the proud and "stylish" school-girl who criticises and ridicules everybody. Cruel children, such as one finds in abundance in the South, and malignantly mischievous ones, also exert a vast amount of evil.

From many sources we learn that, within a very few years, and especially in New England and New York State, deeply corrupting influences have been introduced into many schools. Those who have detected them have been amazed to find how well the secrets have been kept, and for what a length of time, by numbers of very young children. Books of a most immoral character are manufactured by the scores of thousands weekly in New York and Boston, and circulated among schools. Some time since we read of a dealer of such wares, who contrived to get the addresses of *seventeen hundred* young girls, mostly at school, and sent to each a catalogue of books of the most forbidden and unmentionable kind. To this we may add that, in America, children share with their parents those luxuries of life which always stimulate precocious development, to a degree entirely unknown in Europe. We do not, even from all these, infer with some writers that Young America is going headlong to ruin. The majority outlive the effects of bad companions, and grow strong and good, in spite of bad books and pampering. But, of late, all evil influences have increased out of due proportion to the increase of morals and social education, and it is to this that we would call the attention of those who have charge of the young.

Raising sheep and growing wool in the Southern States was ignored in the prosperous days of King Cotton; but since the close of the rebellion, many planters, especially in the mountainous districts of Georgia and Tennessee, are turning their attention to sheep husbandry. A contributor to the *Southern Cultivator*, writes of the natural advantages of this branch of agriculture on the denuded and abandoned slave cultured plantations. The great obstacle has been heretofore, that there were no indigenous grasses; but the writer says the Bermuda and Mesquit grasses can be acclimatized, and will thrive throughout the South. Further, he says he can raise a thousand pounds of wool cheaper than the like amount of cotton—and the former will net twice the amount of money. Then go ahead, and make your broomsedge fields and old pine barrens into sheep pastures.

A correspondent of the *Maine Farmer* recommends that the State College Farm at Orono be sold, and one bought where the stable manure of a city can be purchased, and where marine manure can be gathered from the seaside.

OREGON

The subject of the Lost Emigrant mines is interesting, so we give place for the following from the *Herald*: It has been reported that an emigrant train which came the "plains across" in 1842, discovered, or rather passed through, a country fabulously rich in gold—that nuggets lay around loose upon the ground. This has been doubted by some, and by others full faith and credit has been given the story. However, Stephen H. Meek, brother of the celebrated "Joe" Meek, knew that such was the case, having been pilot of the train, of which L. W. Hastings was the captain, and for two years has been hunting the locality, and has found it. Of course the story as told by some was exaggerated, but Mr. Meek found nuggets upon the surface, intermixed with quartz rock, worth from one to eight dollars. He prospected six feet below the surface, and found dirt which paid ten dollars to the pan, although the bed-rock had not been reached. He is satisfied from his discoveries that nothing in California, Idaho or any other country ever equaled these mines. It is the intention of Mr. Meek to organize a company in the spring, of his own choosing, and return to the diggings. One great peculiarity of the section of country in which the mines are, is the disappearance and reappearance of a vast lake, sixty miles in length. In 1833 Mr. Meek passed over the identical country, and found the magnificent sheet of water, and actually caught fish and trapped beaver from the same. He was with a train belonging to B. L. E. Bainville & Co., fur traders of New York. In 1845, when piloting the emigrant train through the wilderness, he found the exact spot where this lake *had been*—but where no lake then existed. The train of emigrant wagons passed over the spot, which a few years before had been covered by a magnificent sheet of water, and followed through the valley left by the same, sixty miles, to what had been the end of the lake. In 1867 Mr. Meek again returned to the same spot, and imagine his amazement to find the lake as he first witnessed it in 1833—there before him lay the apparently same magnificent sheet of water, looking as beautiful as it did before its entire disappearance. Now, that there may be no doubt of this singular fact, we can produce the evidence of Mr. Meek's own observation. Doubting his own senses, he searched the country over until he found the wagon trail made in 1845, and traced the same to the end of the lake, where it entered the same (the old track, of course, being covered with the water of the lake mentioned.) He then followed the rim or beach of the lake around to the opposite end, (sixty miles,) and there found the wagon trail making its appearance from under the water, and where, so many years before, the emigrant train had passed over the self-same spot covered now with water. This, to us, and perhaps to the reader, may seem a strange story to relate—but our old citizens know Mr. Meek, and know that they can rely upon his statements. Although now fifty-eight years of age, Mr. M. looks hale and hearty, and much younger than his brother, "Joe" Meek, who is his junior.

The *Agriculturist* advocates a national tax on dogs. It says they are a luxury, from the white-haired poodle, down to the bull-dog that shows his teeth and holds on—perhaps to your posterior, if you excite his ferocity. Our dog population is seven millions—not counting the short tailed ones—and they are an expensive nuisance. There is some sense, some philosophy, also some *dog*-matic ideas in the article of our contemporary, but when it advises Government to tax dogs—when all inveterate politicians are rabid—we think it will be taxing the law makers themselves. That would be "cruelty to animals."

Peach trees should be budded during the first season's growth in the last half of August and first of September. Select a smooth, clean place on the tree near the ground, and make an incision in the bark. From the stock of buds in your hand cut off one; then raise the bark with some smooth implement, insert the bud, and tie up with basswood bark, so as to leave only the bud exposed. After ten or twenty days remove this bandage.

The safest investment for spare funds, the surest safeguard against their misuse, is found in paying honest debts.

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