

ANALYSIS AND SYNTHESIS OF GREAT THINGS.

[Synopsis of a lecture delivered by Rev. P. S. Knight at the Congregational Church, Salem Oregon, January 29th, 1878.]

Many great things are disappointing at first view. The human mind works by analysis first and synthesis afterwards. It must view the parts of a thing separately before it can comprehend it as a whole. This process requires time. And ever so short a space of time will sufficiently account for the fact stated, that the first view of a noted object—especially one that has been much written about, and concerning which we have great expectations, and more especially if it be one that consists of many details—will bring over the mind at least a momentary shadow of disappointment.

What American boy has not heard of Bunker Hill and the monument that crowns its summit? Having read of it in books and papers for thirty years, my first glimpse of that monument, was a disappointment. It seemed no higher than the chimneys of the salt works at Syracuse. But when I had counted more than three hundred stone steps in its spiral stairway and stood, half out of breath, looking down from its topmost windows upon the steeples of Charlestown, both my eyes and my legs told me that

TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY

Feet in the air meant something. The analytic and synthetic processes were completed so far as that monument was concerned. I felt a similar disappointment when I heard the first notes on the organ in Music Hall. They were about like what I had often heard less noted organs produce. But after I had heard that instrument accompany a great congregation through a morning service—after I had heard it under a master's touch giving forth all grades and varieties of sound, rolling with the thunder, pelting with the tempest, sweeping with the winds, dashing with the billows on the sounding shore, breathing with the softness of an infant's whisper and pleading with a woman's tender voice—after I had heard all that, the carved images on the case of the instrument seemed to me like living creatures from some seraph world, and the statue of Beethoven that stood before it seemed ready to come down from its pedestal and drive out all whose hearts remained unmoved. The mind had gone through the analysis and synthesis and the whole had brought conviction.

The Capitol at Washington was another disappointing affair at first sight. My first view of it was across a block or two of smaller buildings. Its dome seemed just able to peep at me over their tops. My first step towards analysis was the long walk required to take me to the building after coming in sight of it. Then I went inside and saw the statuary and the paintings and the frescoing. I sat in the galleries of its Senate Chamber and Representative hall, and for two days wandered in the tangled maze of its halls and rooms. I climbed to the dizzy

HEIGHTS OF THE ROTUNDA

And gazed down at the pavement and up at frescoed dome. I walked about the exterior and looked at the pleasing variations of wall and roof and cornice. And after all, I came away with the feeling that the wealth and glory of the nation are not unfittedly represented by that imposing structure. (Except in the matter of ventilation. The Egyptian tombs of four thousand years ago were better ventilated than the American Capitol.)

There are objects the viewing of which leads to a different experience from what I have described. They do not disappoint at first sight, and yet they grow upon the beholder all the same as the others. The analytic and synthetic processes are just as inevitable, and just as essential to a satisfactory comprehension of the object as a whole. When I first saw Mount Hood I was not disappointed. For three days previously we had journeyed down the valley of the Umatilla in a hazy atmosphere that obscured the mountains. We camped at Barlow's gate. That night a slight frost cleared the atmosphere, and in the morning that king of mountains stood before us there—loomed above us—in all his cold, white, massive grandeur.

A STARTLING APARITION.

Yet those impressions grew upon us as our slow march brought us round his wide-spreading base into the Western valley. And for twenty five years, as at all seasons and from different stations we have studied his rugged outline, the analytic and synthetic processes have constantly magnified the impressiveness of that snow-crowned monarch of the hills.

When the ocean first rolled its foaming billows at my feet I was not disappointed. But year after year it grows upon me. As I am borne and tossed helpless upon its bosom—as I stand and listen on its sounding shore to the unresting surf—as I think of the infinite varieties of life that its waters hold—as I try to imagine the unnumbered secrets of its fathomless caves, as I think of its all-surrounding expanse swept by winds that waft the commerce of the nations, its vastness grows upon me, and it becomes to me a symbol of those unities and eternities which only the infinite mind can fully comprehend.

And who was ever disappointed on first seeing Niagara Falls? And yet who ever saw it all at once? That great cataract is an object next to infinite in detail. One may look at it by moonlight. To him it will seem a ghostly torrent pouring down into unfathomable darkness. At sunrise he may behold it crowned with the glories of the morning, its skirts still hanging in the misty twilight of the deep ravine. At noon it may reveal to him all the rainbow glories. At evening he may watch the stealthy shadows as they creep among the folds and fringes of

ITS FLEECY GARMENTS.

Till the rainbow glories have vanished with the light and there is only a silvery shimmer on the

breaking verge of the cataract and a voice of thunder in the dark abyss. At midnight on his pillow he may listen to that thunder as to a deep bass solo to which ages listened before man existed. He may carry on his analysis by seeking different points of observation. He may look from the jutting cliffs on the river's brink below. He may take side views from either bank above. He may look down from the swinging heights of the suspension bridge, or up from the deck of the little boat that dares the whirling torrent. He may halt on each step of the stairways that lead down to the water's edge. He may cross to Goat Island, or even dare the dampness and danger of caves filled with the spray of the falling torrent. In each position he may receive some new impression. And as he puts these impressions together and tries to think of the world's great cataract as a whole, he realizes more and more, as he stands there and looks and listens, or as he thinks of it afterwards, its marvelous and overwhelming vastness. A hundred million tons of water every minute, falling from that precipice, dashing, roaring, broken into fleecy foam by a plunge of one hundred and sixty feet, and then hurrying downward through the gorge below as though unwilling to tarry near the scene of its

TERRIBLE LEAF.

No description can be spoken, or written or painted, of that stupendous cataract. Prose descriptions of it are as dry husks. Poetic rhapsodies are as sounding nonsense. Paintings and photographs are gauzy shams, less than shadows of the reality. No book or paper or canvas can carry its impression. Only the soul can carry it—the soul that lives and thinks and feels; that is moved upon and impressed as by a living negative; that carries away a picture, consisting not alone of lights and shadows, but of sound and motion as well; a living picture on which no dust can gather, and which no vandal hand can mar, but which that soul cannot bring forth for other souls to see. There are great men who impress one much as these other objects I have mentioned. They may not disappoint at first view, or they may. In flesh and blood they are like other men. Only by analysis and synthesis is their greatness brought to view. One who looks for the first time at Henry Ward Beecher will see an ordinary, vigorous, large souled man. When he hears his voice he will be disappointed. But after a little he will find that somehow every ear in the great audience hears that voice—that it speaks right on for an hour without getting tired, and, what is better, without making other people tired. The sermon will seem at first to be an ordinary talk about a very ordinary theme. But as it moves on, and the illustrations gather about it, and the attention of all hearers becomes riveted, it will shine like

A GLEAMING CRYSTAL.

Formed by the magic attraction of genius. And all the surroundings of the place, and all the accompaniments of the service, will add force to the beholder's conviction. And when he hears of goal works in other places, of the lectures in distant towns, of the varied pastoral and literary labors of the Plymouth pastor, he will be ready to believe that the city of Brooklyn holds the greatest preacher of the nineteenth century.

So there are great themes that illustrate the need of these analytic and synthetic processes—themes that may be approached from a thousand sides, and must be, before their magnitude can become fully apparent. Of the theme of religion in general this is eminently true. Pertaining to things that are both unseen and infinite, things that are not only beyond our vision, but beyond the grasping power of the finite mind, it is the veriest folly to suppose that any mind can comprehend it at a single view, or in fact that any mind short of the Infinite can EVER grasp and hold its sublime totality. It impresses the mind and heart, as all great objects do, by its parts. Synthesis, here as everywhere else, comes after, and by analysis. Not that any soul ever makes an absolute analysis or synthesis, but that each soul will make its own, and for it it will be perfect. No two minds will carry away just the same picture of Niagara Falls. Yet each goes through analysis to synthesis, and carries away a whole. One does not need to DRINK Niagara in order to be moved by it, impressed with a, to him, full sense of its sublimity and power. No more does he need to

SWALLOW A BIBLE.

Or comprehend the nature of Deity, or unravel the tangled webs of science and philosophy, in order to be moved by the power of religion. Each from his own point of observation may make his own analysis and get that which he needs. I know that creed making has been a favorite amusement with men. They have written out their thirty-nine articles, more or less, and have said to the world, "This is the sum of the matter." And so I know that men have written descriptions and painted pictures of Niagara. But those who have been there know that they are shams, at best but the merest shadows of the reality.

None ever knew better than the Apostle Paul with what flexibility and freedom one might use language when approaching this great theme. Some of his expressions are as wonderful as the theme itself. Take this passage from his epistle to the Ephesians: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father * * * that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God."

Here is apostle praying, one might say, for impossible things: that finite minds may "comprehend" the Infinite; that they may "know" that which "passeth knowledge"; that they may receive "all the fullness" of Him who fills infinity. But suppose I say to one, Come

and see that ocean, of which no eye can see more than a little speck; come and hear this great organ, that hath compass, and powers, and possibilities that no ear hath ever heard; come and stand before Niagara, and through eye and ear be filled with all the fullness of nature's grandest work. What do I mean? That my friend is to see, and hear, and feel just as I do, or that he is to grasp those things in all their absoluteness? Not at all. I would have him receive his own impressions as I have received mine, make his own

ANALYSIS AND SYNTHESIS.

And carry away in his own soul that which shall be a pleasure to him.

So, when I invite men to Christ, when I ask them to bow before God, when I urge them to consider this greatest of all themes, I do not expect them to see with my eyes, or hear with my ears, or feel with my heart. I expect them to get that through their own efforts—to reach that through the analysis and synthesis of their own experience—which shall fill them with a better hope and move them to a better life.

And what each one of us needs is patience, and industry, and tact to make this analysis for himself—not by reasoning, but by experience. With my own eyes I need to see, with my own ears to hear, with my own heart to feel the awful impressiveness of that theme which angels "desire to look into." My whole mind and heart, through my whole life, may well be devoted to an analysis of that stupendous question, the synthesis of which only eternity can reveal.

Arrested in Portland.

Last Saturday night detective Day and deputy Sheriff McCoy, of Portland, succeeded in capturing one of the burglars who made his escape from the officers in this city, a few nights ago. He gave his name as Tom Brown, and affirms most positively that he is not the party sought after, and that he never was in Salem. But the officers understand their business, and are confident they have got the right man. Brown will be brought to this city for trial.

Waived His Examination.

The burglar arrested in Portland last Saturday evening, at the door of the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, arrived here on last night's train, and this morning was brought before C. W. Bowie, Justice of the Peace, for examination. The fellow gave his name as Tom Brown, and waived his examination, and was placed under \$1,000 bonds for his appearance at the next term of the Grand Jury. In default of the required amount of coin he went to jail for safe keeping.

Peek, Peek, Peeking.

Sheriff Joe Baker thought he heard the prisoners in the jail digging their way out. He examined the jail and the prisoners, but no tools could be found. Again he heard the peek, peek, peeking. He slipped to the window on the outside, to watch. Soon he discovered the author of the pecking business; it was a wood-pecker, pecking after the festive wood worm. Joe swears that he will knock the stuffin' out of the next wood-pecker that comes near the building.

Adjudged Insane.

The man Burroughs, who chased some ladies last Friday evening, and was arrested on a charge of insanity, but was discharged the next morning, was arrested again on Sunday on the same charge, and examined yesterday and pronounced insane. The Judge ordered a commitment to the Asylum to be made, and Sheriff Baker took the unfortunate man down to East Portland, this afternoon.

Another Victim.

The small-pox is still raging over in Yamhill county. The man Allison, that was reported a few days ago as being down with that terrible scourge at St. Joseph, died last Saturday and was buried on Sunday. The authorities are doing everything within their power to prevent the spread of the disease.

Delegates Elected.

At a regular meeting last evening, of Dasha-way Lodge, No. 304, the following named persons were elected to attend the Temperance Alliance which meets in the city of Albany, on the 20th of February: Mrs. Annie Hargraves, Miss Fannie Hill, Col. T. H. Cann, E. O. Norton, Ed. N. Edes and Frank Cooper.

Murphy, who shot Tilden in Portland and fled, has been captured and brought back. Judge Adams held him to bail in the sum of \$1,000, which was immediately given, and for which he is censured by a portion of the press of the city. The pistol with which he shot Tilden had been loaded for four years, which accounts for the balls not penetrating to a fatal depth.

BURSTING OF A COAL OIL LAMP.

Last Thursday night as Mrs. A. W. Cone, of this city, says the Astorian, was about retiring, a lamp in her hands exploded, breaking the chimney "all to splinters" and starting her complaint. In an instant after the first shock, she observed that the oil in the fountain of the lamp was on fire, and immediately another explosion followed, blowing the burner off. Not an instant was to be lost; the window was not open; it was some distance to an outside door, and

"WHAT TO DO NEXT?"

Was flashing through her mind, when she slipped the bed open with her left hand, and deposited the lamp, fire and all into the bed, and smothered it, thus preventing what might have been a very severe conflagration. The lamp was a common glass one with a patent burner for using the small circular chimney, with a wick running up the center from a flange below. The oil was probably not No. 1, but after inspecting the burner, we concluded that the flames passed into the lamp by following down the edges of the wick to where it widened out before entering the fountain. But for the presence of mind of the lady, probably this item would have been longer and more expensive.

A Night on French Prairie.

Woodburn is a city which bids fair at some future time to be the Queen City of the Pacific coast. At present it consists only of a couple of warehouses for grain, a few dwelling houses, and two stores. It has also a church, or meeting house, and on last Thursday evening the young people of the vicinity were congregated in it taking music lessons, when suddenly one of the little boys rushed in with the astounding

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intelligence that two men were breaking into Binnard's store. The men rushed in a body to the place described, and in a short time started two men, who were dodging about behind the warehouses and wood pile. These fellows thought that discretion was the better part of valor, and so they vanished in the darkness of the woods. Some of the men armed themselves and proceeded to patrol the neighborhood, and two of them, whilst traveling westward, beheld the form of a man approaching. The vigilantes crouched silently until the night prowler came close to them and was in the act of climbing a fence, when they jumped out with presented pistols and called on him to "stand." The supposed burglar made no reply, and the patrols were preparing for a desperate onslaught, when one of them recognized the supposed robber. He was a deaf man, who has lived for years in Woodburn, and was returning from Mr. Benj. Brown's farm, where he had been at work.

Mrs. Leonard Bound Over.
Mrs. Leonard, who was arrested for the attempted murder of her husband, D. G. Leonard, in Wasco county, an account of which we published recently, had an examination before J. B. Condon, Justice of the Peace, at The Dalles, on Thursday and Friday of last week. The result of the investigation was sufficient, in the opinion of the judge, to place her under bonds, in the sum of \$2,000, for her appearance at the June term of the District Court. The evidence went to show that Mrs. Leonard had threatened the life of her husband; but there was nothing proven that she committed the murderous deed. In default of the required bonds she has been placed in the County Jail for safe keeping. Since the above was in type we learn that Mr. Leonard has died from the effects of his wound.

Accidentally Shot.
Mr. Dan Jones, who lives south of this city some five miles, together with a boy named Higgins, were out hunting birds, when by some means Mr. Jones let his gun slip out of his hand, which fell to the ground in such a manner that the hammer struck a stick with such force as to explode the cap and discharge the gun, which was loaded with bird shot, a portion of the load struck young Higgins in the fleshy part of the right leg just above the knee. No bones were broken and the wound is not considered dangerous, but rather painful. He will be all right again in a few days.

A boy named Jonathan Wells, near Forest Grove, recently shot himself in the arm. It is feared the member will have to be amputated.

Piano Tuning.
Frank A. Owen, just from San Francisco, has come here to reside permanently. He is a first class piano and organ tuner and repairer, being highly recommended as such by two of the leading music houses of San Francisco, besides of the Gardner Brothers, of Salem. He guarantees satisfaction or no pay. His prices will be for one tuning, \$5 00. By the year, two tunings, \$8 00; three tunings, \$9 00. Leave orders at Gardner Bros's music store. del4dt if

From Hon. W. H. Jones, of West Dover, Vt.
"I have been troubled from my boyhood with chronic or hereditary lung complaint. Some years since, early in the winter, I took cold, which as usual settled into a severe cough, which continued to increase as the season advanced, although I made use of all the cough remedies I had knowledge of. My family physician also prescribed for me, but I experienced no relief. During all this time I was gradually running down, losing flesh and strength, until my friends as well as myself, became very much alarmed, thinking I should waste away in consumption. While in Boston, during the spring following, I was induced to try Winstan's BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. After one day's trial I was sensible that it was relieving me; in ten days' time my cough had entirely ceased, and I was soon restored to health and strength. I have ever since kept the BALSAM in my house, and whenever any member of my family has a cough or cold, it is immediately resorted to. No family should be without it." Sold by all druggists.

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