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of inside and outside finish, of the best quality  
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Special attention given to orders from FARM-  
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**FLOURING MILLS.**  
Best Family Flour,  
Baker's Extra, XXX,  
Superfine, and Graham,  
Middlings, Bran, Shorts,  
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.  
Highest Price in Cash  
PAID FOR  
**WHEAT, AT ALL TIMES.**  
R. C. KINNEY,  
Salem, Sept. 14/97. Agent S. F. M. Co.

**AN ESSAY,**  
Read before the Astoria Farmers' Club, May 3d,  
1873.  
*Prove all things; hold fast that which  
is good.*

In carrying out this injunction, it is not necessary that each individual should personally test all things in order to determine what is good and what is evil. It is proper for every one to avail himself of the experience of others. It would be well, indeed, if people would hold fast only to the things they know to be good, and reject the things they know to be evil. Such is not the case with nearly all who indulge in useless and pernicious practices; such as chewing and smoking tobacco, drinking intoxicating liquors, gambling, &c. Farmers generally look upon their occupation as degrading to some extent; or, at least, not so honorable as the occupation of the merchant and professional man; hence it is not uncommon to see farmers, when they gather a few hundred dollars, leave the farm, move to town, and engage in the mercantile business. Such experiments generally result in failures. [Farming should be considered as honorable as any other occupation, as it is certainly the most useful.

A good maxim in any business, to succeed, is, Hang on. Those who get faint-hearted will surely lose.— In farming, the same rule is true. Do not stop when prices are low. If you have a diversity of crops, and one of them is low in price, the chances are in favor of some one of the other crops bringing a good price. It is a fact that when a special crop gets so low as to be unprofitable to raise, multitudes who first rushed into it will now rush out of it and let it alone. A few years ago wool went down very low, and everybody hastened to get rid of their sheep. In less than two years afterward wool came up again, and now nearly everybody wants to buy sheep. We believe those who stick to one good practice, through all seasons and prices, will make the most money, provided they are out of debt. It must not be argued that, because farm products are low, farming is not a desirable occupation. Many a farmer, murmuring at his lot and just getting his living, envies the mechanic who makes \$600 or \$1,000 a year. Yet the latter may have to spend it all to live, may be thrown out of work at any time, with no resource for a living, while for the farmer, under fear of no master or landlord, getting his living as he goes from the land he holds or possesses, the chances are, at the end of the year he can show as comfortable a balance, even if small, as the mechanic. The primary purpose of a farm is to furnish a home, a living, a support; and not so much a profit besides a support.

A large portion of the American people are restless, roving, scattering; driven about from place to place by every spring freshet of popular excitement. Their desire for quick gains and their perpetual motion wear them out prematurely. They build houses for life-time residences, and are ready to sell out their newly-built homestead a week after it is finished—for, perhaps, less than it cost—and off they go, perpetually swinging around the circle of chronic change. To the pleasures of home and neighborhood attachment, to repose of feeling and content of mind, and love of objects around them, they are strangers. The fruition of trees they plant they rarely witness. Of all their possessions, they have nothing home-like to gladden their hearts. The gardens they lay out, the furniture they buy, and the houses they build, afford no home-loving memories. After wearing out half a lifetime in perpetual change of habitation, with little gain and great loss, they see their past career nothing but failure. Habits wayward, the mind perplexed, the purpose cowed, their energies baffled and disappointed, they surrender to fate, and accept in moody despair their abject situation; and often, with conscience seared and morals wrecked, without friends or home, they settle down too late, and die among strangers.

The work in contemplation will embrace a general sketch of the State; its physical aspects, geology, climatology, botany, zoology, commerce, manufactures, societies, public buildings, productions, and all other subjects on which information is required.  
The work will be illustrated with sketches of some of the leading prominent scenery of the State, and its compilation will be under the charge of  
**J. Mortimer Murphy, Esq.,**  
Whose recent work on Washington Territory has been highly commended by the press and public.  
The BUSINESS DIRECTORY of each town and city will be complete; and that, with sketches of each place, should make it invaluable to the merchant, farmer, and mechanic.  
As an advertising medium, it will be the best yet introduced in the State, as it will be of such importance that it will always be retained in a prominent position for reference.  
The rates of advertising will be as follows:

**One Page** ..... \$20  
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**Card** ..... 5  
Advertisers taking one page will receive a copy of the book gratis.  
**Price of the Work will be \$2.50**  
The book will be distributed on every route of travel and in every public place in the country.

**S. J. McCORMICK,**  
PUBLISHER,  
105 Front street,  
PORTLAND.  
Oct. 26, 1872.

**Former Days in Scotland.**  
In those days Scotland would have been a rich field for Father Mathew's labors. Habits of drunkenness were common alike to rich and poor. They were associated with good-fellowship, and were tenderly dealt with even by the Church. The orgies of Oshaldstone Hall, graphically described in *Rob Roy*, found their counterpart in many a Scottish manor. The period we speak of was sixty years ago, when the old bacchanalian rhyme,  
He who goes to bed, goes to bed sober,  
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;  
But he that goes to bed, goes to bed mellow,  
Lives a long, jolly life, and dies an honest fellow,  
was quoted half in earnest, as apology for the excesses which wealthy and respectable hosts, under the guise of hospitality, literally forced upon their guests, when the cloth was drawn and the ladies had abandoned the dinner-table to their riotous lords and masters.

I have heard my father, more than once, relate what happened on such an occasion when he was one of the actors. He had been dining with a party of eight or ten gentlemen and a few ladies at the luxurious country-seat of a friend who had shown him much kindness. When the ladies withdrew, the host, having caused the butler to set out on the table two dozen bottles of port, sherry and claret, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and said to his guests, "Gentlemen, no shirking to-night! Not a man leaves this room until these bottles are emptied."  
No remark was made in reply, and the wine passed round. My father drank three glasses, the utmost limit to which I have ever known him to go, though he habitually took a glass or two of sherry after dinner. At the fourth round he passed the bottles without filling. His host re-monstrated at first in jest, then in a half-anxious tone, when the recusant persisted. Thereupon my father approaching a front window which opened on the lawn, only a few feet below it, threw open sash and leaped out, followed by three or four other guests.

This enraged their host. As the fugitives looked back they saw him upset the dinner-table with a violent kick, smashing bottles and glasses, and declaring with an oath, that, if they didn't chose to drink that wine, nobody else should.  
The deserters joined the ladies in the drawing-room, but the host did not reappear; and my father, as leading conspirator, lost, and never regained his friendship. — *Atlantic Monthly.*

**Criminal Statistics.**  
There were in prison in the United States on June 1, 1870, a total of 52,901 persons, thus distributed:  
Total prisoners..... 52,901  
Native whites..... 46,117  
Negroes..... 5,056  
Foreign born..... 1,728  
Total population..... 38,558,771  
Native " "..... 28,111,423  
Negro " "..... 4,890,069  
Foreign born " "..... 5,547,279

This shows that (assuming all in prison to be criminals) there is at least one criminal in every 1,172 of our whole population, one in every 1,741 of our native population, one in every 637 of our foreign born population, and one in every 665 of our negro population. As a measure of absolute numbers, these figures are worth nothing, but they give us relative quantities very accurately.  
A Western journal truly says that practically the common-school teachers in the United States are now women between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five. In the country schools they are virtually the sole occupants of the field. In all the Western cities they are gradually taking the place of men.

Strict Sabbatarians in Boston are shocked by the report that a florist of that city sells 10,000 rosebuds every Sunday, and ask if that can be called a Christian community wherein such buddist practices are tolerated.

**CULTURE OF GRAPES.**—The system of close pruning, copied from France and Germany, is injurious to most American vines, especially after they are five or six years old. Ours is a climate of bright skies, hot sunshine, and violent rain-storms.

A machine for making lace has been invented by an Iowa woman. It runs 100 bobbins, and has manufactured lace, handkerchiefs, collars, &c., pronounced equal to the best imported.

The growth of wool in Alabama is encouraged by the Legislature passing an act fling any man \$50 who keeps a dog known or suspected of having ever killed a sheep.

**Treaties of the United States.**  
A volume has recently been issued by the department of State which contains all the "Treaties and Conventions concluded between the United States of America and other powers since July 4, 1776." These treaties are two hundred and thirty in number, commencing with the treaty of alliance with the Most Christian King of France in 1778, and ending with that with Great Britain, proclaimed July 4, 1871. These treaties bring to light many curious things. For instance, in the treaty with France, in which that country agrees to loan the United States the sum of 18,000,000 francs, or about \$3,500,000, it is agreed that twelve years shall be allowed to pay the same, "considering that the payment of so large a capital at one stipulated period may greatly injure the finances of the Congress of the United States, and may, perhaps, be even impracticable." Since that time this government has discharged indebtedness to the amount of over \$100,000,000 in a single year. Quite recently conventions have been held in several cities, with a view of having an acknowledgement of the Debt and Christ in our constitution; but we find in a treaty made with Tripoli the statement that "the Government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion." In a treaty made with the Dey of Algiers, in the "year of Hegira 1117, corresponding with 1793," President Washington stipulates that in case any slaves belonging in Algiers escape on board our ships, "they shall be immediately returned." Our diplomatists have always sacrificed their private religious opinions while dealing with foreign powers. Thus we find five prominent Unitarians signing treaties commencing with the words, "In the name of the Most Holy and Indivisible Trinity." — *Practical Farmer.*

**The Horae.**  
Of all our speechless friends among the lower animals, none has been so intimately associated with the history and progress of man as the horse. It is not too much to say that the history of the horse, as a domestic animal, would be the history of civilization. The earliest art efforts of man—the rude carvings on bone and horn of the troglodytes who flourished in Europe before the glacial epoch, probably 200,000 years ago—include representations of the horse as the companion and servant of our race. The earliest traditions of every nation which has attained to culture and mastery mention the horse with admiration. In some of the primitive religions he was an object of worship. Among the ancient Aryans who civilized India thousands of years before our era, the horse was the most select offering to divinity, and the ceremonies attending the sacrifice of the chosen animal were most elaborate and partook of the character of a great national festival. Even among the polished Greeks, the horse had a place with the celestials, and was yoked to the flashing car of Apollo, alike the god of day and the patron of arts and letters. In the sculptured friezes of the Greek temples there were long processions of horses and their riders—magnificent specimens of proud animal life, whose truth and beauty have never been equalled by modern art. The Pæanthenal festival, with its equestrian accompaniment, lives forever in the marbles of the Parthenon. On the sculptured tablets of the Assyrian palaces, far older than the Greek marbles, and inferior to the latter only in spirit and technical skill, the horse is constantly present as an agent of human labor, warfare, and triumph, a figure in the most splendid pageantrics. Everybody will recall the superb description of the war steed in the Hebrew scriptures—whose neck was clothed in thunder, whose nostrils flashed fire, and who smelt the battle afar off. There is the same feeling in this poetical picture which one perceives in the tablets of Ninevah, and the passage belongs to nearly the same race and epoch. Ancient art and poetry are full of allusions to the horse as a creature in intimate alliance with human development, a most indispensable help in the subjugation of savagery and the subordination of nature to the use of her intellectual lord; and the ancient heroes went to their apotheosis at death with the faithful steeds that were sacrificed at their burial or cremation. Association with the horse was ever a proof of dominion and progress, and to this day, the most degraded tribes of men lack alliance with the noblest of brutes, and are his inferiors in the scale of utility.  
According to a recent London letter Queen Victoria shuns society more than ever, and is growing very gray and feeble.