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

Terms of Advertising.

Transient advertisements, per 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.

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.....(2d).....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. [22.1y

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

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

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. n8

H. K. JOHNSON. F. O. MCCOWN,
Notary Public.

JOHNSON & McCOWN,

L A W Y E R S,

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. P. 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. H. 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.

BENTON KILLIN,

L A W Y E R,

Oregon City, Oregon.

Office in Charman's Brick Block, up stairs. (5:tf)

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 settlements, and all classes of business before the United States Land Office. [45:3m

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. 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

J. WELCH,

DENTIST.

Permanently Located at Oregon City, Oregon.

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

CAS. 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 translated at short notice.

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.

OREGON HOUSE,

Main Street .....Oregon City.

JACOB BOEHM, Proprietor.

ESTABLISHED 1857.

REDUCTION IN PRICES!

The undersigned wishes to give notice that from Saturday, October 5th, 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. 5d, 1867. [50:tf

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

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. 51:tf.

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

Imperial Mills,

OREGON CITY.

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR SALE:

FLOUR, MILLINGS,

BRAN AND CHICKEN FEED!

☞ Parties wanting feed must furnish their sacks. [30:tf

JOHN H. SCHRAM,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

SADDLES, HARNESS,

etc., etc.,

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

THE attention of parties desiring anything in my line, is directed to my stock, before making purchases elsewhere.

(1y) JOHN H. SCHRAM.

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

I. S. ROSENBAUM & Co.,

No. 45 Front st., Portland Oregon.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, Stationery, Yankee Notions, and Toys.

Orders promptly attended to. (4.tf

A. J. MARSHALL,

Wagon and Carriage Maker, Main street, Oregon City.

Wagons made to order, and all work in this line executed in the most satisfactory manner, at reasonable rates.

☞ All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for work, at cash prices. Give me a trial. 47:tf

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. (52

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

J. C. MANN. THOS. LEARY.

Fashion Billiard Saloon.

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

MANN & LEARY.....Proprietors.

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 the public patronage is solicited.

☞ N. B.—Families supplied with the choicest Liquors, English Ale and Porter, in bottles, on the most reasonable terms.

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.

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.

(6:3m) L. ZIGLER & SON.

THE MOTHER.

FROM DR. HOLLAND'S KATHRINA.

——"In good time,
There came to us a child, the minature
Of her on whose dear breast my babyhood
Was nursed and cradled; and my happy heart,
Charged with a double tenderness, received
And blessed the precious gift. Another fount
Of human love gurgled to meet my lips,
Another store of good, as rich and pure,
In its own kind, as that from which I drank,
Was thus discovered to my taste, and I
Feasted upon its fulness.

"With the gift
That brimmed my cup of joy, there came a grace
To her who bore it of fresh loveliness,
If I had loved the maiden and the bride,
The mother, through whose pain my heart had won
Its new possession, fastened to my heart
With a new sympathy. Whatever dross
Our months of intimacy had betrayed
Within her character, was purged away,
And she was left pure gold. Nay, I should say,
Whatever goodness had not been revealed
Through the relations of her heart to mine,
As loving maid and mistress, found the light
Through her maternity. A heavenly change
Passed o'er her soul, and o'er her palid face,
As if the unconscious yearning of a life
Had found full satisfaction in the birth
Of the new being. Her long weariness
Was but a trance of peace and gratitude;
And as she lay—her babe upon her breast,
Her eyelids closed—I could but feel that heaven,
Should it hold all the good of which she dreamed,
Had little more for her."

A Page for the Young.

MARGERY.

The bells of the village church had been ringing sweet and clear, and the sound was borne on the summer air miles away, making solemn music, which was very pleasant to a little lonely heart.

On the steps of the farm-house, watching the shadows, or looking now and then with a wishful glance toward the bright sky, sat Margery.

Margery who? 'That was all, she had no other name,' she said, when strangers questioned her.

Farmer James had found her one wintry night on a snow-drift by the road side She was warmly wrapped and sheltered from the storm. Several changes of clothing, a sum of money, a paper on which was written 'Margery,' were in a basket near. She had been kept by the farmer's wife, who hoped some day to be rewarded, and who at first built many air-castles, which had for their foundation the coming of Margery's rich friends. She was sure they were rich she said, for the child's clothing was fine and soft, and the lace upon the little dresses was worth more than her best Sunday gown.

But as years passed and these unknown persons gave no sign, she grew weary of her charge, and by degrees indifference gave way to actual unkindness.

Poor little Margery, what had she done, and why was she so unlike the happy children whom she sometimes met? She often wondered, as she did that Sunday afternoon, sitting in the sunshine, how many miles off, heaven was, and whether she could walk there if she tried? "I wish I knew which road to take, and had somebody to go with me, for I am so tired of living here!"

Little children who, with folded hands, say "Now I lay me down to sleep," who are laid to rest by loving hands, with mothers' good night kisses on their lips—little happy children—how blest are you who read wonderingly of this child, whose life was so unlike your own!

Margery had been taken once by a kind neighbor with her children, to the village Sunday school. There she heard, for the first time of a beautiful place called heaven, the home of God and his angels. The good old minister was talking of Jesus, of the little ones whom he had blest while on earth, whom he still loved in heaven, where after death good children would go to be shining angels in the sky.

Margery went home like one in a happy dream. She scarcely heard the scolding words that Mrs. James poured out like a torrent. She should not always have to be scolded and beaten. She should not always be tired and lonely. There was some one who would love her, if she only could reach him; there was a beautiful home if she only knew the way there.

She kept the sweet thoughts in her little sad heart; dreamed of them when she slept, and took comfort in them as she went upon her errands day by day, or tended the fretful child whose mother had so little pity for her desolation.

One morning when the busy dame seemed to be in an unwonted mood, more gentle than she remembered to have seen her, Margery took courage and ventured to ask information on the subject that had occupied so many of her thoughts.

"If you please ma'am how far is it to heaven?"

The astonished woman dropped her iron, putting in danger thereby her good man's Sunday linen.

"What put that into your head I'd like to know?"

Poor frightened Margery, for once her anxiety to hear something of the blissful home she was determined to seek, gave her courage.

"I heard the minister talk about God in heaven, and I thought if it wasn't too far and I could find the way I'd like to get there."

"Well, I never," said Mrs. James, and turning fiercely upon the child, "Do you think its a place for the like of you? because, if you do you're mistaken, I can tell you. Try to get there indeed! I think you *may* try! Now just do you go and shell them peas, and don't let me hear you talk such foolishness again!"

So the child went out once more into the shadow that had so long been like a pall on her heart, and the great hope that had been as a sunny gleam for a little while, suddenly faded out of her yearning heart.

But the longing was still there. Margery had never been taught a prayer; she did not know that God could read her every thought and wish; that his eye of love was always watching over her; if she had, she would not have fallen asleep so often, with her cheek wet with tears, or have looked around on the meadows, and up into the sky as then, with such a hungry feeling for love and kindness.

She was alone, as she had often been on Sabbath days; no mother's loving fingers fashioned dainty robes for Margery: "she ought to be thankful" Mrs. James told her, "to have such decent clothes, it wasn't every one who would give them to her—but for *her* part, she couldn't abide rags!"

The decent clothes, however, made so poor a show that she did not choose to exhibit the child who wore them, to gossiping neighbors.

So the little girl staid quietly at home, alone, as I said before, except that "Watch," the house dog, moved lazily after her when she walked about, and sometimes rubbed his cold nose against her hand, and wagged his tail, as much as to say, "Don't fret, here is one friend for you!"

And the great Friend above all others, whom Margery did not know, looked down upon the lonely child, and saw how desolate her young life was. So it was, that but a few more Sabbaths found her in the accustomed place upon the door-step, or in the meadow, or looking out at night, from her little window, at the shining stars.

There came a time, when a dreadful fever took from many homes, one and another, who were sadly missed, and its fatal touch was laid on Margery, for whom no one cared on earth, but who was just as precious in God's sight, as those whose graves were wet with many tears.

The bright spirits whom we can not see, though they are often near, watched over Margery. A neighbor who had buried her own little daughter was sitting by the child at the last, and thinking she asked for water took it to her: "Isn't it beautiful, beautiful?" said the little one, "I shall get to heaven after all, they've come to show me the way! "Isn't it beautiful?" and with a smile on her lips, and a light in her eyes that made her face gloriously fair, the soul of little Margery was borne up to the Beautiful Land, and the songs of the angels welcomed her, where she could never be sad nor lonely any more!

LOVE SICKNESS.—A correspondent of the Knickerbocker says: It is my duty to impress on you the certain fact that one half of our young people lose their senses when they lose their hearts. One of our party has already written five letters to his lady love, and he goes about groaning and sighing in a most pitiable manner. He has no appetite, and sleeps at the top of the house, close to the moon. He cannot stand by one of the columns of the piazza without putting his arm around its waist, and I caught him kissing an apple to-day because it had red cheeks.

Ask your neighbor to subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

The Hayward Mine.

A correspondent of the *Bulletin* lately visited Sutter creek, where Hayward's celebrated mine is situated. Readers have all heard of the wonderful riches of this mine, and perhaps also of the more wonderful perseverance of its proprietor, who for years worked against discouragements and disaster, until his sanguine anticipations were realized, and he tapped the golden stream which has since flowed so liberally. Once and again, we are told, he seemed to have exhausted all his resources, but with indomitable perseverance he pushed the enterprise forward, and wealth crowned his efforts. And this some people call good luck. It is the working out of the proverb of the wise man, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich," with a Yankee commentary, "Never say die." That unfortunate Englishman who in Grass Valley committed suicide and destroyed his family with himself, because his mining schemes had been unsuccessful, had only to put one blast more into his tunnel, and he would have reached the lead and triumphed—but he hadn't the pluck. Let every man, whatever be his business, put in one more blast before he draws trigger on his own brain. We are told that Hayward is about to turn his mine into a joint stock company. We think he will manage it best himself. We have an old proverb:

For he that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

From the unpublished poem of mine, says the writer I quote again:

Who would from mines his pockets fill,
Himself must pick, or run the mill.

—One of those strange phenomena which are observed occasionally in nature, says the Stockton *Independent*, was noticed Thursday night aboard the *Julia*. In coming up the Bay, in deep and apparently still water, the vessel commenced rocking to and fro, bringing her gunwale nearly under the surface. So violent and so undulating was the motion for a minute or so, that passengers could hardly keep on their feet. The *Tulare*, a short distance astern, observed the motion of the *Julia*, and the consternation on board, but experienced nothing unusual herself. The occurrence is of so extraordinary nature, and so unaccountable, that unless some plausible explanation could be given, one might almost doubt the evidence of the senses of those who violate strange freak of the waters. Is the veritable sea-serpent a denizen of the inland California waters, or was this a subterranean earthquake?

—The Grass Valley *National* says that John Williams, a Cornishman who stole quartz specimens from the Bush Creek quartz mine, and who was convicted therefor in Sierra county, was released on bail on account of some flaw in the indictment, and will await the action of the next Grand Jury. This case illustrates some of the beauties and consistencies of common law, to wit: The prisoner testifies that he stole the quartz, told where and how he got it, which all went to prove that he did not steal anything. The law is that real estate cannot be stolen, and the counsel for the prisoner claimed that the quartz was real estate if taken from the ledge and carried away immediately.

—The excitement in the newly discovered gold and silver mines in Industry, Me., increases, and the promising land is being rapidly secured by speculators, to one of whom is granted, in the language of a recent deed, "one sixteenth of all the mining interest in my farm, with the privilege of daming, flowing, digging, blowing, and raising the devil in general."

—Rev. Wm. W. Cooke, who has just been appointed an assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York, is well known as one of the finest tenors in that city. The senior assistant minister receives $7,000 per annum, with an extra allowance of $2,000 per annum. The junior assistants, $4,000. The salaries of all the ministers of Trinity have lately been advanced.

—The Washington *Star* has been sold by its propriators to three young men—two of them now in the establishment—for $100,000, one third each. That transfer was to be made November 1st. The net earnings of the concern for ten years range from $20,000 to $40,000 per annum.

—The gold mines for the colony of Victoria, yielded from January 1st to July 1st, of this year, $15,000,000 It contains 73,378 miners. Of these 10,000 are Chinamen.

Can't Fill the Order.

A friend who resides in the Atlantic States wishes us, says the *Advocate*, to send him a sample of the mammoth trees of California. He asks for a section of one of the largest—ten or twelve feet, or less, in length, and the full size of the trunk.

Let us see if the order can be filled: Six muscular men can fell a giant, using immense augurs to cut him down. It will require from twelve to fifteen days to make him bite the dust. Its huge body, nearly four hundred feet long, lies level on the earth. As it is over *thirty feet* in diameter, its upper surface is about equal in height to the walls of a three story business house. A cross-cut saw fifty feet in length would probably do to saw off a section of the fallen tree, but it would require a vast deal of scafolding and muscular force to accomplish the task.

The forest of giants is two hundred miles from the ocean, and there is not a truck in America suited to carry this sawlog out of the mountains; and were it on the wharf at San Francisco, there is not a vessel on the Pacific that would find it convenient to stow away such a block of wood.

A few years ago, an enterprising gentleman succeeded in taking a section of the bark from one of those trees—a large one which is known as the "Father of the Forest." He took it to New York and placed it on exhibition. More than this cannot be done.

We have stood in those forests and gazed on those *saplings*, and we have a just idea as to their immense and frightful proportions. But one who has only seen the scrub growths of the Atlantic States can form no just conception of a full grown tree, such as the Pacific slope only produces.

In a short time the railroad will be completed, and then our eastern friends can come over and see on what a grand scale this portion of the world has been constructed.

It would be a pleasure to send Friend J., a *chip* or two of our trees, but it is not convenient.

ARTLESS SIMPLICITY.—One of the sweetest incidents, says an exchange, which we have noticed for many a day—and one which shows the effect of early training, assisted by a pure and undefiled imagination—has just fallen under our observation. It is thus related: A lady visited New York City and saw on the sidewalk a ragged cold and hungry little girl, gazing wishfully at some of the cakes in a shop-window. She stopped, and taking the little one by the hand, led her into the store. Though she was aware that bread might be better for the cold child than cake, yet she desired to gratify the shivering and forlorn one, she bought and gave her the cake she wanted. She then took her to another place, where she procured her a shawl, and other articles of comfort. The grateful little creature looked the benevolent lady full in the face, and with artless simplicity said, "Are you God's wife?" Did the most eloquent speaker ever employ words to a better advantage?

—Alarming rumors are in circulation in Antwerp as to the critical state of the dykes in Holland. It is asserted that the weirage of the eastern branch of the Scheldt, in altering the course of the river, has acted in a disastrous manner on the dykes. They are menaced at several points, and they must all be strengthened, an immense labor, which will cost millions, and perhaps cannot be finished in time to prevent a disaster.

—Colonel Austin, of Mississippi, made a speech in Representatives' Hall of the Tennessee Capitol, on the 1st instant, and undoubtedly represented Southern Democratic sentiments when he said that the only means of restoring peace to the country was the enfranchisement of all whites and the re-enslavement of all blacks.

—The best furniture in Oregon is that made by Levy & Co., of this city. Anything from a fine parlor set, to a common bed room set, can be had on short notice. The work will bear inspection.

—If you want any wagon lumber or carriage material, such as Hubs, Spokes, Felloes, etc. You can find them at the stores of Robt. H. Law, or E. J. Northrup, advertised in this paper.

—A Christmas party will be given by L. Diller Esq., at the Court House in this city, on the evening of the 25th.

An Amusing Story.

A green hoosier, who had followed a bacon wagon from Tennessee, found himself for the first time in Augusta, Georgia, and in pursuit of a fresh supply of "tangle-leg whisky." He slowly as a coon approaching a trap, entered a highly decorated saloon, and after much misgiving and hesitation, the premonitory chills of a "big skeer" chasing each other in rapid succession down his back, he modestly ventured to ask the attendant to fill his jug. While this was being done he chanced to raise his head, and his eye fell on a three foot by seven mirror behind the counter, in which he was fairly represented; but he did not begin to known himself. Behind him, on the wall, was a fine large painting of a royal Bengal tiger, in attitude ready to spring forward. He instantly dodged aside, shouting as he went:

"Run, you cussed infe'nal ugly fool, that's a striped boar cat as big as a yearling, fixing to kiver you!"

Pale and trembling he strode where he bar-keep was filling his jug.

"Say, gin me that jug just as it is, empty or full, and run and shut that door, (pointing to the mirror,) durn quick, ef you don't want your glass truck ground up, and your hasslet tore outer you, for thars the devil to pay in that ar back room!"

Seeing the whisky-seller rather slow in his motions to suit his hurry, he put for the street with his eyes stuck out and hair erect saying:

"Durned ef that feller don't have sassidge meat to sell soon, ef his life's spared. Well, I've seen cats, hearn of cats, wild cats, sow cats, but, oh, my, sich a cat!"

Here he stole a suspicious look back at the house and shook and scratched his head.

"I wonder if that breed of hoss cats am plenty around here? Say, mister, how fur is it to the Tenessee line?"

He beat the wagon back to Tenessee six days, and the United States mail two. And he is telling his grand children to-night about the "orful hass cats they keep runin round loose in Augusta, as big as yearlins," and ventures an opinion how they procure "thar yearthen war" and "sassidge" meat by "skarin smart folks away from thar jugs and lettin the cats chop up the darned fools," and wonders how Augusta manages to hold her own in population, considering the latitude the "hoss cats" have.

—Poultry that have had the range of grain fields are in good condition for early fattening for market. Confine and feed them liberally and allow plenty of water with ashes or dust to wallow in. Feed well while the warm weather continues, as they will fatten much faster and eat less grain than when it becomes cold. Promote the laying of hens that are shut up, by feeding with scraps of refuse meat. Fowls eat a variety of food: all kinds of grain and seeds, and preparations made for them; also most sorts of vegetables, raw or cooked, and they are fond of a certain quantity of animal food; insects worms, grubs and maggots they search for with avidity. Potatoes form one of the most economical articles of food; but it is essential not only that these should be boiled or steamed, but that they should be given *warm*, as hens do not relish "cold taters." In most houses there are many well known scraps and refuse that will serve fowls, such as crumbs of bread, fragments of pies and puddings, and even bits of meat and fish.

—"Maint I see you home from meetin' Peggy?" "No you shan't du no sich thing, I'm otherwise engaged." "Well I swan, I guess you've missed it this time, for I've got my pockets chuck full of gingerbread." "You may take my arm, Jonathan."

—Paul could preach two whole years in his own hired house in pagan Rome. But papal Rome forbids the Protestant follower of the Apostle to worship God with his friends in his own hired house. Pagan Rome was more tolerant in Paul's day, than papal Rome in ours.

—It is exceedingly important that every young man who expects to be a farmer, and, every young lady who hopes to be a farmers wife, be well and thoroughly educated in the science of agriculture. It will at once add immensely to the probabilities of success, and be a constant source of moral and intellectual improvement.

"Self-Made Men."

Men who with scanty early advantages have made their own way to fortune or high position, are entitled to all credit and respect for the energy, perseverance and self-denial by which they have attained success. There are many such in the United States, who are among our best and most public spirited citizens. In almost every sphere of life, at the bar, in the pulpit, in the professors chair, in high offices of trust and responsibility, as well as at industrial head of great commercial and industrial enterprises, are to be found men who, starting without education or friends, have sturdily fought their own battle in life until the struggle ended in victory. We repeat it, such men are worthy of all honor. And yet it is possible that the disposition to admire "self made men" may be carried too far, especially when the very faults and deficiencies which are almost inevitable in individuals who have had such an experience as theirs, are cited as virtues and excellencies, and made the theme of unstinted praise. There have been men of this description, nor are such specimens rare in our country, who have succeeded in entirely emancipating themselves from the prejudices which are the natural result of their experiences. But it is safe to say that the majority of persons who have made their own way without help—who have endured self denial and privation—who lived coarsely, and enjoyed few of the comforts of life until after a long struggle they began to reap the rewards of their exertions—it is safe to say that the majority of such are prone to narrow utilitarianism in their views, and exclusive devotion to purely practical ends and purely material success, a contempt for liberal culture and for the graces and ornaments of life, which are very far from being traits to be admired or praised. Their own early endurance of the discipline of poverty cause them to regard such discipline as necessary or beneficial for all; their own success, acheived without help or early advantages, has impressed them with the idea that no help should be extended to the young man setting out in his career, and that education is a hindrance rather than a benefit in the struggle for practical success. Because they "earned their first shilling," and are proud of it, and love to talk about it, they are persuaded that it would be well for every boy to be compelled to do it; because they have "succeeded in life," with very little "schooling," they have come to despise the higher branches of education, and to speak of "book learning" with utter contempt. Such men are, nevertheless, useful citizens, despite the narrowness of their views. Let us honor them for their good qualities, but avoid the infection of their hardness and illiberal utilitarianism; for in fact, the snobbishness that reveals itself in the worship of wealth is not a whit more despicable than the grovelling worldliness that accepts the "self-made man" as the highest ideal of an American citizen.

A HUMAN BODY AND THE HOURS OF THE DAY.—Seat yourself at a table. Attach a piece of metal (say a shilling) to a thread. Having placed your elbow on the table, hold the thread between the points of the thumb and forefinger, and allow the shilling to hang in the centre of a glass tumbler; the pulse will immediately cause the shilling to vibrate like a pendulum, and the vibrations will increase until the shilling strikes the sides of the glass; and suppose the time of experiment be the hour of seven or half-past seven, the pendulum will strike the glass seven times and then lose its momentum and return to the centre. If you hold the thread a sufficient length of time the effect will be repeated; but not until a sufficient space of time has elapsed to convince you that the experiment is complete. We need not add that the thread must be held in a steady hand: otherwise the vibrating motion will be counteracted. At whatever hour of the day or night the experiment is made, the coincidence will be the same.

DON'T DRINK.—No man is safe who has once formed the habit of looking to drink for solace, cheerfulness, or comfort. While the world goes well they will likely be temperate, but the habit is built, the railroad to destruction is ready for use, the rails are laid down, and the station houses erected; and the train is on the line waiting only for the locomotive. Well, the first great trouble or hopeless grief is the locomotive: it comes to us and grapples us, and away we go in a moment, down the line we have been years constructing, like a flash of lightning.

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